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THERE is nothing in the world like a *confidante*, somebody into whose ear one can pour his sorrows, and who is sufficiently devoted to him to listen with interest to the recital of the calamities by which he is oppressed and afflicted. As the world goes, and as man is constructed, the friend who will suffer this, and not offer advice, unless specially requested, is one of the greatest treasures to be found on earth.

In my present position such a person was absolutely indispensable to me. In the announcement contained in Nubley's letter I saw the inevitable destruction of all my hopes and expectations; and, moreover, the *fiat* for my immediate relinquishment of all those present luxuries and comforts which my poor deluded brother's liberality had permitted me to enjoy.

"Why not confide the affair to your wife?" naturally enough would say the first person to whom I stated the critical peculiarity of my position. In many, in most cases perhaps, nothing could be wiser or more reasonable for a man to do; but in mine, such a course would have been as dangerous as ineffectual. Harriet's feelings upon the subject were so uncontrollably violent, and her prejudices so unconquerably strong, that, possessing neither the power to check the progress of the great event which was to overwhelm us, nor the ability of suggesting the means whereby we were, if possible, to escape the ruin which threatened, she would have fallen into a paroxysm of rage at the successful duplicity of Mrs. Brandyball, and the lamentable credulity of her victim: there would have been a scene, terrible to witness, whence no possible advantage could result. Her affection for *me* would have blinded her to every other feature of the case, and, in all probability, to ensure her tranquillity I must have consented at once to cut the knot, abandoned Ashmead, and finally and entirely renounce all farther connexion with my nearest relation.

Now, after all, although it was perfectly true that nothing could be more unpleasant to us, or perhaps more indiscreet in Cuthbert, than the alliance he was about to enter into, it was equally true that he had an indisputable right to do as he liked with the fortune he had himself acquired by long toil in distant lands, and that, however absurd and even dangerous to his future happiness the course he had chosen to adopt might appear to us, still, if *he* felt that his comfort would be secured by a second marriage, what possible right had I to rise up in

rebellion against my own brother, and dictate to him the disposition of his accumulated wealth, or involve myself in an unnatural quarrel upon a point with which, if selfishness was not the ground of my opposition, I could have no possible right to interfere?

"Ay, but," Harriet would have said, "you mistake the matter, dear Gilbert. It is *not* selfishness, nor covetousness, nor any interested feeling, which should prompt you to break off this ridiculous match if possible. Your uncompromising hostility to it is induced by a love for him, who has no living relative but yourself, and to whom you are bound by ties of blood, affection, and gratitude."—"Mighty well, Harriet," I might have replied; "but supposing Cuthbert on his arrival in England had exerted *his* influence over me—much greater, for a thousand reasons, than mine could now be over *him*—to break off my marriage with a young lady of no fortune, upon the ground of some personal pique, or dislike, or upon the general score of imprudence. How should we have regarded his interference *then?*" This, in reasoning, was all philosophical enough, and in principle equally just; but still, if, as Harriet would have contended, Cuthbert was not a free agent, and if he had been deluded and worked upon by a dangerous designing woman, there did exist a sufficient difference between the two cases to permit, at least, the trial of remonstrance, with the view of ascertaining the exact proportions in which self-will and the influence of another person were combined for the effectuation of the "great end" about to be achieved.

In the difficulties by which I was surrounded, it struck me that the very best course I could adopt before I either answered Nubley's letter or decided upon any practical measure, would be to consult my worthy father-in-law, although I took the step with the extremely unsatisfactory conviction on my mind that whatever was decided upon would prove useless and ineffectual. Judge then my surprise, when having invited the reverend gentleman to a conference, at finding him perfectly aware of the intended union, the fact having been that morning communicated to him by Sniggs, who had received the intelligence, *sub rosâ*, from Mrs. Brandyball, in a letter, the main object of which it appeared was to detach poor little Jane from Ashmead, and secure her return to Montpelier in time for the wedding.

"But how," said I to Wells, "how came this intriguing apothecary, who appears to be preferred in the confidence of my brother to his oldest friend Nubley, to have been authoritatively made acquainted with an important and decided change in our family, even before myself—what can have induced him to impart this 'private and confidential' communication to *you?*"

"Sniggs shall speak for himself," said my father-in-law. "He is a good deal affected by the letter and its contents, and nothing but a fear of misapprehension hindered him from coming with the news to you direct. When I got your summons, I wrote to him to desire him to call at the same time, concluding, from the tone of your note, that you had heard of the affair from Nubley, and therefore anxious that our Galen here should have the credit of his first intention."

"But, Sniggs," said I, "has behaved ——"

"Let him explain himself," said Wells, "we are none of us perfect. I think, when he 'states his case,' you will be inclined to entertain a better opinion of his conduct than you now hold."

"I assure you," said I, "that nothing will give me greater pleasure, for nothing I hate more in the world than being obliged to admit that I have been deceived in a man upon whom I had implicitly relied."

"That's it," said Wells; "such a result involves not only the ingratitude of the deceiver, but the perception of the deceived, and, therefore, cuts two ways; however, as the people in the plays say, Here he is."

And there he stood before us—as different in manner and appearance from what I had ever seen him before as light from dark. The pert, dapper gaiety of his manner was subdued into a quiet, steady gait; and his usually animated countenance was softened by an expression which it was impossible to resist. I held out my hand to him with perfect confidence in the justice of Wells's opinion concerning him. He took it with an air of *empressement* unusual with him, but which, prepared as I was for the scene, spoke volumes.

Having gotten thus far, I was puzzled as much as Taylor the water-poet says he was in his accidence:—

> "For having got from possum to posset,
> I there was gravell'd, could no further get."

I hesitated—so did Sniggs—he evidently wished to speak—I unquestionably wished to hear: whether he were to begin voluntarily, or whether I were to begin, seemed the doubt; the worthy apothecary not being aware that I had been in any degree made acquainted with even the outline of the case.

Wells, seeing the natural embarrassment of the parties, one prepared to give and the other to receive an explanation, broke the ice, by observing to Sniggs that I was aware that he had received a letter from Mrs. Brandyball, and of its contents.

"Mr. Gurney," said Sniggs, very deeply affected;—and the spontaneous tear, glistening in eyes which I had scarcely ever before seen but sparkling with mirth, affected me much.—They tell us that there exists a certain sympathy in our nature touching that particular organ which produces irritability in our own, when looking at irritation in that of another. Whatever the cause might be, I cannot stop to consider; I certainly felt that the sorrow I saw, was sincere—I wished it had not been where it was—but I felt myself not proof against its infection.

"Mr. Gurney," said Sniggs, "I am sure you have felt my conduct, in this affair of your brother and his family, not what it ought to have been—I know it—not a word is necessary to explain your sentiments: permit me, therefore, to exculpate myself, and, if possible, reinstate myself in your good opinion by a candid disclosure of my position."

"Really," said I, "I am not aware——"

"Yes, you are," said Sniggs; "and if you are not, I *am*. From the moment I first had the pleasure of introducing myself to Ashmead I was kindly received there; and if some little prejudices existed against me professionally—my friend, Mr. Wells, will understand what I mean—I had every reason to be satisfied and gratified with the manner in which I was treated."

"Oh!" said I, "pray don't speak of that. I——"

"Yes," said Sniggs, emphatically, "I must speak of it—I think of it—and I must speak my thoughts: I will, however, be brief—for I need

not recapitulate the history of your brother's arrival, of his kindness, with your own, of his confidence in my professional ability, of the illness of poor Tom"———and here, more to my surprise than before, Sniggs again faultered——" or his unfortunate death:—but—what I have done there I know seems—seems—poh—what do I mean by seems?—*was* extremely uncourteous, uncivil, and presuming—originated in nothing more than a feeling that I was responsible entirely on the score of that poor boy to Mr. Cuthbert—that, whatever was the reason—I did not stop to calculate or argue—I have nothing to do with family differences—he looked to *me*, *me*, personally about him—and I felt that I looked to him for whatever professional remuneration I might deserve—and therefore—I am candid—for I go the whole length of admitting my fault to a certain extent—I certainly did defer to him, as my immediate superior, to the neglect of them to whom I ought——

——" But," said I, again interrupting him, " I assure you, my dear Sniggs—" (if Harriet had heard *that*)—" I require no explanation—I have a fault——"

——" No, Sir," said Sniggs, " but you must have these explanations, else how could I stand justified before you in having in my possession this letter from that devil incarnate, Mrs. Brandyball?—I once hinted that I had heard something about her—that Mrs. Lillywhite, who used to live at the bow-windowed house at the corner of Caddle-street, knew her, and told me things about her—never mind that—the woman, Sir, if you recollect, with the coquelicot bonnet and green cock's-feather—ah, well!—but—I certainly did act upon what I thought were Mr. Cuthbert Gurney's instructions—and all that—but the letter—the letter!"

" What letter?" said I.

" You had better come to *that* at once," said Wells; " I know Gilbert is perfectly prepared to give you credit for the best intentions, and make any allowance for certain extravagancies committed under a false impression—but the letter is the point."

" Well, then," said Sniggs, " perhaps that is best—what in fact will speak for itself—what's to come is, as you say, the point. The truth is this:—feeling myself bound to Mr. Cuthbert, and strengthened in that feeling by Mrs. Brandyball, I followed what I believed was the will of the old gentleman, and seconded, if you recollect, by your own wish that I should go to him, became as it were transferred from you to him. Well—bless me, as I said to Mrs. S., I would not offend Mr. Gilbert Gurney for mints of money—but his brother is so amiable!"

" Well," said I, " but the letter——"

" Exactly so," said Sniggs; " all I mean to say is, that I thought in all I did I was doing for the best—and as to dividing families, my poor Mrs. S. only thought that the young ladies were to be put under his care just because Mrs. Gilbert was not well enough to be about with them—and I am sure, if I were to die this minute——"

" But, my dear Mr. Sniggs," said Wells, " we admit all this—let the worst come to the worst it was an error in judgment—you thought you were acting rightly—but the letter——"

" That's it," said Sniggs, whose extraordinary anxiety to make a favourable impression as to what had passed before *the* letter arrived, led him into the most fidgetty prolixity imaginable—" yes, I declare to heaven—dear, dear!—only think!—oh that infernal cherrybrandy!—but

then such kindness—I really—upon my word I feel too much—and then the hospitality—I wouldn't, I declare for all the world, have done—dear me—dear me!——"

"Well, then," said I, "now, my dear friend—give me your hand, all that is forgotten; I see you are in earnest, I am sure your heart is in its proper place—all that affair is settled. I will meet *your* candour as candidly—I *was* annoyed—you have explained—and now we are quits, and as good friends as ever."

"No, no," said Sniggs,—"we can't be—I have been wrong—but the letter"—saying which, he, to my great delight, as thinking it likely to be the *finale* of the conversation, drew it out of his pocket—"this letter opened my eyes—I saw, my dear Sir, I had been betrayed by that Hottentot of a woman—Dear me, Sir, no compassing her in body or mind—there it is—I tell you, Sir, as to my mental vision, tutty is a trifle to it."

"May I read it?" said I.

"Read it?" said Sniggs—"to be sure: why—why did I speak to our dear Rector about it else?"

The letter was couched in these terms:—

"*Montpelier.*

"Dear Mr. Sniggs,—The exercise of delicate attentions which you have so continuously evinced towards our inestimable friend Mr. Gurney, and the disinterested and ingenuous sympathy you have invariably exhibited in all his views and wishes, have excited in his generous and sensitive heart a respect for your character, and an affection for the attributes of your mind, which have formed the basis of a confidence such as he is not usually disposed to make.

"Encouraged by the exalted opinion he entertains of your qualities—mental, professional, and (may I use the word?) *cordial*—I have ventured to write you a few lines expressive of his wishes—breathed to me in moments of entire and implicit reliance upon my affection and discretion—with regard to his relations at Ashmead. You, as he conceives, have been treated there in a manner scarcely correspondent with the exertions you have always made, not only for their good, in the way of medical attendance, but as a social and agreeable companion—and for your qualities in that character can I not myself vouch?—and he thinks, from what dear Mrs. Sniggs has heard of the desire of Jane Falwasser to stay at Ashmead, in conjunction with the resolution of that odious Mr. Nubley to come here to-morrow, that Mrs. Gilbert Gurney has been using some undue influence to wean the affections of the child from a devoted parent—as in truth Mr. Cuthbert Gurney may be called. In short, he is prejudiced against his brother, and wonders that you yourself are blind to the manner in which, upon your own showing, in your letter of yesterday, they have treated you.

"Our object is, in case Jane should not return to-morrow with old Nubley, to get her away, *coute qui coute*, from Ashmead; and, that being the case, you are relied upon as the means of accomplishing the removal.

"Before I say more on this point, I must tell you, to drop all further mystery, that it is a great object to *me* to have the girl detached from the Gilbert Gurneys; and since I have seen how kindly you have fallen in with my views up to the present moment, and with the certainty that

Mr. Cuthbert Gurney duly appreciates your merits, and is determined adequately to reward all your exertions, I think it right to tell you that on Thursday week I become his wife.

"This is of course told you in the strictest confidence, and told you only to convince you of the reliance I have in you, founded upon your ready acquiescence in the suggestions I made when you were here. As to poor Tom, his death is nothing to lament—he was one of the worst-conditioned boys I ever saw; but of that we must say nothing, because he was a favourite with our dear friend. My object is to get Jane away. I want no link nor connexion with them; and I repeat, from the way in which you managed the earlier part of the affair, you are the man to do the rest.

"The letter desiring Jane to come to her father-in-law will be of course directed to you, and will—forgive me for touching upon such matters—contain a check on Mr. Cuthbert's banker for two hundred pounds; I told him he could not do less. You will enforce the child's removal, and I will take care that his letter shall be quite strong enough in the way of credentials.

"I am as yet not rich, but do not be angry with me for making this letter into a small packet, in order to give room to a pair of bracelets which I think will become the arms of dear Mrs. Sniggs: of course you will caution her as to the source whence they come—a fortnight over, and it matters little; and I assure you I feel a conscious satisfaction in making an alliance with a dear kind creature whose happiness it will be my constant study to secure.

"Miss Fatley Fubbs, and that good-natured Eliza Skillygalee—a darling of mine—whom you saw, are both gone, so that my school is broken up altogether. When you were here, you did not at all comprehend what I meant about getting rid of my loves. I have now, to use a low expression, packed them all off, except one, poor dear Adelgitha Dumps, whose father is consul-general at Owyhee, and has left nobody here to take her off my hands.

"Let me hear by return of post—direct to *me*—and remember me kindly to Mrs. Sniggs—mind she does not mention the bracelets.

"Yours truly,

"B."

"Well, Sir," said Sniggs, when I had read the letter and thrown it down in disgust, "are you surprised now at the repentance, the contrition, the horror which have conduced to my disclosure of this conspiracy and my detestation of the transaction—I had fallen into the snare—I was acted upon by a certain degree of fear—I speak before friends—I was distracted—I was flattered—I might be deceived—but to turn deceiver—no—Mr. Gurney—the moment the artful woman outwitted herself into a belief that she had secured an accomplice in her plot, endeavoured to press me into her service against a gentleman who, before I had heard her name or seen her face, had treated me as you had done—the thing was at an end."

I cannot express how much I felt gratified at this declaration; I had always liked Sniggs, and had made no concealment from him of my prepossession in his favour, and I was vexed and uncomfortable when I found him ungrateful and insincere. He had now acquitted himself,

and stood once more in his old place in my esteem; and I could not help again holding out my hand to him at the conclusion of his denunciation of the Brandyball conspiracy, as a token of my satisfaction at the course he had pursued.

"I admit the difficulties in which you were placed, Mr. Sniggs," said I, "and all I shall beg you to do is to forget whatever may have been unpleasant in the past affair. It is now my duty to look forward and to see what is the best and wisest course to pursue."

"I have, of course," said Sniggs, "no right to advise nor to meddle in your family concerns—I have eased my conscience, and will take my leave, observing only, that my services in any way, professional or unprofessional, are at your command."

Sniggs was really affected, and, as is the case where the feeling is strong and genuine, was anxious to say as little as possible; he was—to put the case plainly and in a homely way—ashamed of himself; ashamed, partly because he had suffered himself to be alienated from the family through which he had become acquainted with Cuthbert, and partly because he had been too evidently made the dupe of the "lady," of whom, be it remembered, when he was entirely in *our* interest, he intimated, with one of his cunningest looks, that he "knew something."

The questions which now had to be debated by Wells and myself were these—whether I should join Nubley at Bath, and unite my force with his, in order, if possible, to prevent the marriage, leaving Jane at Ashmead, but communicating to Harriet the *real* cause of my journey; or whether she should be forthwith apprised of the projected destruction of our hopes and fortunes; for it became, as I have before said, no longer a point of mere affection and anxiety to save Cuthbert from misery and dependence, but a matter of serious consideration in a financial point of view. Cuthbert was the prop

"that did sustain my house;"

and every day's expenditure on my present scale of establishment was involving me in difficulties whence, if his liberality were, as it naturally would be, diverted into other channels, nothing could extricate me.

Tenderness for her feelings and an anxiety not to disturb the serenity of her mind, were to me powerful motives for not apprising my poor, sensitive, kind-hearted wife of the real state of the case; but Wells, who looked at these considerations with a greater share of philosophy than myself, founded perhaps upon the fact that he had been married ten times as long as I had, and that the sufferer whom I wanted to save, was his daughter, pooh-poohed away my delicacy, and, wisely enough, perhaps, although I confess I thought at the time somewhat harshly—expressed a decided opinion that the time for concealment was past; and that, if I felt my going to Nubley and with Nubley to Cuthbert were essential to the well-doing of the family, I ought to go—and not only go, but plainly tell my wife the reasons for my journey, as well as all the circumstances connected with Sniggs's recantation, the attempt of Mrs. Brandyball, and the design of abstracting poor Jane.

This latter scheme, however much it betrayed the artifice and treachery of Mrs. Brandyball, and however much I should, and I knew my wife would, have regretted the separation from the girl, whose estimable qualities, in spite of bad education and example, were daily developing themselves, was one which I felt it would be necessary that we should

eventually be compelled to acquiesce in. My means, when thrown upon my own resources, would not permit me to increase my family circle by other means than those which might naturally be supposed to make periodical additions to it; and although, as a temporary arrangement, under totally different circumstances, our having little Jenny with us was most agreeable, it became a question whether, if I did undertake the expedition to Bath, I ought not so far even immediately to adopt the lady's views as to make the poor child my unwilling companion upon the occasion.

After a certain time passed in deliberation, it was decided that Harriet should be made acquainted with all the circumstances, and that her opinion, as well as that of her mother, should be taken as to the necessity of my proceeding to Bath, inasmuch as it appeared by Nubley's letter that he himself proposed taking some active measure the morning after he had written, in which case I should arrive too late to be of any use. I knew the moment this course was agreed upon that I should not be permitted to go. Harriet, born and bred in Blissfold, had a horror of a journey, and, although she had so heroically undertaken one herself, full of peril and enterprise for my sake, it might have been that the circumstances attending it had impressed her with the dread she always evinced when anything like my going anywhere was proposed. For this her reverend father called her foolish. I loved her for it, for *I* thought it affectionate.

In the meanwhile Mr. Nubley, whose benevolence was of the active sort, and who did more than he professed, had no sooner breakfasted than he proceeded to Montpelier, having first earnestly questioned his servant as to his certainty that Hutton had given him the information about the wedding which he had reported.

When he reached the house Cuthbert was not visible; this, if his anxiety to be at work had not hurried his call, he might have anticipated. The lady was, however, up and down, and dressed in the most captivating morning costume, borrowed, as one might have supposed, from the frontispiece of one of the magazines of fashion. A cap and curls, which would have suited a girl of sixteen, graced her head, and a tight-fitting dove-coloured silk dress encased her comely figure; and, as Nubley looked at her well-ringed fingers and a watch (which, upon the principle of the maid-servant in the farce of wearing all the finery she had in the world at once, she had suspended from a massive gold chain), he thought to himself, (at least it is to be hoped it went no further at the moment,) "That old fool has given her all these fine rattletraps."

To tell truth, according to Nubley's own account of the affair, it appeared very much as if Mrs. Brandyball had a strong suspicion that his appearance at the early hour at which he presented himself was somehow connected with a desire to counteract her most favourite, and, indeed, her grand, great, and conclusive project: he saw, of course, her disinclination to facilitate the interview between him and Cuthbert. But Nubley was not to be driven from his post, or beaten from his determination.

"I can wait, Ma'am," said he, sitting himself down in a very comfortable arm-chair. "I know Cuthbert's habits: slow, Ma'am—quiet, Ma'am;—but I don't mind."

Seeing that the "old friend" was immoveable, she smiled, twiggled her ringlets with the perfect confidence that they would not come off, and said, with a sort of titter, "You shall know the moment he is ready to see you;" and went out of the door, scarcely wide enough to permit the exit, wriggling and giggling in all the security of having completely succeeded in "bagging her bird."

And so she had. It might appear incredible, but it is true, that poor Cuthbert really and truly believed that he had inspired that fair mountain of flesh with a sentimental attachment for him—that she loved him, and for himself alone. These infatuations are too common to permit the thing to be doubted; and, when Nubley began to talk to him on the subject, so far from either denying or extenuating the absurdity, he eloquently, for *him*, not only defended and justified the union, but enlarged upon its advantages and the comfort he should derive from the establishment of a domestic circle, in which he should always be secure of society and repose, and to which he could invite such of his friends and acquaintances as were worthy of such a favour. At the end of which very fine speech he shook Nubley by the hand in the most affectionate manner.

"*You are an old fool*," thought Nubley. "But," *said* he, "why were you not satisfied at Ashmead? Why did you throw yourself into an entirely new—eh—connexion?—don't you see—eh?"

"Ashmead," said Cuthbert, "was no place for me. Gilbert's wife is all prejudice—he is hen-pecked—eh? I can't take the trouble to explain all—that—eh—would wear me out;—but—no—here is a person who has no ties—no—eh—oh dear, dear! how my head aches!—but—what I mean is—she will be entirely devoted to *me*—and——"

"But," said Nubley, "of course I do not mean to make any indelicate inquiries. You and I have been so long connected in business, I may, perhaps—don't you see?—without offence, just ask one question—did you not, when you came home and established yourself at Ashmead, give Gilbert reason to expect that the establishment there was to be supported at your charge?"

"Why," said Cuthbert, "I declare I do not quite recollect. I thought I should like to live there; and I rather fancy I said something of the kind: but the way in which they treated poor Tom——"

"Which," said Nubley, "you seem to have forgotten in particularly good time, since you have fixed your wedding-day so soon after his funeral."

"Ah!" said Cuthbert, "all *that*, as we know, is prejudice. Here in England they keep dead people for a week before they bury them; in India, you know, we pop them into the ground twelve hours after they die. I want comfort, support, and companionship; and it seems that the way in which I am domesticated with the exemplary Mrs. Brandyball here is giving cause of scandal."

"Of what?" said Nubley.

"Scandal," said Cuthbert, raising himself with considerable difficulty on his sofa. "My stay here has been thought improper—and in fact some of her pupils have left her school in consequence; and, finding her a most agreeable companion, I am bound to marry her, and marry her I will."

Having said which, the rallying of all his courage to pronounce the *dictum* proved too much for him, and he sank backwards on the pillow of his couch, in a state of most melancholy exhaustion.

"Yes," said Nubley, "but what is to become of Gilbert and his wife and child, and all that? There is an establishment set up at your desire, and by your own direction:—you marry this woman—you adopt altogether the children of your former wife—what is to happen to Gilbert?—*I should like to hear what you say to that.*"

"Gilbert," said my brother—"why—what should happen to him?—he never did anything I asked him to do—he might, as you know, have been as rich as either of us; but he never would exert himself—never came out to me, after twenty separate invitations. Eh!—dear me—this fatigues me—but—well, and when I accidentally met him——"

"He *was* going out," said Nubley—"eh, don't you see?—*there I had you, old fellow*—but what is that to the purpose? you came home—you put him up where he is—now, come—don't haggle and boggle. What do you mean to do for him?"

"Nothing, Sir," said Cuthbert, "nothing. Mrs. Brandyball tells me that they hate me—laugh at me—despise me—and were delighted to get rid of me. Kitty—dear soul—the most ingenuous creature that ever breathed—says the same; so does Sniggs—an excellent man—as Mrs. Brandyball tells me."

"Tells ye!" said Nubley—"Gad!—why the deuce do you care for what anybody tells you?—can't you see with your own eyes?—hear with your own ears?—walk with your own——"

"No, no," said Cuthbert, "I can't—I have neither nerve nor constitution for all that desperate exercise."

"Then you will be made a fool of," said Nubley—"a laughing-stock—a May-game! What! discard your brother, who loves you—who would sacrifice anything for you, to this brazen-faced B——"

"What?" said Cuthbert.

"——Brandyball," said Nubley, "who knew nothing of you, nor you of her. All I can say is——"

"Mr. Nubley," said Cuthbert, raising himself in his *chaise longue*—"forgive me—I never took the liberty of making any observations upon your domestic *ménage*—you'll forgive me, Sir—may I ask you just to ring the bell?"

"To be sure," said Nubley; and he rang the bell accordingly.

Hutton obeyed the mandate.

"If," said Cuthbert, panting with excitement, "if Mr. Nubley has a carriage here, he is ready for it."

"Carriage!" said Nubley; "not I—I came on what we used, as boys, to call Shanks's mare, my friend."

"Then, Hutton," said Cuthbert, "Mr. Nubley is going—open the door."

"*You are a d—d jack-ass!*" thought Mr. Nubley, in his way.

"Ass or not," said Cuthbert——

"I say nothing, my dear friend," said Nubley; "but this I *do* say, that you will repent of this—and so, after your extremely civil attention as to my retirement, I go. I wish you were rational—but you are not."

"That, Sir," said Mrs. Brandyball, who had been listening to the

dialogue in the next room, and now showed herself, "is a matter of opinion. I believe that the sentiments of a generous mind devoting itself to the gratifying task of ameliorating the——"

"Whew!" said Nubley; "that won't do with *me*, Ma'am—I don't understand all your fine figurative tom-foolery. My friend Cuthbert has been deluded, cheated, tricked, and humbugged; and if he chooses to go to old Nick with his eyes shut, that's his affair—mine is to try to open them."

"Well, then, Nubley," said Cuthbert, in a tone of energy, and with a manner of which nobody who had ever seen him for the last twenty years would have thought him capable—"well, then, if that is your opinion, and that the course of argument you pursue, and the line of conduct you propose, I must desire your absence. I am convinced that what I have decided to do is essential to my comfort and happiness; and since you must know the truth, if you choose to come to my wedding next Thursday week, I have no doubt the future Mrs. Gurney will not object to your presence; but as that event is fixed, if you dislike it—eh!—Gad, you may stay away."

And, having done this, he again fell back on the sofa, as little like a bridegroom as anything that ever was presented to observation.

"As an old friend of Mr. Gurney's," said Mrs. Brandyball, "I certainly shall be extremely well pleased to receive Mr. Nubley, although I must say his conduct in the affair has not been quite in accordance with that generous sensibility which ordinarily regulates the intercourse of those whom earlier associations——"

"That will do, Ma'am," said Nubley; "take him, and have him all to yourself; but if I ever profane a church, or debase myself, by witnessing the ceremony, why, then——"

"This is too much," said Mrs. Brandyball, firing up in the most tremendous manner: "please, Sir, to recollect that this is my house, and I expect——"

"*Your* house, is it, Ma'am?" said Nubley. "If I had known that I certainly should not have set foot in it. I understood that *this* at least was my friend Gurney's; but, I'm off—I leave you to the enjoyments you propose to yourselves, and——"

"Mercy on me!" cried Mrs. Brandyball, "dear Mr. Gurney has fainted."

And so he had: and while the lady was ringing for Hutton, cold water, Kitty, and all other imaginable restoratives, the eccentric Nubley took his hat and umbrella (for he prudently never walked without one), and quitted the purlieus of Montpelier.

All this, which came to my knowledge afterwards, was so completely decisive of our fate, that nobody could blame Nubley for writing the strongest possible letter to me, which I received on the morning following that upon which, under the advice and entreaties of Harriet, I had determined upon *not* going to Bath.

Nubley, who was one of those determined, resolute friends who are not to be put down or put out without a considerable degree of trouble on the part of conspirators against a joint cause, resolved to remain another day at Bath, in order, first, to write a remonstrative letter to Cuthbert, arguing, not so much against the marriage, as against his total abandonment of me and Ashmead, which Mrs. Brandyball seemed

to think essential to the completion of her triumph; and, secondly, to receive whatever letters might have come to Ashmead to his address inasmuch as he calculated that it would be foolish to quit the place to which he had desired me to forward his "dispatches," and let them hunt him, as it were, across the country.

The letter I received from him, stating that he should return to Blissfold the next day, did not contain any description of the effects of his interview with my brother. He merely said he had seen him—that it seemed to him that he was perfectly under the control of the Jezabel, as he called her—that the four-and-twenty hours' residence of Kitty under her roof had so completely changed the character of her external conduct, that she did not consider it necessary even to affect anything like civility towards him; and, indeed, deploring in the deepest terms of distress the state of the whole concern. Of course what occurred at Bath reached me after the period at which it was resolved I should not go there; but Harriet's excitement and anger, mingled with her anxiety to keep poor Jane with us, and *her* desire to stay, were altogether very painful—I really and truly did not know what to do. I had despatched my kind old friend's letters on that day as he had desired, and of course should have abstained from doing so the next day, if any had arrived, he having announced his proposed return, and, as I had seen, having failed altogether in the object of his mission.

Well, if it be so, I am equally obliged to him. There was an earnestness of intention and a singleness of mind in what he did which could not fail to insure my regard and esteem. All that vexed me in Harriet's view of the affair was, that she saw no goodness—no kindness—no attempt at conciliation in anything that anybody had done; all she looked at was the huge, monstrous, gross injustice of Cuthbert's conduct, and the folly, madness, cruelty, &c. &c. &c., of all the measures he had taken; although, if the truth had been to be softened, I do really believe that Harriet, and what I call *my* ladies, meaning thereby the ladies of my family, had not quite so much sacrificed their own personal feelings, or devoted themselves to his recreation and amusement, as, perhaps, they might have done. That he was gone from us for ever was most certain.

"Well," said Wells, "I see nothing you have to reproach yourselves with; if every attention to his comfort, a perfect mastery of your house, and all that appertains to it, could content him ——"

"Ay," said I, "but contenting and pleasing are different things; and—however, it is no use trying back upon this. I certainly feel extremely unhappy that circumstances should have so alienated the only relative I have in the world."

The uncertainty of worldly affairs is one of the favourite and most fruitful topics of writers, ancient and modern; and it was only to some extraordinary event, upon which nobody could calculate, that I could look with the hope of averting the calamity, for such I could not but consider it, which impended. As for Harriet, as I had anticipated, the conflict in her mind was terrible—the passions and feelings which agitated her were so numerous and so violent, that it was quite impossible to discover which predominated. Anger, contempt, hatred, regret, and despair, affected her by turns, or rather, I might say, *en masse*, and the result was that she was obliged to go to bed before dinner, while

Jane passed the evening at the side of her bed, sobbing and crying—why, or about what, she hardly knew; except, as she might have foreseen, that her removal from Ashmead would be one of the consequences of the marriage of her doting father-in-law.

I confess I felt anxious for Nubley's return, in hopes that I might extract more from him in conversation than from his letters, having made up my mind, at all events, to go to Cuthbert myself before my fate was finally sealed, and, despairing as I did of producing any effect upon his settled resolution, avow my inability to remain at Ashmead without the continuance of his assistance, and—which I thought a reasonable design—suggest to him its adoption as his future residence. Harriet wondered how I could calmly talk of such a thing, or consider the case patiently, or the affair as finally settled. I knew that resistance to his will was useless, and thought that quiet acquiescence was, in such an extremity, the best tone to assume. I only postponed, as I have just said, the execution of my design till Nubley's return, which, however, did not occur so soon as we had been taught to expect. What delayed it I shall write down in my notes of to-morrow.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," "OUTWARD BOUND," &C.

WHAT swift-wing'd hunter of the sky,
What devastating forest brute,
For love of blood, with man can vie?
Yet *he* can pray, and *they* are mute.
They kill; but crime is man's alone;
Man saved himself, and born to save
For lucre, lust—with heart of stone
Will murder at his mother's grave.

Ah, no! 'Tis there, and only there
He cannot, dare not think of guilt.
The hospitable board he'll share,
And blood with the pledged wine be spilt.
The chamber of the sleeping guest
Will awe him not. He dares to brave
Ev'n GOD in all his terrors dress'd;
Yet trembles at his mother's grave.

A brother sought a brother's blood!
Indeed, the wrong sustain'd was great:
At night, amid dark graves he stood
To curse his lot, and steel his hate.
Nay, mark the change! no more, no more
With imprecations dares he rave—
His heart with prayer is running o'er—
He weeps upon his mother's grave.

He seeks the tyrant elder one,
And, with an agonising cry,
He shrieks, "Forgive *your* mother's son!
Forgive me, brother, or I die!"
"Forgive you! why? my brother, say:
Yours was the wrong. You rave, you rave!"
He groans—"A knife I flung away—
A murderer's! from *our* mother's grave!"

One noble and one graceful form
Through the churchyard's chequer'd green
Steals on. One pants, her bosom warm
With love—she is the village queen.
He of the statelier step would doom
One victim more to lust. There wave
Old flags o'er his ancestral tomb—
He cannot see his mother's grave.

She stumbles—ah! she knows that spot;
'Tis but a lowly mound of clay.
He speaks—for once she hears him not,
But, trembling, shuddering turns away,
And homeward flies; whilst thus she prays—
"Break, break, my heart: but, mother, save
Your daughter from pollution's ways."
She lived to bless her mother's grave.

And yet one scene more gloomy still—
A dark and impious suicide,
Scorning God's law, "Thou shalt not kill,"
Once came, with an insulting pride,
To look on his kindred's grave, and there
To mock the good, who dared not brave
The wrath to come, and in despair
Seek out a suicidal grave.

Among those tombs his mother's lay:
Despite his pride he bow'd his head;
At once his iron heart gave way,
And bitter tears of love he shed.
For hours he strove with pride and sin,
And conquer'd—for grace came to save,
And quell the rage his heart within—
He lives to bless his mother's grave.

There is a tree of sweet perfume,
Whose blossoms are eternal joy,
Though sprung from earth, above to bloom
Where worm nor canker can destroy.
This tree of Immortality
The Merciful to mortals gave;
Though high in Heav'n its branches be,
Its roots are in a mother's grave.

NOTES ON EARLY FRENCH ACTORS.

Le Sage would have written a fine book on merely the lives of the Harlequins of France. Taking the many-coloured adventures of his heroes, he would have woven them into one delightful piece—an exquisite narrative, captivating by its felicitous incidents the mere story-seeker, and delighting the profounder student of human nature by the thousand touches of humanity—by the subtle strokes of satire—by the grave and laughing philosophy produced and inevitably provoked by the subject. He himself, surrendered to his plastic genius, would have been a harlequin telling the stories of harlequins: he would have been of them, not above them—he would not have criticised his people from the most "respectable" place at the Foire St. Germain, but would have been upon the stage, laughing, cheating, lying, stealing, satirising with them. There is, however, one living French writer who could give us "The Lives of the Harlequins," with all the gusto—all the fine colouring—all the reckless animal spirits and triumphant good-nature of his own genius—Paul de Kock.

The object of the present paper is merely to give a few curious particulars from the lives of some of the early French actors—amongst whom the Harlequins have not been forgotten—particulars picked from a heap of chaff, which, though in the mass of little worth, is, we believe, not easily obtainable by the English reader, should he even have time and taste to winnow for himself. We shall begin with—

Angelo Constantini.—He was born at Verona, and at a very early age appeared as harlequin. His history is at once curious and pathetic. He went to France about 1681, and, joining the Italian troop, played until the suppression of the theatre in 1697. This circumstance induced Constantini to visit Brunswick, where he received an invitation from Augustus the First, king of Poland, to attach himself to his service. Angelo immediately accepted the offer, and, seeking the court of his Majesty, immediately set himself to form a complete troop of actors, capable of alternately representing comedies and Italian comic operas. With this view he again visited France, and acquitted himself so adroitly of his commission, that the king honoured the representative of harlequin with a brevet of nobility, with the charge of the Inner Chamber, with the post of Treasurer of the *menus plaisirs* of his Majesty, Keeper of the Jewels of the Chamber, &c. It was naturally concluded that the fortune of Constantini was fixed for ever. His imprudence, however—an unbounded admiration of the gentle sex—destroyed him. Harlequin dared to put up his vows to the same idol addressed by his patron, the king. The lady, in a towering rage at the insolence of her new lover, denounced him to his Majesty, requiring of the king that he himself, hidden in a convenient place, should be a witness to the audacity of his servant. Again harlequin knelt and sued, when the wrathful monarch issued from his corner, sabre in hand, and was about to lay Constantini dead at his feet. Recovering himself, the king resolved not to stain his sword with the blood of his ungrateful treasurer, and therefore ordered him to be imprisoned in the castle of Konigstein. What a black curtain here fell between poor harlequin and the *menus plaisirs* of the Court of Augustus! For twenty years did the wretched man linger in solitary

captivity. At length a new favourite swayed the heart of Augustus, who, one day, at her request, brought her to the castle. Here, poor Harlequin, with his twenty years' beard, found audience of the king, and, falling upon his knees, supplicated for mercy. The king was inexorable; but, at the expiration of another year, Constantini was released from his dungeon, and all his effects restored to him, with orders to quit the kingdom.

Constantini immediately sought his native Verona; but a desire to visit Paris, and to again appear on the stage of his former glory, after a short stay at home, took him to France; and, having entered upon terms with the Italian troop, he engaged to play in five or six pieces for the sum of a thousand crowns. The "Mercure de France" gives the following account of Constantini's reappearance:—

"On Saturday, February 5, 1729, Signor Angelo Constantini, native of Verona, appeared at the Hotel de Bourgogne, in the comedy of 'La Foire St. Germain,' as it was originally acted in 1695. This piece was preceded by a prologue in which Constantini was introduced as an old man, who afterwards casts off his disguise of antiquity, and appears in his usual character." The "Mercure" gives a plot of the piece, and ends with informing its readers that the actor "*fut reçu favorablement du public.*"

Of course the reappearance of an actor in Paris who had dared to make love to a king's mistress, and who had expiated the enormity by one-and-twenty years' imprisonment, was an event of no common importance. The very circumstance would have cast around him the reputation of a fine actor, had he been the "dullest rogue that ne'er said nothing." Hence we find that duchesses crowded to see him. The Duchess of Bourbon and the Duchess of Maine, with many lords and ladies, honoured the performances of Constantini. Whether his beard was worked up into rings and lockets the "Mercure de France" saith not.

Age, however, and the dungeon of the castle of Konigstein, had conquered poor harlequin; and, after a few fleeting hours passed upon the stage of his early days, he retired to Verona, where he died towards the latter end of 1729—of that year in which he again appeared to the world. He left a daughter by his wife Auretta—a poor and plain actress, says our history—who died a nun at Chaumont; and a son, Gabriel, who lived and died a harlequin on the Italian stage.

Francesco Materazzi was born at Milan, and made his first appearance in Paris among the Italian troop in 1716. He began as Harlequin, but afterwards generally played the part of Doctor. He died in Paris at the age of eighty-six: he appears to have been a gentle, kind-hearted man, of the most charitable disposition and of the most temperate habits. He married the widow of Pietro Alborghetti, Pantaloon, with the sole purpose, as he professed, of leaving her the whole of the property he possessed in France. His wife lived in Italy, and was paid by him a yearly pension.

Tomaso Antonio Vicentini, commonly known under the name of Thomassin, was born at Vicenza, and was one of the original members of the Italian troop brought together by Riccoboni the elder, under the auspices of the Regent Orleans, in 1716. In the hands of Thomassin, Harlequin achieved a higher reputation, put in claims to greater distinction

than any of his predecessors. He was endowed by nature with capabilities which elevated him to the first rank of comedians. His versatility, his indomitable gaiety, his irresistible grace, his sudden pathos even amidst the peals of laughter excited by his fine buffoonery, a trait, a single touch, which he heightened into a positive sentiment by the magic of his genius, would draw tears from his audience, and astound his author with an unexpected and unintended excellence: and all this he would effect despite of a mask, formed, it would have seemed, as much to excite terror as laughter. Often when he had surprised the audience into bursts of merriment by the exquisite humour of his grief, he would stop short in his burlesque, and charm them into tenderness, into sympathy, by the mastery and cunning of his passion.

Signor Thomassin made his first appearance in Paris in 1716 at the Theatre du Palais Royal, in a comedy called "L'Heureuse Surprise." M. Gueullette, in allusion to this *début*, narrates an anecdote which illustrates the versatile powers of our hero. The celebrated Dominique, who had rendered Harlequin so famous throughout France, had a certain defect in his voice, to which, however, the public had become so long accustomed that they held it for an excellence: hence, a Harlequin who did not gurgle his words in his throat, and affect the thick speech of a parrot, was held as nought. Thomassin had not this happy faculty, and the author and himself were in despair as the hour of trial arrived. At length they hit upon the following expedient:—There are several night-scenes in "L'Heureuse Surprise," and one of these was so transposed as to be the first in the play. The play began: Lelio calls Harlequin, his valet, who at first makes no answer; he then utters a word or two at long intervals, immediately falling into a profound slumber. Lelio goes out to seek him, and returns bringing him upon the stage, where he stands still in a deep sleep. Lelio, with considerable difficulty, wakes him; he makes a short answer, then falls upon the stage, and sleeps again. The master raises him, but Harlequin still sleeps in Lelio's arms. For a quarter of an hour the new Harlequin kept his audience in what our modern masters of the revels would call "enthusiastic shouts of laughter," without uttering one distinct word. He then took courage, spoke in his own voice, and was, says his historian, "permitted to be natural." Thomassin, who for years filled all Paris with mirth, whose name was a household word, who was the type, the synonym, of all that was witty, humorous, and versatile, died, in 1739, at the age of fifty-seven, having long endured a most painful malady, which had compelled him for some time previous to his decease to withdraw himself from the theatre. Thomassin left sons, three of whom appeared as Harlequin with moderate success.

An Englishman, named Baxter, having obtained great reputation as Harlequin at the Foire St. Laurent, *courut les provinces*, with increasing honour, until 1721, when he retired from the world, and, betaking himself to a hermitage, became a veritable anchorite. He died, says the author of the "Mémoires sur les Spectacles de la Foire," filled with sentiments of the truest piety. What a change! from the gaiety, the noise, the glitter, the frippery, the applause and laughter of the Foire St. Laurent, to the solemn stillness of an antique wood—from a theatre to a hut—from the wonder-working wooden wand to the staff—fom the comedies of Riccoboni to a string of beads!

Belloni was a native of the Isle of Zante, and was brought to Paris by Prince Philip de Soissons, who made him one of his valets, and caused him to be taught music and dancing. A troop acting at the Hotel de Soissons, Belloni became enamoured of the art, and, leaving the service of the Prince, made his appearance at St. Denis as Scaramouche. In 1704 he became a member of Dame Baron's troop, and, resolving to make his professional reputation subservient to his fortune, he installed himself in a café in the Rue des Petits Champs, where he exhibited a large picture in which were introduced the portraits of all the Italian troop, his own figure being not the least prominent in the composition. The "trade" took alarm at the menacing aspect of Scaramouche, and resolved to ruin him. Mark how poor a trifle served their turn. In an evil hour a visitor to the café espied in the bottom of his cup—he had swallowed, as he thought, all its contents—the end of a candle! The historian professes himself unable to describe the terrible scene that ensued; every visitor present vowed an oath never again to set foot in the *Café Comique*, and they kept their word. The story flew, and—Scaramouche was ruined. Belloni, although he began his career as Scaramouche, gained his laurels as the Pierrot of the fair. He appears to have been a fellow of some humour even off the stage. One of his comrades, quarrelling with him, called him out. Belloni gravely refused the challenge, saying that he would not have the blood of his adversary upon his soul. "Poltroon and coward!" exclaimed the man; "if you will not use a sword, why—why, I ask, do you wear one?" "I wear one," answered Belloni, slipping into the character of Pierrot, "I wear one, Sir, because all people of distinction wear one."

Jean Bissoni, a celebrated Scapin, who came to Paris with the troop in 1716, was born at Bologna. At the age of fifteen he engaged himself with a quack doctor, whom he attended from place to place, bearing his part in the dialogues necessary to fix the attention of customers. After a time, master and man disagreed and separated. A year elapsed, and Bissoni, still travelling with his drugs, arrived at Milan; to his dismay he found there a rival mountebank of established reputation. Bissoni resolved to attack the town on the weak side of its sympathies. To this effect he took his station in a public place, and proceeded to advertise the excellence and genuineness of his commodities, assuring the people that they were a part and parcel of those sold by the other doctor, who was his father, but who having banished him from his presence for some juvenile fault, he had been compelled to travel the country by himself. This story was speedily carried to the doctor, who had scarcely time to deny its truth, ere Bissoni approached him, fell at his feet, begged forgiveness, vowed that he was a repentant child, and concluded by asking the paternal blessing. The enraged doctor spurned, abused, branded him as an impostor; Bissoni, with tears in his eyes, begged the good people about him to intercede with his cruel father. In vain they sought to mollify the inexorable parent. At length, to show their disgust of his cruelty, they refused to lay out another penny with so unnatural a sire, and bought up the whole of the stock of the ill-used son. There is in this anecdote good matter for a scene in a farce.

Bissoni died at the age of forty-five in 1723, having maintained the part of Scapin with general success.

Tamponet appeared at the Foire St. Germain in 1701. His principal part was that of Tremblotin, in which he obtained great applause. He was, however, discharged from Bertrand's troop in 1708 on account of inattention, when he presented himself in an entirely original character to the good folks of Paris, keeping himself at a wary distance from all who might know him. Tamponet, having adjusted his dress for the part, decorated himself with the cross of St. Louis, which he carefully covered with his hat when he appeared in the public promenades. When he had fixed upon an individual, in whose face he read simplicity and benevolence, he would take his seat by him, and, in a timid and affecting tone, appeal to his sympathies on the part of a poor chevalier of St. Louis, at the time cautiously exhibiting the cross at his breast. Tamponet acted this part with such ability that the story of the poor chevalier of St. Louis, deprived of his pension, came to the ears of the authorities, who set their spies upon the heels of the luckless chevalier, who was speedily taken in the manner. He was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Bicêtre for the misdemeanor, which, however, he repeated on gaining his liberty, when he was again appre hended, and sent abroad, where he died.

Jean Baptiste Constantini, commonly known as Octavio de Verone, was the younger brother of the Constantini whose adventures we have already touched upon. He made his appearance as the second lovers in 1688, at the Italian theatre, with great success: he was an able musician, playing skilfully on the seven following instruments—the flute, theorbo, harp, psaltery, cymbals, hautboy, and guitar. In 1697, the troop being dismissed by order of the king, Octavio returned to his native city, Verona, where he was enabled to render the most important service to the generals of the French army, at the commence ment of the war in 1701, and was therefore honoured with a visit from the Imperialists, who laid waste his estate. The Chevalier de Lisliere, ordered by the King of France to reconnoitre the posts and encampments of the enemy, made a formal attestation of the services rendered by Octavio, "he having given the first intelligence of the position of the enemy, and having made many journeys at his own expense, constantly refusing any remuneration offered by the French generals." Octavio returned to Paris in the year 1708, and was presented with the post of inspector of the barriers of Paris. With the profits of this appointment he was enabled to open a theatre at the Foire de St. Germain and St. Laurent. He died at Rochelle in 1720.

Jean Antoine Romagnesi, dramatist and actor, was born, it may be said, in the theatre at Namur. At fifteen, he quitted the troop in consequence of the harsh treatment he received from the manager, his father-in-law, and resolved to enter the army. With this resolution he "packed up all his treasure," turned his back upon the theatre, and enlisted under a captain whose discipline was no whit more gentle than that of Jean Antoine's father-in-law. After some time the young soldier deserted, and joined the troops of the Duke of Savoy. He was, however, no better treated by his new commander, and again determined to show his officer a fair pair of heels. Resolved upon desertion, Romagnesi wrote to Quinault, the actor, then at Strasburg, and, painting in the most touching colours the miseries of a military life, implored the comedian to assist him in his escape. Quinault immediately answered

the appeal, desired the young soldier to escape to Basle, and, arrived there, he might depend upon finding a letter addressed to him, containing money to bring him to Strasburg. Romagnesi immediately deserted, and, begging his way, he at length found himself at the gates of Basle, miserably clothed in a pair of red breeches, a white waistcoat, a piece of a hat upon his head, and not a *sous* in his pocket. He had, however, an additional evil to encounter. The authorities of Basle had determined not to admit any stranger into the city coming from the side of Savoy, unless he first gave the exactest information touching his name, his condition, and the purpose of his visit.

Now Romagnesi had many reasons that did not permit him to satisfy the curiosity of the good burghers of Basle: hence he began to consider how he might best avoid their attentions, when chance luckily presented him with the means. About a hundred paces from the city he perceived a herd of swine driven by a boy of about ten or twelve years old. He approached the boy, and, seizing his whip, in an authoritative tone commanded him to stay where he was for an hour or two, adding that the hogs should be conducted in safety to the *fauxbourg*. The boy, frightened by the manner of Romagnesi, promised obedience; when the deserter immediately proceeded to drive the hogs before him, entered the town, and left them in the place he had promised. He then hurried to the Post-office, but there was no letter from Quinault, the courier from Strasburg not arriving before the following day. Notwithstanding this delay, Romagnesi felt a pressing inclination to eat, and was also desirous of securing a bed for the night. He entered a humble inn, ordered a supper and bed. The hostess, glancing at his exterior, held forth her hand, and more than hinted that payment in advance would be very acceptable. On this, Romagnesi informed the landlady of his present destitute condition; but assured her that he was to receive money in a letter the following morning. The hostess was inexorable, and was about to show her guest to the door, when a baker, taking compassion on the wretched plight of the deserter, engaged himself to defray Romagnesi's bill should the actor fail to do so. The next day the money arrived, and Romagnesi, having equipped himself, insisted on taking the baker with him to Strasburg, where he was most hospitably entertained by Quinault. As the desertion of Romagnesi from the French army might have compromised Quinault as well as himself, the actor made interest for his young friend with the Commandant, and Romagnesi was permitted to appear on the stage without fear of molestation. A short time afterwards, a general amnesty put Romagnesi wholly at ease on the score of his military disobedience. Romagnesi engaged with Octavio (spoken of above), at the Foire St. Laurent, and became successful both as dramatist and actor. In May, 1742, he was with the troop at Fontainebleau, being ordered thither to play before the king. On the fourth of that month, having returned from a walk in the forest of Fontainebleau, he fell senseless in his chamber, and an hour after died. The *curé* of Fontainebleau having refused to bury him, his body was carried to Paris, and interred in the parish of Saint Saviour.

To these might be added notices of the humbler artists of France—of the humorous spirits, that, in the early age of the drama, uttered their quips and quirks upon the mountebank's scaffold. We have now before us a list of a few of the quodlibets of the Pont Neuf, in which we see the

originals of many of the jests of the present day fixed in their new gloss on living wits. The early harlequin was almost a "chartered libertine," when an iron despotism gagged the mouths of the nation. Opinion, that dared not gravely to discuss a wrong, might through the harlequin and mountebank, laugh at it. Opinion, not yet allowed its types and printing-press, was forced to grin and chatter from the stage of a jack-pudding—to hawk its ballads through the street—to take its stand with the one-eyed Savoyard upon the Pont Neuf. It was there that the family of witty vagabonds—the puppet-masters, the mountebanks, the minstrels—took their place; it was there they satirised; there, with a grinning face, they flung abroad burning truths which smouldered for a century.

At this day, thinking of these things, and looking at the *quaies* of Paris, the houses seem no part of the present time; their aspect is that of another age; they call up recollections of by-gone France—of the days of an imperious, cold-hearted state—of an age, when a whole nation dwarfed itself to give one vain man height; and when, as it was preached from a thousand pulpits, the angel of the Lord's anointed kept sleepless watch at the gates of the Tuileries.

It was harlequin and his tatterdemalion brethren that, with a touch of the wand, with a merry biting jest, made us, standing on the Pont Neuf, think of these things after this fashion. We saw and heard th old ballad-singer—the musical newsvender of that day—Philippot the Savoyard, as painted to the life by Dassouci, who encountered him on a voyage from Chalons to Lyons. The glaring purple of the minstrel's nose and ears first attracted the notice of the traveller. Being interrogated on his condition, he replied, with conscious importance,—"I am one of the descendants of Homer, and I may even be allowed to say that I have some superiority over my great ancestor; for, though he was blind as I am, and albeit he sang his ballads in streets and market-places as I sing mine, nevertheless, though he had a rough pash upon him, he was not, like me, covered from head to crown like a bear. I am the famous ballad-singer and poet, endowed with so mighty an organ, that, if I swallow only two drops of brandy, and pitch my voice at the Quai des Augustins, his Christian Majesty shall hear me at the windows of the Louvre. Ordinarily I take my station at the Pont Neuf: it is there you may behold my Parnassus—the bronze horse is my Pegasus, and the Fountain of the Samaritan my Helicon." This, be it remembered, is no figured character—no creation of Dassouci,—but one of the ragged, lowly priests of early opinion—one of the talkers and singers to the people.

But this race is passed away—the living arabesque of society has disappeared, and the present anxious generation appear intruding commonplaces on the remoteness of the scene. They seem rather as strangers who have taken up a dwelling for a week or a month than denizens born and bred there. There is a haze, a dimness of antiquity, upon, about the buildings; musing, we see them as in a vision—the picture of a vanished city—a place passed away with the vain, fierce, miserable, tyrannous multitude that dwelt there. They are the cold, stately, picturesque relics of dead dynasties.

THE COMPACT.

"Truth is strange! stranger far than fiction!"

The night was already far advanced, and still the officers of an Austrian regiment of Hussars sat round their table in Vienna, apparently with the same uncourteous determination as the one thus expressed in an old Scotch song:—

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my troth she'll wait a wee."

And certainly, judging from the appearance of things, she was likely to wait for their departure rather longer than would have been consistent with her duties to the rest of the world.

The party consisted of nine persons, most of them being in the very prime of manhood, although there were two or three among them who could scarcely have reached that age when men are *supposed* to be able to act discreetly for themselves: all, however, seemed perfectly on an equality, and all (even if not at that moment seen to the best advantage) presented those undeviating marks of gentle birth and high breeding which are never to be mistaken, and which, when added to the manly bearing of the accomplished soldier, constitute, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the "Genus Homo."

The room in which they were assembled was of an oblong shape, and although the furniture it contained had prematurely lost much of its original freshness and beauty, by reason of the rude treatment to which it had been subjected, it still bore the marks of former elegance: the red damask curtains which fell in heavy folds over every window from the tarnished beak of the gilded eagle which surmounted them, *might* have been cleaner, and more neatly arranged! the rich Turkey carpet (itself a luxury in those parts), though it only covered a small space in the centre of the room, was soiled with stains which the ill-natured might have hinted to be those of wine, whilst the portrait of a great statesman, which hung over the fire-place, had become so clouded and dingy as to render the lineaments as difficult to discern, as his own dark and mysterious policy. Bottles of various shapes and sizes occupied the table where several empty ones, as though in illustration of the effects which they produce, were lying prostrate, and only prevented from rolling unheeded away from a scene in which they were now neither useful nor ornamental, by having come in contact with the decanters and claret jugs that stood in their way: there were the red wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, together with those which are the delicious produce of the vineyards that border the Rhine; and their tapering, long-necked bottles, with corks three inches in length, formed a curious contrast with those stunted, square-shaped phials, which being twisted round with straw, might be supposed to contain the perfumed "*Maraschino di Zara*," or some of those hundred-and-one kinds of "*Chasse Café*," for the manufacture of which the French are so deservedly famous. A few small dishes of dried fruits were also scattered over the table, but at such long distances, that it appeared as though the strong

light that emanated from the richly cut chandelier which hung from the ceiling was not sufficient to allow of their being noticed amid the crowd of bottles which surrounded them, and which, in fact, seemed to have entirely monopolised the attention of those who sat at the feast.

The individuals in question appeared, however, to have a very good idea of enjoying themselves, and to be not often in the habit of refusing, for mere form's sake, anything that might contribute to their creature comforts; as certainly the singularity of their dress, and the easy (because habitual) manner in which they were lolling indolently in their well-stuffed chairs, intimated a greater regard for personal ease and comfort, than for the maintenance of those constrained and irksome observances, from which the Englishman, bred only in accordance with the formal laws of his own stiff society, would have deemed it sacrilege to deviate: seven out of the nine then having doffed their ornamented and tightly-fitting coats, had very wisely replaced them by loose flowing "*robes de chambre*" of richly flowered silk or brocade; whilst the other two, though they retained the uniform of the regiment, had still so far acceded to the general custom, as to wear a round velvet cap, beautifully worked with gold thread, similar in form, if not in fancy, to those that covered the heads of their companions. They were Germans—need it then be said that each man was furnished with his pipe? indeed, the caps just mentioned were worn for no other purpose than to screen the hair from the fumes of tobacco which constantly floated through the room during their convivial meetings, and which, though not otherwise disagreeable to themselves, had proved an atmosphere as injurious to the good looks of their furniture in general, as to those of the Minister whose portrait was hanging above them.

"And so it positively is your real opinion, Seckendorf!" exclaimed a young man at the end of the table, and who evidently spoke in continuation of some previous conversation, "so it positively is your real opinion that one flask of wine from the vineyards of Medoc is worth a dozen of that which grows upon the heights of our own Hocheimer?"

"Positively!" replied he who was thus addressed, but without removing the amber mouthpiece of his richly-ornamented Mereschaum from his lips, "Positively!"

"And may it be allowed to one who is patriotic enough to differ with you in this, to ask your reasons, Herr Graf, for such an absolute preference?" returned the other, as he twisted the point of his fondly-cherished moustache between his finger and thumb.

"I have but one," replied he, "and it is, that *my* palate is better pleased with the flavour of the one than of the other: have I need of any better?"

"Our friend is sententious to-night," rejoined one of those who have been described as retaining their uniforms, and whose long, drooping epaulets, showed that he held the rank of captain. "But I know why it is; the dull wines, whose flavour he commends so strongly, have not the power of inspiring those who drink them with either eloquence or wit! Their fumes may mount to the brain, but in a cloud so thick and heavy as to paralyse its actions, instead of quickening them!—to dim the natural brilliancy of its ideas, instead of adding to them!—and, in short, to rob the mind of its existing powers, instead of filling it with new ones!—they cannot warm the heart like this," he continued, as he

poured out a bumper of Rudesheimer into the largest division of his double glass; "No, no; *mien leiber freund*, take to our own Rhenish if you be wise, or would be happy, and in the meanwhile I drink this to the speedy improvement of your taste." So saying, he emptied the contents at a draught, although his sparkling eyes and rather excited manner were proofs that, however good the prescription might be for others, he was not overwise to try its efficacy upon himself.

"I do believe," rejoined the other, laughingly, so soon as the ample volume of smoke which he had inhaled had curled in a gentle, but long-continued stream from his lips, "I do believe that you are partly right in what you have uttered, for of a surety you appear to be the very incarnation of those delightful emotions which you say are *only* to be excited by the wine you so strenuously recommend both by precept and example: it does, indeed, seem in your case not to have belied the eulogy you have pronounced upon it! I will, therefore, believe for your sake that its qualities are excellent; but shall I on that account agree to your conclusion, that the exquisite wines of Bordeaux are worthless, save in the possession of similar properties to that fabled stream, whereof whosoever drinks, becomes necessarily dull and oblivious? Surely not! and as to a want or deficiency of taste, whether intellectual or sensual (for in this case it may be either), I might with equal justice accuse *you*, seeing that I should have exactly the same reasons for doing so as yourself."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the other; "gentlemen, I call you all to witness that I was wrong in supposing that the wines of Bordeaux deadened instead of brightening the mental faculties! Why, there was a speech worthy of a doctor of laws, at once argumentative, logical, and luminous (said I voluminous by mistake). Oh! commend me to your Bordeaux for the future, whenever it becomes necessary to play the orator!"

"I have often before had occasion to admire your powers of raillery," answered Seckendorf, who now, for the first time, appeared to be somewhat moved by the sarcasms of his mercurial friend; "and I have as often wondered why they were always most keenly exerted in proportion as the subject of them was weak and unimportant; but now," he paused abruptly, and then continued in a lighter tone, "however, I have no mind to carry on the discussion with the same animated enthusiasm as yourself; so prithee let the matter rest; and though I cannot convince you that the wines I speak of are the best, at least you will do me the credit to believe that I sincerely think so, and that they might possibly be found as powerful a stimulus to wit and satire, if *I also* felt disposed to prove their capabilities in my own person."

"Hark to the advocate of the sour wines of France," replied the impetuous and unrelenting Lōwenstein: "but Heaven forbid that we should drive him to this last proof of their excellence, for then we should all have to yield at once, astounded by the power and daring which I plainly see are derivable from such a source; but——"

"By the God of my fathers, but this is beyond a joke!" exclaimed Seckendorf, starting on his feet: "whatever may be your opinion of the matter, Herr Graf von Lōwenstein, I believe that, without the same incentive you have mentioned to urge you on to low bravado, you would never have dared to insinuate——"

"Ah! *dared*, said you?"

"Such was my word, Herr Graf——"

"I am sorry for it, Seckendorf," he replied, after a moment's pause; "I could have forgiven you the rest, as, though the retort was somewhat bitter, I had brought it on myself; but you must answer me for *that* word."

The rest of the party (who, never anticipating so serious a termination to so apparently unmeaning a discourse, had hitherto taken no steps to prevent it) now rose at once, and, making light of the matter, endeavoured to appease the fiery spirits of the two friends, and to restore them to their customary amity, for both of them being highly esteemed by the members of the corps, they were unwilling that they should proceed to extremities upon so foolish a misunderstanding. It was accordingly represented to them that not even the rigorous laws of their own code of honour would warrant them in pursuing this quarrel to the extent which their words implied; and so well did they act the part of mediators on this occasion, and so efficient was their friendly interference, that they at last succeeded in extracting from each a positive, though reluctant promise *that no duel should take place between them upon the matter*. With this assurance they remained satisfied, and the affair was considered at an end; but the previous hilarity of the party was completely destroyed, for the two *friends*, whose hasty tempers had so unfortunately clashed together, continued silent and thoughtful, whilst the others, who, with good sense and politeness, endeavoured to carry on among themselves a conversation upon one of the numerous topics of the day, soon gave it up when they found that they were unable to maintain it with any spirit in consequence of the disagreeable event which had occurred to disturb the harmony of their society. Under these circumstances, they began to make arrangements for their departure, and then, dispersing in different directions, with the usual phrase of "*schlaven sie wohl*," they betook themselves to their several quarters.

The system of duelling is (or was) carried to a frightful extent in the cavalry regiments of the Austrian army, the officers of which have the most absurd ideas of their superiority over those who belong to the troops of the line. The propriety of their laws on this subject appears never to have been questioned by any of them, although they are so severe as to merit the name of sanguinary, for the slightest offence, however unintentional, is a sufficient warranty for demanding a hostile meeting; and as an apology is considered to be, if not exactly a sign of cowardice, at any rate to denote a want of proper martial spirit, it is, of course, but very seldom rendered. In these encounters the small sword or sabre is the weapon almost always employed, and it is therefore scarcely necessary to point out how much more fatal they must be than when a hurried pistol shot decides the matter: indeed, it may be said that if one of the combatants be not killed upon the spot, he is at least maimed or disfigured for life, for when swords are once crossed *in earnest* there must be bloodshed before they are sheathed again. 'Tis, in truth, a dreadful and appalling custom, look upon it as we will; and albeit, the knowledge that they will be thus fearfully called upon to answer for their words, may make men more correct in their conduct towards each other, and more careful in

their conversation, yet who will not confess that even these advantages are purchased at too high a price?

As consenting parties to the policy of retaining this powerful curb upon the licentiousness of society, and therefore holding, from the mere force of habit, most perverted notions upon all points of honour, it is to be supposed that the unfortunate occurrence of the evening weighed heavily upon the minds of the two individuals connected with it; and though they had been companions from their very boyhood, and, with their progress to man's estate, their intimacy had ripened into a purer friendship than that scarcely to be defined feeling that men have towards the mere companions of their pleasures, yet so strongly were they imbued with the opinions in which they had been bred, that they found it difficult, if not impossible, to pass over a small affront even from one another.

They both of them belonged to two of the highest families in Hungary, among the haughty nobles of whom the representatives of the houses of Löwenstein and Seckendorf were considered as magnates; and their high hereditary rank, added to their enormous wealth, (for the nobility of Hungary are, perhaps, as rich as any in the world,) gave them so much influence and power in their own territory, that these could scarcely have been greater in the strictly feudal times of their ancestors.

Adolph von Löwenstein was twenty-three years of age, and, though so young, was the head of his family, for his father had died about ten months before the date of this story, leaving him heir to his immense possessions: but the hereditary honours of Ulric Seckendorf (though three years older) were yet only in expectancy, for his father still lived. They had entered the same regiment at exactly the same time, and their gradual rise in it from cadets to a higher rank had been also simultaneous: their friendship seemed to increase daily; they were constantly together, in barracks, the promenade, or the theatre, so that they went by the name of the "two friends:" and this was the footing on which they stood one to another on that evening when the foolish altercation already described took place, and which was the occasion of the most extraordinary compact ever entered into between man and man.

From circumstances which came to light long afterwards, it appears that both of them, on reaching their homes, instead of returning to sleep during the small portion of the night which yet remained, sat brooding abstractedly until the morning, and that, with the first dawn of day, impelled by similar feelings of wounded pride, they severally left their houses with the intention of seeking each other, and of consulting on the means of wiping away that disgrace which, in spite of the opinions of their friends, they considered must attach to them, until their quarrel had been settled by the usual appeal to arms. They met in one of the neighbouring streets, and, after a few words of explanation, walked together towards the public promenade, which, being at that hour deserted, was a place where they would be enabled to converse freely, without any danger of being overheard. With what absorbing interest would he who studies human nature, in order to understand the acts of men, have listened to their discourse! Calmly and slowly did they go over in detail the incidents of the previous evening; each in his turn remind-

ing the other of some word or circumstance that had escaped his memory; and calmly and distinctly, without the least appearance of anger, did they both express their conviction, that, consistently with their ideas of honour (!) they could not meet again *as friends* until *something* had been done in extenuation of the affront they had mutually given and received! Yet how was it to be accomplished? The usual way was closed against them, for they had severally pledged their words that no duel should take place between them, and yet they felt convinced that they must peril their lives *somehow*, one against the other, before they should be satisfied!

Will this be believed? Of a surety it may well be doubted, for it is scarcely credible; but it is nevertheless *absolutely and literally true!*

"I have it," said Löwenstein, decidedly, after some moments' consideration; "and though it may appear even to you a dreadful alternative, yet, as you feel your honour to be tainted, I know you too well to suppose that you will refuse to avail yourself of it, when you must feel that, under the circumstances, there is no other efficient means by which it may regain its purity. Follow me!"

They retraced their steps, taking the direction of the town, where they quickly arrived, and then turning down one of the narrow streets in the suburbs, they entered the billiard-room of a large but dirty *estaminet* situated near the middle of it. The table was already engaged, and the jaded looks of the players told that they had spent the night in their present occupation. They mounted to the first floor, which was empty, and then calling the marker, Löwenstein desired him to place a red and a white ball into any receptacle, whence they might be drawn out singly, without the possibility of distinguishing the difference between them: he accordingly placed them into one of those small bags which the lower classes in Germany use for carrying their tobacco, and drawing the string closely laid it on the table: he was then ordered to withdraw, when Löwenstein thus addressed his companion:—

"You have seen the two balls fairly placed, and my proposition is this: let us draw lots to decide which of us shall draw the first ball, and then let it be understood between us, that he to whose lot the red one falls *shall kill himself within a year from this day—the mode of death being left entirely to the choice of him who is to suffer it!*"

Startled at the abruptness of this horrible proposal, Seckendorf remained silent for some moments—the blood left his cheeks, and a slight shudder quivered through his frame; but he recovered himself in an instant, and, considering that he was bound in honour (!) to accept even this unprecedented challenge, he at once consented to incur his share of peril in the fearful venture! The lots were accordingly drawn, and the privilege of choosing (if indeed it could be called a choice) devolved upon him. His face was deathly pale, and his lips bloodless, as he drew near the table, but his countenance was expressive of firmness and resolution, as, with a steady hand, he drew back the strings which closed the mouth of the bag. Then turning away his head he thrust in his hand, and, slowly withdrawing it, as if willing to delay the certainty of his doom—the white ball was closely clenched in his nervous grasp! whilst the other and the fatal one (whose colour was surely emblematical of the use to which it had been applied) of course remained as the lot of his companion. During these few but anxious moments Löwenstein

had remained with his arms folded upon his breast, erect and motionless, though the fixity of his gaze, the compression of his lips, and his dilated nostrils, told how intense was his interest in the scene; and now that it was over, he still stood in the same position, face to face with his adversary, who, like himself, appeared to have been suddenly turned to stone! The ball which Seckendorf had continued to hold in his hand fell heavily to the ground, and aroused them from their waking trace.

"'Tis well!" said Löwenstein, firmly, after a deep expiration; "'tis well! the peril was the same to both, and I will abide the issue! Seckendorf, we may be friends again, *for our wounded honour is now made whole!*"

A deep sigh, almost amounting to a groan, was the only answer he received, for Seckendorf, after wringing his proffered hand in silent anguish, with almost painful violence, dashed down the stairs into the street, whither he was soon afterwards followed by the other.

It is of course to be supposed that each of them had sworn to maintain the most inviolable secrecy upon the subject of their meeting, and therefore when they met their comrades in the evening as usual, not the smallest hint was given that could lead them to imagine that their well-meant interference had proved so futile: thus (being entirely ignorant of the events of the morning) they one and all congratulated them upon the happy termination of a dispute which seemed to threaten serious consequences: in fact, everybody appeared to be in good spirits, with the exception of Seckendorf, who left the table at a very early hour, and who had remained so silent and abstracted that nothing but the recollection of yesterday's occurrence could have saved him from the jests of his comrades. Löwenstein, on the contrary, seemed even gayer than usual—he laughed loudly, he talked incessantly, he drank deeply—although one who watched him closely might perhaps have discovered that his gaiety was more forced than natural, and that he only resorted to these means in order to conceal the real feelings of a heart but ill at ease.

On the following morning, Löwenstein applied for a month's leave of absence, which, being granted, he set out for his own domains, where, after preparing the means for raising a large sum of ready money, he occupied himself entirely on business-affairs, and in "setting his house in order;" all of which being concluded to his satisfaction, he returned to Vienna, about a week before his term of leave had expired, and then instantly commenced a course of life of such ceaseless debauchery and dissipation as frequently to create doubts of his sanity in the minds of those who had been previously acquainted with him. At all times rather *extravagant*, he now became *profuse* in every item of his expenditure: the most costly carriages thronged his court-yard without the remotest chance of ever being used! a hundred horses were fed and pampered in his stables! and as to his domestics, "their name was legion!" His nights and days were spent in the unremitting pursuit of pleasure and excitement of every kind: he made himself the patron alike of poets, musicians, actors, philosophers, buffoons, and charlatans, and his house was more generally the resort of the wanton and licentious than the honourable or virtuous: but he was evidently reckless of consequences, and only seemed to live in the midst of excitement and revelry, without the smallest care for the world's opinion.

Of course many and marvellous were the reasons assigned for such extraordinary conduct; and as he became the universal talk of the town, it may well be supposed that the ears of his "lady love," of his betrothed, though deserted bride, were often startled by heart-rending stories of his profligacy! To her, this sudden change had something appalling in it, and many a weary hour had she passed in maddening speculations as to what could have produced it; but she suffered not alone! for though every other pang *he* had to struggle with, as a part of his dreadful lot might have been borne with fortitude, yet this estrangement was to him like the tearing of his "dear heart strings!"

He, Seckendorf, the companion of his youth, the friend of his boyhood, and it may be said the innocent cause of all, how fared he in the estimation of himself? He had lived for some time in constant fear and wretchedness; for *the day* had not been fixed, and when he laid him down at night he was never certain that the tale of horror might not be sounded in his ears on waking! but latterly he had dared to hope! for as the prescribed period drew near its close, and still found Löwenstein absorbed in the reckless pursuit of pleasure, he had supposed it *possible* that he might neglect to fulfil their dreadful compact! and then (although he could never even speak of him again) his blood would not be called for at his hands. Alas, he utterly misconceived the meaning of those very acts which, like the symptoms of a disease, should have taught him the real nature of the cruel malady which preyed upon the mind of its wretched victim; it was evident that he bore so keenly in mind the horrid fate which awaited him, that he could not think upon it with fortitude, and therefore resorted to every kind of excitement, in order to drive it from his thoughts until the period had come when it could no longer be postponed. It was but too evident that he did not intend to break the devilish compact he had made; as the very manner in which he threw away the means of life told how plainly he felt that he should never want them. Can anything be conceived more terrible than this? not only to know the very hour at which we are to die, and therefore to crawl through life with the cold hand of death upon our shoulder! but to feel also that the manner of it must shut us out for ever from the mercy of offended Heaven! Oh, horrible!

Exactly twelve months from the evening of that day which was the epoch of the commencement of this narration, there was a *grand bal masqué* at the house of the —— Ambassador to the imperial court of Vienna. In the motley crowd there were characters of all kinds, from the buffoon to the knight-templar, and many who mingled in the gay crowd were, on that evening, to their infinite dismay, reminded of their most secret peccadilloes, by those who being better disguised than themselves, had it in their power to pursue their malicious pastime without the chance of discovery. Löwenstein was present in the dress of a Spanish grandee, which was well calculated to exhibit his symmetrical figure to advantage; his short gold-embroidered velvet cloak hung carelessly over his left shoulder, leaving his richly-worked satin vest exposed to view, whilst the plume of ostrich feathers which nodded from his jewelled hat drooped so low upon his face as to conceal its features nearly as well as some of the masks which, for the sake of coquetry or affectation, were merely held by the hand, instead of being duly fastened over the face. He had been extremely gay during the early hours of the even-

ing, dancing almost incessantly, and leading on the waltzers with such unwearied spirit, as to appear entirely proof against fatigue; but as the night advanced he had retired with his partner from the blaze of the brilliantly-lighted saloon, and was observed to enter the conservatory with her whence the fragrant exotics gave a delightful freshness to the air.

The lady in question was young and beautiful, and though it was evident from her mien and bearing that she belonged to a far higher order, she was dressed in the costume of a peasant of the canton of Zurich: nothing could be more simple than this attire, for, save that her head-dress of black lace, which resembled the outstretched wings of a gigantic butterfly, was secured by means of a small diamond brooch, which might be likened to the body of the insect, she wore no ornaments of any kind; as the bracelet of dark hair which encircled her left arm (and which so strongly resembled the colour of his who stood by her side, as to lead any one to imagine they might be the same) although clasped with gold, could scarcely be called so. Those who watched them on this evening, (and the prying gaze of many were upon them,) say that during their brief interview the lady's looks were sad, and that many a tear after trembling for a moment in her dark-blue eyes fell heavily upon her pallid cheek; while he, though he spoke with all the forced calmness of despair, was evidently dreadfully agitated!

The strokes upon the silver bell of the enamelled dial at their side were heard to chime the three-quarters; he started as if the fangs of an adder had suddenly pierced his flesh, and these concluding words of their discourse reached the ears of the standers-by—"Amilie, I cannot! I dare not! I have already staid too long, for I have an engagement to fulfil *before midnight*, or my honour is lost—Farewell!" He passed hurriedly through the crowd which thronged the saloon, taking no notice of the numerous inuendos of his masked associates, and springing down the marble staircase, he entered his carriage, which whirled him away with great rapidity from the festive scene.

It wanted still a few minutes to midnight when the neighbourhood of ——— was aroused by the report of a pistol-shot! It came from the bed-room of Löwenstein: his servants entered with fear and trembling, and there upon his couch, with the fatal instrument by his side, lay the lifeless corpse of their master, his rich apparel still unremoved spattered with brains and blood!—He had lived to the last moment allowed him by the terms of the dreadful agreement to which he had pledged himself, and then he thus fearfully fulfilled it.

The tale is ended! and for the melancholy satisfaction of those who may be unwilling to believe that such a thing could ever come to pass, it may be mentioned that there *are several now living who can vouch for its perfect truth.*

THE GREAT WESTERN JUNGLE.*

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

"WHAT has become of the Old Forest Ranger?" we hear some of our fair readers exclaim: "that nice old man that used to tell us such interesting stories about tigers and bears; and made one's blood run cold by his graphic description of hair-breadth 'scapes and stirring adventures in the wilderness. Where *can* he be? he has not been heard of for the last three months. It is really too provoking that he should break off just at the moment when we expected him to carry Charles back to the hills, and give us a little bit of love-making between him and his pretty cousin Kate. A good love scene would have been quite refreshing after all the slaughter and bloodshed he has crammed us with of late."

"The old fellow is in his dotage," says one: "and, besides, he is such a horrid savage, that, even if he did get back to the hills, he would not know how to make love like a Christian: so, for my part, I think his absence is no great loss, and should not be sorry to hear that the horrid old monster is dead and buried!"

"What a shame to talk so unkindly of the good old man!" exclaims that dear, kind-hearted lassie, with the dark hazel eyes, and the glossy brown hair, and the long black silken eyelashes—she is very like what our Good-wife used to be in her younger days—bless her sweet face! "What a shame to talk so of the poor old gentleman! the late cold weather has, no doubt, affected his lungs, and I dare say he is laid up with an attack of asthma. But I trust we shall soon have him on foot again, now that the weather is warmer; and as for his being in his dotage, I'll be bound he has a spark of latent fire in his old heart yet, and will be able to do a love-scene better than half the light-headed, cold-hearted, flirting young men who we see going about the world now-a-days. But hush, girls, hush! I declare, here comes the worthy gentleman himself; there is no mistaking his shabby grey kilt, and greasy red night-cap."

Yes, my darlings, it is the Old Forest Ranger himself, and in wonderfully good plight for a superannuated savage. The devil a bit of asthma have we got, nor are we yet so far gone in our dotage as to be insensible to the charms of your bright eyes and rosy lips. But of our whereabouts, for the last three months, ask us not, we pray ye. In fact, we hardly know ourselves where we have been; or if we do, are not at liberty to mention. The Good-wife says we have been "in a kind of a dream;" in fact, "no just right in our mind," and that, in our raving, we "hae deeved her" by singing the praises of some unearthly maiden, such as Kilmeny appeared on her return from *the Land of Faëry*:

"And O, her beauty was fayer to see,
But still and steedfast was her ee!
Her seymar was the lille flouir,
And her cheik the moss-rose in the shouir;
And her voyse lyke the distant melodye
That floatis alang the silver sea."

* Continued from No. ccv., p. 64.

Of some such vision, between you and us, we have a certain faint recollection: but this must go no farther; for, in spite of the Good-wife's evil insinuation that our mental aberration has been caused by over indulgence in the use of our *mountain dew*, we ourselves strongly suspect that, like Kilmeny, we have been on a visit to the land

"——————————— quhair the cocke nevir crew,
Quhair the rayne nevir fell and the wynd nevir blue."

And the *Queen of Faëry*, who doubtless is the being of whom we raved, would make us *dree heavy dole* if she suspected us of divulging the secrets imparted to us in "*the Land of Thochte.*" Suffice it to say, that our dream, or vision, or visit to the *good people*, or whatever else it may have been, was a right pleasant time to us, and if such goodly dreams are to be procured by the use of strong waters, we shall not stint our *cogie* for the future, whatever our Good-wife may say.

And now, my dear Lassies, if you will just have patience, and keep your pretty mouths shut for half an hour, we shall have much pleasure in imparting to you some farther information anent our long-neglected friends in the Jungle.

The sun has already set, and the short twilight of the tropics is fast darkening into night; an unnatural silence pervades the forest; the close air of the woods is more dense and oppressive than usual, and the heat is almost suffocating.

Our three friends are seated in front of the principal tent, smoking their cigars; their hunting dresses have been exchanged for that truly oriental dishabille of slippers and musquito-trowsers; they appear languid and oppressed by the unnatural heat of the atmosphere, and their shirts are thrown open, to woo the passing zephyr, as they sit smoking in profound silence. Even the dumb animals appear to feel the overpowering influence of the electric fluid with which the atmosphere is surcharged. The horses, with drooping ears, hang listlessly over their untasted food. The dozing bullocks have forgotten to ruminate as usual. The birds have already flown for shelter to the densest thickets of the forest, and Nature awaits, in silent awe, the coming storm.

"We are going to have a dirty night of it," said Mansfield, after regarding the appearance of the sky for some minutes.

"Faith, you may say that," replied the Doctor, starting from a half-doze; "and it is high time we were getting the tents secured, else we shall hae them aboot our lugs before day-light. Whare the deevil are a' thae lazy loons o' Lascars? they might hae thocht of bushing the tent-pegs* afore this time. Od, the hale camp appears to be in a dwam, kye, and horses, and a'—*Chuprassee bolow!*" continued he, bestowing a kick on the ribs of our friend Heels, who, rolled up in his *cumbley*, was snoring right lustily between the walls of the tent.

"*Abba!*" muttered Heels, turning on his side, with a grunt, and again snoring louder than ever.

"*Chuprassee bolow!*" with another kick, more earnestly bestowed than the former.

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* Bushing the tent-pegs. This is done, on the approach of heavy rain, by digging a hole near each tent-peg, and filling it with brushwood, to act as a sort of drain and prevent the water from saturating the ground, and making the pegs draw.

"*Sahib!*" cried Heels, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"*Chuprassee bolow, bantchoot,*" roared the Doctor, shaking Heels till he was thoroughly awake.

"*Ho, Sahib!*" yawned Heels, and, leisurely gathering up his *cumbley*, he shuffled off to rouse the tent-pitchers and Lascars.

In a few minutes a dozen busy hands were employed in bushing the tent-pegs, digging trenches round the tent, and taking all the necessary precautions to secure the camp against the effects of a tropical thunder-storm.

"What a fuss you old Indians make about a shower of rain!" remarked Charles, laughing, as he watched the eager haste with which the Lascars worked: "these fellows remind me of a ship's crew shortening sail in a hurry when a white squall is expected."

"And, with all their hurry, they will not have done their work much too soon either," replied Mansfield; "for here it comes, with a vengeance. You will have a fine opportunity now of seeing what an Indian shower is, my lad: and if you have the luck to get a wet tent blown about your ears to-night, which I think exceedingly probable, you will recollect the appearance of a thunder-cloud the next time you see it, I'll be bound."

As he said this, Charles felt a cold damp air come stealing over his face. And now comes sweeping from afar a low mysterious muttering sound, like the distant roar of troubled waters. The atmosphere is suddenly filled, with that peculiar smell of newly-wet earth, which is the sure forerunner of a tropical storm. Dry leaves, bits of straw, and other light substances are caught up, and whirled into air, with a quick spiral motion, as if by the action of innumerable little whirlwinds, although, as yet not a breath of air is stirring. A dense mass of inky clouds rises above the tree-tops, with a rapidity that shows the mighty power of the tempest, by which it is driven on, and the faint twilight is suddenly quenched in the darkness of midnight. And now a bright flash of livid fire shoots from out the gloomy mass, blasting the spectators' sight with its unearthly splendour—and the vault of heaven is rent asunder—and the Earth trembles, as she listens with awe to the chiding voice of angry thunder:—and hark! at that signal, the howling spirits of the tempest have been loosed, and come sweeping through the woods on a thousand whistling wings, rejoicing in their strength: and the forest bows low, and groans aloud in agony, as the hurricane host sweeps by—and the aged trees toss abroad their gigantic limbs, and lash the air with frantic gestures, as if in the madness of fear, they were striving to uproot themselves, and to flee from the coming wrath of the mighty Spirit that rides upon the whirlwind:—and the rain descends in unbroken sheets of water that appear to threaten the earth with a second deluge:—and the crash of uprooted trees is mingled with the awful pealing of the thunder:—and the air is filled with wild unearthly sounds, as if legions of evil spirits were mingling in the fray:—and strange misshapen forms seem to flit amongst the trees, revelling in the work of destruction, as the wild scene is for an instant revealed to sight by the livid glare of forked lightning, and again shrouded in more than midnight darkness.

"The whole universe must be tumbling into chaos," was the idea

which flashed across the mind of Charles as he stood amidst the war of elements, and gazed in stupified wonder.

Reader, if thou art a lover of the sublime in nature—if thou art anxious to be impressed with a due sense of the Omnipotence of thy Creator—go, look upon the tropical storm, as it sweeps howling through the wilderness—and tremble, like Charles, at thine own insignificance!

But the Doctor had been too long in India, and had witnessed too many thunder-storms, to understand the feeling which prompted Charles to gratify his love of the sublime at the expense of his bodily comforts.

"Come in by,"—cried he—from the interior of the tent where he had already snugly ensconced himself behind the dinner-table. "Come in by, Maister Charles, and dinna be standing there glowrin' frae you, like a demented poet. The deevil's in the laddy, has he gaen daft a'thegither, or is he dazed by the thunner, or what's gaen wrang wi' him, that he stands there in a pour of rain that's fit to wash the sark aff his back? for a' the warld like a drooket craw on an auld fayle dyke, and him ha'in' a good dry tent at his back, and a prime haunch of venison smoking on the table; and the kettle blawin' out steam like the boiler of a twa hundred horse-power engine; and that bonny bit bottle of real Glenlivet smiling in his face, fit to seduce a vara saunt. Hoot fie!—Come in by, ye poor demented cratur, and dinna be catching your death o' cauld there—ye'll be laid up wi' jungle fever, the morn, as sure as my name's Macphee—or may be ye'll be blinded by the lightning, and that would be a bonny-like story to tell to your winsome cousin, Miss Kate, when we gang back to the hills. Come in by, my man, to ye'r dennar, and never ye fash yer thum' aboot the war o' the elements, as thae poor, silly, half-starved, bits of poets ca' it:—just let them abe and let them fight it out their ain gate; they'll ca' through fine, without'n your help; and, whichever gets the best o't, we are sure to hae a gran' day for the deer-shooting the morn:—oh, man! but that's prime juicy meat"—continued he, licking his lips, and eyeing the noble haunch, in which Mansfield had just made the first cut—"a wee bit mair o' the fat, if ye please, Captain, and another spoonfu' o' the jeely—ay, that'll do fine."—And the Doctor, regardless of the storm which raged without, fell to, with an earnestness of purpose that would have done credit to the appetite of a half-starved Ogre.

"Well, Charles, my boy, what think you of an Indian shower now?"—asked Mansfield, as Charles entered the tent, dripping like a River God:—"that is something like a squall, is it not?—the breaking out of the monsoon, amongst the western ghauts, is a sight worth seeing, we flatter ourselves."

"It is indeed," replied Charles—"about the grandest sight I ever beheld: I have often heard it talked of before, but never could have pictured to myself anything half so sublime, so awful—it——"

"Talking o' the grand works o' nature"—interrupted the Doctor, with his mouth well filled, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed on his plate,—"talking o' the grand works of nature, Maister Charles, allow me to recommend to your favourable notice that haunch o' venison; that's what I ca' a grand specimen o' combined nature and art,—a majestic hint quater o' a maist sublime buck—and just roasted to the

very minutest fraction of a turn—another slice if you please, Captain?"

"Faith you appear to think so, friend Macphee, if one may judge by the hole you have made in it already," replied Charles, pulling in a chair:—"by the beard of the Prophet, as my worthy Uncle would say, one must needs look sharp when you come to close quarters with a joint, else they are like to have bare bones to pick. Manners, you old cannibal, manners—why, you don't mean to say you want another slice already!"——

"Truth do I, Maister Charles—and what's mair, I'm no going to let you sit down to dennar in that weet sark, to get a fit o' the ague, and gie me the trouble o' makin' you well again—na, na:—just gang in atween the wa's o' the tent, like a man, and put dry clothes on you,—Heels has got them a' ready—and I'll keep a prime bit o' the venison for you; I'll no' let the Captain eat it a', although he is such a deevle o' a twist. Captain, I'll tak' a wee bit mair from you, just to keep you in countenance, for I see ye'r no' done yet."

"Will you, by Jove!—the devil's in your maw, Doctor,"—cried Charles, who, although perhaps a little the worse for his pretty cousin's blue eyes, had not by any means allowed his appetite to go the same way as his heart, and off he bounded to change his wet clothes with all convenient speed.

Charles having made a hearty dinner, for man's powers are limited—and the Doctor, in spite of himself, had been obliged to desist before he had more than half finished the haunch, the cloth was removed, and a bottle of claret with the unusual accompaniments of hot water, sugar, and a bottle of real Highland whisky, were placed upon the table.

"Noo, then, lads," cried the Doctor, lighting a cigar, and rubbing his hands with glee, "Noo, then, for a cozie night o't, in spite of the wind and the rain. Heels, ye black sinner, tie up the tent door, and keep the wind out, it's enough to give an aligator the lumbago."

"Hullo, Doctor!—what's all this?" exclaimed Mansfield, in astonishment.

"Aha, lads!—there's something to warm the cockles of your heart. I hae been sair stinted in my drink, since I left the hills, wi' you and your temperate habits, Captain—and your lang-winded preaching about cool heads, and steady hands:—that's a' very weel for you crack rifle shots, but it doesna' agree wi' my constitution; and, by my troth, I maun hae my ain way this weet night. There's a bottle o' the right sort, that never paid sixpence to the Excise—bless it's sonsie wame!—and hot water enough to plot a pig, and a' the rest o' the materials; and so, Captain, dear, just pitch that sour trash o' claret to the dogs—fiech!—it gar's me grue to look at it—and mak' yoursell a good stiff tumbler, like a man. Here's 'The Lasses—God bless them!'—I'm sure you'll drink that toast, Maister Charles, if the ague has na got a grip o' you already, and frozen the blood in your veins."

"Not, by any means, a bad move," replied Mansfield and Charles in a breath, as they filled their glasses, for the night was really cold enough to make a little hot stuff mighty palatable, at least between the canvas walls of a wet tent. "Here's your toast, with right good will—'The Lasses—God bless them!'"

"Weel done, Captain! Od, I see ye mak' it gae an' stiff, like mysell. I dinna' misdoubt but what there's some o' the right stuff in you yet, ye mahogany-faced auld sinner, in spite o' the puritanical look ye put on whiles, when I propose takin' a second tumbler. I daresay noo, Captain," continued the Doctor, draining his glass, and proceeding to replenish it, "I daresay ye think I'm mair given to drink than a professional man like me ought to be, because I'm, whiles, a wee funny in my cups; but I assure you, Sir, I'm the maist temperate man leevin', by ordinar. Hout, Maister Charles, man, tak' up your glass, you'r far ahint. It's no' the love o' drink, Sir; no, no—your health, Captain:—it is the conviviality o' the thing I enjoy—the conviviality, Sir—no' the liquor, by no manner of means. Did you ever hear tell o' the man and his cow, Sir?"

"No, never," replied Mansfield, smiling.

"Weel, then, Captain, I'll tell you the story, for it's a good illustration o' my subject. Hout, fie! I have drouned the miller. Just rax me the bottle, Maister Charles, till I put in a wee drap mair o' the speerit. Weel, gentlemen, as I was saying, about the man and his cow. There was a cousin o' mine, by the name o' Jock Macphee, that was married on a sister o' the minister of our parish; and the minister, honest man, on the strength o' this, thought himsel' in duty bound to take a special charge of my cousin Jock's morals: for, although no' muckle waur than his neighbours, Jock was a gae throughother cheel when he got a drap in his head. So, ae day, after Jock had been at a neighbour's wedding, and had gotten a glass o'er much, the minister yoket to, to flyte him about the drink, and he was unco' hard upon poor Jock, and misca'd him terrible; and at last, says he, 'Just look at yon cow there, John,' says he—'look at her, honest beast, she gangs to the water, when she's dry, and slokens her thirst, and comes back, douce and quiet, to the byre, but she never drinks more than what does her good, or makes a beast o' hersel', like some folk. And isna' it a crying shame to see you, a Christian man, wi' a soul to be saved, having less sense and discretion than the beasts that perish? Are ye no' ashamed, Sir, to do the like, and you Good-brother to a minister?'

"'Indeed, then, Sir, what you say is o'er true,' replied Jock, scarting his lug, and looking a wee foolish; 'but it's no' the love o' liquor, Sir, it's the good company—it's the good company, Sir, and naething else that leads me astray. There's my cow, hummled Bess, as your honour says, a sonsie weel-conditioned beast, and tak's her drink, and comes hame quiet and peaceable without makin' a spectacle o' hersel'. But, O, Sir, if a neighbour's cow was to come the other side o' the water, and sit down on her hunkers, and say, 'Here's to ye, Bess!' od, Sir, as true as death, she wad just sit and drink there till she was *blind fou*'——"

"Bravo, Doctor!" shouted Mansfield, "a right good story, and well told. You have earned your glass of grog honestly to-night," and Mansfield and Charles laughed till their sides ached.

"Haich! haich! haich!" roared the Doctor, at the same time helping himself to a little more of the *mountain dew*. "Haich! haich! It aye gar's me laugh when I think o' poor Jock and the minister. O, man! but this is grand stuff to cheer a body's heart, and gar his tongue wag.—Here's wishing speedy promotion to you, Captain, and a good wife to you, Maister Charles," and the Doctor winked his eye, with

a maudlin expression, and tried to look knowing, as he buried his muzzle in the tumbler.

"Now, then," said Mansfield, who perceived that the worthy Doctor was fast verging towards a state of inebriation, "when you have finished your glass, Doctor, we had better think of turning in—provided our tents are still standing—for I intend to sound the reveillie by times to-morrow."

"Hoot fie, no!" replied the Doctor. "It's but early in the night yet. Wha cares for hours?—hours were made for slaves!—Hurra! Na, na! Sit ye down, lads—sit ye down, and I'll sing you a sang—a sang wi' a grand chorus til't; and mind, ye maun a' join in when I tell you. Whisht, noo!" and the Doctor, forthwith, cleared his pipes, and struck up, in a voice that rivaled the howling of the wind without—

"O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna' find in Christendee."

"Chorus, now, lads!"

"Far, we arena' fou, we're no' that fou;
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But we will taste the barley bree."

"Hoot! Maister Charles, sing up, man, dinna be blate!"

"Here are we met, three merry boys—
Three merry boys, I true, are we;
And many a night ——"

Here the Doctor's melody was interrupted by a gust of wind, more furious than the rest, which tore up several of the tent-pegs, and made the loosened canvas flap violently.—Mansfield and Charles jumped from their seats.

"Hoot, fie! never mind the wind, lads; there's nae danger," exclaimed the Doctor, who had now become exceedingly pot-valiant, and had no idea of being interrupted in his song by any such trifle: "Heels, ye' lazy deevle; gang and drive in thae tent-pegs, will you? Where was I again—eh?—I dinna mind. Weel, never heed, we'll just begin at the beginning, that's the surest way no' to lose any o't."

"O Willie brew'd——"

But before the first line was finished crash came the tent-pole right across the table, demolishing candles, bottles, and glasses; and our unfortunate revellers found themselves grovelling in the earth, in utter darkness, and more than half smothered in the wet folds of the tent, whilst the loosened ropes, with the tent-pegs still attached to them, flapped, and whistled, and banged about their ears, threatening to fracture their skulls, if they were fortunate enough to escape suffocation.

"The Lord preserve us frae a' Bogles and Warricowes, and other mischancy things!" roared the Doctor, who, half stupified by what he had drank, and completely deprived of his little remaining sense by the suddenness of the catastrophe, could not, by any means, account for his

present very uncomfortable situation. "The Lord preserve us, what's a' this?—what's this?—what's this? It's surely a judgment come upon me for drinkin' illicit whisky and singin' profane sangs. O dear! O dear! O meeserable sinner that I am, I'll surely get my paiks noo, for I verily believe that Auld Clootie himsel', and a' his imps are playing their cantraips upon me. Will nae charitable Christian lend me a hand to get out o' this damnable brulziement?—the Lord forgie me for sweerin'. O, Maister Charles! O, Heels, ye black-a-vic'd pagan! Oh! oh! oh!" and the unfortunate Doctor roared aloud, in agony of spirit, as he scrambled about, amongst the broken fragments of bottles and glasses, and entangled himself more and more amongst the complicated folds of wet canvas in which he was enveloped.

Mansfield and Charles, who had their wits about them, had already scrambled clear of the wreck, but were so convulsed with laughter, that, for some minutes, they were incapable of rendering any aid to the miserable Doctor, who continued to struggle, and howl, and pant for breath, like a dog tied up in a wet sack.

At length, however, with the assistance of the Lascars, he was extricated from the ruins of the tent, and stood, shivering and stupified, in the pelting rain.

"Preserve me! but this is an awfu' nicht," muttered he to himself, when he had partially recovered his senses; "there's something no cannie in't, I'm thinkin'. I'll awa to my bed—and the bottle o' Glenlivet no half finished—and me in the middle o' my very best sang—and —and—and——Ou ay, I see how it is—I see fine how it is—it's just a judgment on me for drinkin' illicit whisky and singin' profane sangs, poor sinfu' creature that I am! But thanks be to Goodness I'm no fou. Na, na! I'm no fou—I ken the road to my tent fine." And so the Doctor continued to soliloquise, as he reeled about in his vain endeavours to steer a direct course to his own tent.

"By mine honour, friend Macphee, thou art thankful for small mercies," cried Mansfield, laughing immoderately at the worthy Doctor's expression of thankfulness for *not being fou.*

"But there's surely something gaen wrang wi' my legs the nicht—I maun hae hurted them some way in yon stramash. Here, Heels, my man, gie us a haud o' your airm, for I'm sair hurted, and no fit to gang my lane. Haud up, ye stammerin' deevle," cried he, clutching the grinning varlet by the shoulder. "Can ye no walk steady, you mislear'd pagan? Haud up, I say. Ye've been drinkin', Sir—ye've been drinkin'—ye needna try to deceive me—I ken it fine by the way ye walk—ye've been drinkin', ye besotted beast. I'll report you to your maister in the morning, and gar him gie you a good thrashing. I—I—I wonder, Sir, ye're no ashamed to make sic a spectacle o' yoursel' and me in the face o' the hale camp. It's dis—dis—dis—reputable, Heels —it's highly disreputable. If there 's a vice on earth, Heels, that I dislike mair than anither, it's drunk—drunk—drunkenness!" And here the Doctor's voice became inaudible, as he pursued his tortuous course towards his sleeping tent.

We are, reluctantly, obliged to confess that our worthy and much respected friend, Macphee, was *drunk*—not exactly drunk according to the definition given by an Irish friend of ours, who said that he always

considered a man sober till he saw him *trying to light his pipe at the pump;* the Doctor was not quite so far gone as this; but that he was considerably *disguised in liquor* we have not the conscience to deny.

Reader, hast thou ever, in the course of thy travels, witnessed the breaking-up of a tropical thunder-storm at the approach of day, when the eastern sky is streaked with purple and gold, and the heavens, in that quarter, are cloudless to the zenith, and studded with fading stars winking as if exhausted by their long night's vigil—and the cool, balmy, morning air, kisses thy bronzed cheek like a smiling infant just awakened from sleep—and the tempest-torn trees, loaded with sparkling rain-drops, like frightened women smiling through their tears, sigh forth their gratitude to the rising sun, at whose glorious presence the gloomy spirit of the storm unwillingly retires his sable host, as they roll away, slow and majestic, into the far west, growling forth their indignation in muttered thunder—and the refreshed earth sends up a grateful incense to Heaven—and the timid birds who have all night long cowered, trembling, amidst the gloomy recesses of the forest, come forth singing their morning-hymn of thanksgiving—and the jungle-cock, like a blustering bully, struts amongst his admiring females, crowing defiance—and, on the naked branches of some blasted tree, at the edge of the forest, a family of vultures, like a hoard of wandering gipsies drying their rags, sit, with drooping wings, preparing to bask themselves in the grateful sunshine—their high shoulders, downcast look, and ruffled plumage giving them, at once, an air of poverty, cunning, and abject humility—and, from out the bosky thickets of feathery bamboo, comes, stealing on the ear, the gentle cooing of the turtle-dove, as he pours forth his very soul in amorous vows of love and constancy—and the air is filled with joyous insects, and gaudy-coloured butterflies, which have been suddenly called into life by the electric fluid—and even the creeping things appear to claim their share of enjoyment—and Nature smiles as she looks upon the happiness of her children?—It was on such a glorious morning as this, after a *wet night*, in every sense of the word, that the cheerful notes of Mansfield's bugle roused the poor Doctor from feverish sleep and troubled dreams, to the humiliating consciousness of having made a beast of himself. What a sad contrast does his flushed cheek, and parched lips, and fevered blood, present to the cool, fresh, smiling face of Nature!

Oh man! proud man! thou who wert formed in God's own image, how hast thou degraded thyself by the sensual gratification of thy appetites!

But, of this day's adventures, anon.

KOONDAH.

(To be continued.)

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—NO. VII.

SINGING BIRDS—RESIDENTS.

" Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning."—BURNS.

No: every green thing has not been sacrificed to the Frost-Genius. Nights, rivalling the *Iron Nights* of the Swedish calendar, have, indeed, done their work; and it may be doubted whether the horticulturist has had so much cause for lamentation since the " Black Spring" of 1771. Numbers are mourning their dead rhododendrons, azalias, and magnolias, and not a few have to sigh over their withered bays, to say nothing of laurustinuses and roses:—even the hardy holly has, in some places, perished in its death-struggle with the weather.

The determined lingering of winter in the lap of spring seems to have checked every effort of vegetable life, producing one of the most backward seasons remembered. This has had its effect upon the Singing Birds; for, as the food of their nestlings consists almost entirely of caterpillars and of insects generally in the early stages of development, or of worms and slugs, all of which depend upon plants for subsistence, their song, and incubation—there have been exceptions, doubtless—are late this year. We saw one instance of the ravenous eagerness with which the half-starved creatures attacked and made prey of some of the first flowers that dared to show themselves. On a fine sunny morning after the first of the one or two comparatively warm nights that came in March, the garden, which, on the preceding day had " made no sign," was bright with crocuses—every one of which the birds devoured or destroyed before noon.

Of all the British resident Song-birds, the *Merulidæ* are the most remarkable for the strength of their vocal powers, and the first of this family that claims our attention, for it is a brumal as well as an early vernal songster, is a very curious bird, not uncommon in some localities, but extremely rare in others, concerning which much of the marvellous has been written. If we are to believe some authors, the Water-Ouzel, Water Blackbird, or Dipper,* *Der Wasserschwätzer* of the Germans, *Merle d'eau* of the French, and *Tordo del agua* of the Spaniards, deliberately descends into the water, and walks about on the bottom of the stream with the same ease and complacency as if it were stepping on the dry land. Now, to say nothing of that extremely impracticable law of which we are reminded every hour of the day, and more especially " when china falls," the structure of the bird itself is not adapted for such a feat; and though we have no doubt of its subaqueous habits, which have food more than frolic for their object, we are more than sceptical as to its pedestrian performances in such a situation. Mr. Macgillivray, who writes as none can write who have not beheld what they write about, informs us that he has seen the Dipper moving under

* Cinclus aquaticus—Turdus Cinclus of Linnæus.

water in situations where he could observe it with certainty, and he found that its actions were precisely similar to those of the Divers, Mergansers, and Cormorants, which he had often watched from an eminence as they pursued the shoals of sand-eels along the shores of the Hebrides. It, in fact, flew; not merely employing the wing from the carpal joint, but extending it considerably, and availing itself of the whole expanse, just as it would have done, if it had been moving in the air. The general direction of the body was obliquely downwards; and great force was evidently used to counteract the effect of gravity, the bird finding it difficult to keep itself at the bottom. Mr. Macgillivray remarks that Colonel Montagu well describes the appearance which it presents under such circumstances; and the former goes on to state that, in one or two instances where he has been able to perceive it under water, it appeared to tumble about in a very extraordinary manner, with its head downwards, as if pecking something, and at the same time great exertion of both wings and legs was used. The bird was, we doubt not, at this time capturing the fresh-water mollusca and insect-larvæ which form its principal aliment. When searching for food, the Dipper, according to Mr. Macgillivray, does not proceed to great distances under water; but, alighting on some spot, sinks, and soon reappears in the immediate neighbourhood, when it either dives again, or rises on the wing to drop somewhere else on the water, or to settle on an insulated stone in the midst of the brook. The same ornithologist broadly, and, as we believe, truly, states that the assertion of its walking below the surface, which some persons have ventured, is neither made good by observation nor countenanced by reason. Its short legs, and long, curved claws are, as he says, very ill adapted for running, but admirably calculated for securing a steady footing on slippery stones, whether above or beneath the surface of the water.

The sonorous song of this extraordinary bird startles the ear as it comes mingled with the hoarse tones of the torrent, or the rushing of the wintry waterfall, sometimes in the midst of a snow-storm. Mr. Rennie, who remarks that it is one of the few birds that are vocal so early in the year as the months of January and February, heard it on the 11th of the latter month in a hard frost, when the thermometer in the morning had been at 26°, sing incessantly in a powerful and elegant style, with much variation in the notes, many of which were peculiar to itself, intermingled with a little of the piping of the Woodlark. The day was bright, whilst it was singing, but it was freezing in the shade; and the sun, which had considerably passed the meridian, was obscured from the songster by the lofty surrounding hills. The same author declares that the Dipper consumes a considerable quantity of fishes' spawn, and, especially, of the *ova* of the salmon. Bechstein, who also notices its winter music, alleges that it sings, moreover, in the night.

The nest is as curious as the bird that makes it. In shape it a good deal resembles that of a Wren, having a dome or roof, but it is not so deep. Externally it is formed of water-plants, or closely-interwoven moss: within there is a lining of dry leaves. The access to the hollow chamber is through an aperture in the side. It is often placed in some mossy bank overhanging the stream,

"Where the lady-fern grows longest;"

and has been detected under a projecting stone forming part of a

cascade, and behind a sheet of falling water. Through this liquid glassy curtain the bird darted to its home. The eggs, from four to six in number, are white, and pointed at the end; and, wherever the nest is placed, such care is taken by the old birds to assimilate its hues to those of the locality, that, large as it is, the most acute eye is often unable to detect it. There is an excellent vignette of the Dipper's nest in Mr. Yarrell's delightful "History of British Birds."*

This Water Blackbird is not uncommon in Scotland, nor in the North and West of England. In Wales and Ireland it frequently occurs. Mr. Yarrell mentions one which was seen at a water-mill, near Wyrardisbury, on the Colne, about two or three hundred yards above the place at which that river falls into the Thames, just below Bell Weir, well known to the angler who goes after the great trouts. The bird, he adds, has also been seen on the Mole, near Esher, and in Essex; but it is seldom found in the counties near London.

Next in order comes the Missel Thrush,† *la Draine* of the French, and *Misteldrossel* of the Germans. Perched on the top of the yet leafless tree, he pours forth his loud and often-repeated strain of melancholy, but musical cadences,—

"While rocking winds are piping loud,"

amid all the meteoric rudeness of February. The advent of the storm is hailed by him in notes of more than ordinary power; and so remarkable is this habit, that it has obtained for the bird, in many counties, the name of *Storm Cock*. Self-possessed and daring, this, one of the largest of the British Thrushes, will suffer hardly any animal to approach its haunts during the season of incubation: hence the Welsh call him *Pen y llwyn*, the head or master of the coppice: for he will not tolerate the presence of any thievish Magpie, Jay, or Crow, but drives them from the spot with loud cries. So pugnacious are both the sexes at this period, that the hen bird has been known to fly at the face of man when he has disturbed her while sitting. White acknowledges the success with which the Missel Thrush frequently repels the invader; but he once saw in his garden at Selborne a sad exception to the general rule. Several Magpies came down in a body, determined to storm the nest of the poor Missel Thrushes, who "defended their mansion with great vigour, and fought resolutely *pro aris et focis;* but numbers at last prevailed; they tore the nest to pieces, and swallowed the young alive."

The food of the Missel Thrush consists of slugs, worms, insects, &c., with no small addition of berries, among which that of the misseltoe (whence its name) is a decided favourite. The nest, which is begun in April, is generally placed in the fork of a tree, sometimes carefully concealed, but, at others, remarkably exposed: it presents externally a mass of coarse stems of plants, moss, withered grasses, and lichens. Within, it is stuccoed with mud or clay, which is again lined with delicate dry grasses, on which are laid four or five eggs more than an inch long, generally of a greenish white spotted with ruddy brown, but the colour occasionally varies to pinkish or reddish white mottled with dark red-brown hues. The bird, though plentiful nowhere, is not uncommon anywhere in Britain, and is to be found in most of the counties near the metropolis: we have seen and heard it frequently at Fulham.

* 8vo. London. Van Voorst. Now in the course of publication.

† Turdus viscivorus.

Brisson named the Song Thrush,* Throstle, or Mavis, the *Small Missel Thrush*, and, indeed, it is very nearly a miniature resemblance of the last-mentioned species. But this admirable musician, to which the English and Germans have given a name expressive of its melodious pipe, goes far beyond the Missel Thrush, or, indeed, any of the tribe in Britain, in its vocal powers. From early spring, throughout the summer months, even until the autumn, this charming songster delights the rural inhabitants of this island, more especially in the morning and towards the close of day. It generally chooses the top of a high tree for its station, and we have sometimes thought its music most perfect after a genial shower on a fine warm spring evening, when the young foliage was glittering with the rain-drops and not a breath of air disturbed the direct upward column of gray smoke rising from the neighbouring cottage.

Like all powerful song-birds, this thrush often seems to articulate words distinctly. We have heard one—indeed, it was the bird alluded to in our number for June last—express, in the course of its singing, sounds which fell on the ear as if it were repeating the words—"My dear—my pretty dear—my pretty little dear." These accents were not caught up by one listener alone, who might, perhaps, have been deemed a little imaginative, but all who heard them were struck by the resemblance.

This charming species is widely spread, and has been traced eastward as far as Smyrna and Trebizond. It was evidently one of the birds that ministered to the absurd wantonness of the Roman voluptuaries in their olios of brains and tongues of singing birds. Even at the present day, as we learn from a distinguished ornithologist of that country, it is considered among the Italians as "molto grato agli Epicurei." The luscious grapes and figs on which it there feeds are said to impart a most exquisite flavour to its flesh, which seems well appreciated by the *ex-maître d'hôtel* of Pascal Bruno's friend, the Prince Butera, when the accomplished artist treats, with all the solemnity due to the high importance of the subject, of his *Grives à la broche*, *au genièvre*, and *à la flamande*. There is, it is true, no accounting for tastes, and we would speak with all reverence for discriminating palates; but some may think that all taste, save that for the pleasures of the table, must have vanished, before the gourmand can sit down with gratification to his dish of Song Thrushes.

The Throstle has been seen sitting on her eggs as early as the third week in January. The first brood, however, rarely makes its appearance before the beginning of April. The nest is generally hidden in the midst of some tall bush: green moss and delicate roots form the outside; and within it is coated with a thin smooth plastering, in which decayed wood is often an ingredient, so well laid on as to hold water for some time. In this cup-like receptacle the female deposits four or five eggs of a beautiful pale blue, scantily spotted with black at the larger end. It appears, from a contributor to Mr. Loudon's "Magazine of Natural History," where will be found many pleasant anecdotes of animals and much interesting zoological information, that both sexes participate in the duties of incubation. The author of the memoir

* Turdus musicus, *Linn.* The Germans call it Singdrossel.

alluded to, who watched the progress of the nest, states that, when all was finished, the cock took his share of the hatching; but he did not sit so long as the hen, though he often fed her while she was upon the nest. The young were out of the shells, which the old ones carried off, by the thirteenth day.

The "Ousel Cock" may be thought too common to require notice; and yet some of our readers may not be aware that, glorying in its prodigality of voice and revelling in its mimicry, it has been known to crow like a cock and cackle like a hen. The power and quality of tone of the blackbird * is first-rate, and for these he is justly more celebrated than for execution or variety of notes. His clear, mellow, fluty pipe is first heard in the early spring, and his song is continued far into the year, till the time of moulting. He rejoices in the moist vernal weather, and is heard to the greatest advantage when

> "The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
> By those who wander through the forest walks."

The thickest bush is generally selected for the nest, which is matted externally with coarse roots, and strong, dry grass stalks or bents, plastered and mixed internally with earth, so as to form a kind of cob-wall. Fine grass stalks form the lining on which repose the four, five, or even six light-blue eggs, most frequently mottled with pale rufous brown, but sometimes spotless. The first hatch takes place about the end of March or beginning of April. This species, the *Schwarzdrossel* of the Germans, *Merlo* of the Italians, and *Merle* of the French and Scotch, is widely and abundantly diffused. It has been recorded by Temminck as far eastward as the Morea, and Mr. Darwin noticed it as far west as Terceira, one of the Azores: but this is no place for a lecture on the geographical distribution of birds. Albinos are not very uncommon.

The fruit consumed by the Blackbird and Song Thrush is well repaid, not only by their music, but by the good they do to the garden in destroying slugs and shell-snails. Besides their natural notes, these *Merulidæ* may be educated so as to produce an artificial song, and even articulate. Dr. Latham relates that the tame Blackbird may be taught to whistle tunes and to imitate the human voice; and Pliny tells us of the talking Thrush, "imitantem sermones hominum," which was the pet of Claudius Cæsar's Agrippina. The Hon. Daines Barrington quotes another sentence from the same chapter and book of Pliny to show that the young Cæsars had a Thrush, as well as Nightingales, eloquent in Latin and Greek. The talking Thrush belonging to Agrippina we admit; but we suspect that the learned Thrush of the "Cæsares juvenes" was no more than a starling; and, indeed, "sturnum" is the word in the Leyden edition (1548).

The Larks, those brilliant vocalists, next claim our notice, and with the Sky-Lark or Lavrock † we begin. Fear not, reader; there is no description coming of the variety of the intense gushes, the prodigal outpourings of this Ariel of song, as he mounts till the eye can no longer follow him, though the ear still drinks his wild music. We are not in a frame of mind for such attempts; we have just laid down those

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* Merula vulgaris—Turdus Merula, Linn.

† Alauda arvensis.

beautiful lines that close the most soul-stirring of all biographies—lines describing, with all the touching fervour of a holy poetry, the affecting incident that made its way to the hearts of the mourners when they laid in the earth the daughter of the great and good Sir Walter—

"The minstrel's darling child."

Who, after reading that mournful and thrilling page, will not denounce the sacrilege of depriving the sky-lark of his liberty?

Of all the unhallowed instances of bird-incarceration, (not even excepting the stupid cruelty of shutting up a Robin in an aviary,) the condemnation of the Sky-lark to perpetual imprisonment is surely the most repugnant to every good feeling. The bird, whilst his happy brethren are carolling far up in the sky, as if they would storm heaven itself with their rush of song, just at the joyous season—

"When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear,"

is doomed to pine in some dingy street. There, in a den with a solid wooden roof, painted green *outside*, and white, glaring white, *within*—which, in bitter mockery, is called a *Sky*-lark's cage, he keeps winnowing his wretched wings, and beating his breast against the wires, panting for one—only one—upward flight into the free air. To delude him into the recollection that there are such places as the fields, which he is beginning to forget, they cut what they call a turf—a turf dug up in the vicinity of this smoke-canopied Babel of bricks, redolent of all its sooty abominations, and bearing all the marks of the thousands of tons of fuel which are now suffered to escape up our chimneys, and fall down again upon our noses and into our lungs,—tons, which, when our coal-mines begin to shrink alarmingly—'tis no laughing matter, the time must come—some future Arnott* will, perhaps too late, enable the public to save, while he, at the same time, bestows upon them the blessing of a pure atmosphere. Well, this abominable lump of dirt is presented to the Sky-lark as a refreshment for his parched feet, longing for the fresh morning dews. Miserable as the winged creature is, he feels that there is something resembling grass under him; and then the fond wretch looks upward and warbles, and expects his mate. Is it possible to see and hear this desecration of instinct unmoved? and yet we see it every spring, and moreover we have our Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals.

When free, the Sky-lark never sings on the ground: his notes are first heard early in the year, and his song is continued far into the summer. About the end of April or the beginning of May the nest is placed snugly among the corn or herbage, and rests upon the earth. It is framed of the stalks of plants, with an inside lining of fine dried grasses, and contains four or five greenish-white eggs, spotted with brown. The first family is generally ready for mounting into the air by the end of June; and a second brood is usually fully fledged in August. It is most persevering in the great business of incubation; and, if the early nests are taken, will lay on till September. This "philoprogenitiveness" may account for the swarms that cover the face not only of this

* We by no means intend to insinuate that the present gifted philosopher is unable to effect this; we believe that he could: but revolutions to be stable should be gradual, or they are apt to end in smoke.

but other countries in the autumn and winter, when the fatal net entangles hundreds at a time, and thousands fall a sacrifice to the various engines which are at work to bring them to the poulterer's stall. The duty paid on these victims at Leipsic amounted, when Dr. Latham wrote, to twelve thousand crowns per annum, at a grosch, or twopence halfpenny sterling, for every sixty larks. The first impulse is to regret the sacrifice of so sweet a singer: but if these myriads were left unmolested, what would become of the other species—what would become of the Sky-larks themselves? Still they must be seen on the board with regret, pretty accompaniments though they be to claret when dressed *à la broche*, and certainly consolatory when served *à la minute* or *en caisse*.

The Wood-lark *, if it cannot compete with the Sky-lark in variety of notes, must be allowed to surpass it in the rich and melodious quality of its tone. It sometimes sings on a tree, but its favourite position for exerting its charming powers is in the air, and it may be known to the eye of those whose ear, unaccustomed to distinguish the song of birds, would not detect the difference, by its flight in widely-extended circles; whereas the Sky-lark keeps rising almost perpendicularly in a spiral direction, till it is lost in the clear blue above. The Wood-lark, which is a comparatively scarce bird with us, appears to be much more enduring on the wing than the Sky-lark, and will sometimes continue in the air, soaring to a great height, singing, still singing, for an hour together. It begins to breed early in the season. Colonel Montagu found the nest, which is not unlike that of the Sky-lark, with eggs in it, on the fourth of April. A few fine hairs are sometimes added to the lining, but the situation chosen for it, though on the ground, is more frequently in wild and barren lands, shielded by rank grass, a tuft of furze, or a stunted bush, than in cultivated districts. The eggs, about four in number, are brown, mottled with grey and ash-colour. Unlike the preceding species, the Wood-lark does not assemble in flocks in the winter, but would seem rather to keep together in families of from five to seven. It is a very early songster, and, in favourable weather, will begin its melody soon after Christmas.

The Pipits or Tit-larks †, though in many points resembling the true larks, differ so much in others that they have been generically separated. The Meadow Pipit is the most common: its nest is placed on the ground, and the song, which is sweet but short, is not commenced till the bird has attained a considerable elevation in the air, whence, after hovering a little, it descends warbling till it reaches the ground. In captivity, the Meadow Pipit is highly valued by bird-fanciers for its song.

There is not much music among the Tit-mice ‡, though the Long-tailed Tit §, in the spring, warbles a pleasing but low melody near its bottle-shaped nest; and, as the Buntings ‖ hardly deserve the name of song-birds, we pass from them to the other "finches of the grove." The song of the Bullfinch ¶—we do not mean the low whistle which is its call-note—is of a modest softness and sweetness, but murmured in such

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* Alauda arborea.

† Anthus aquaticus—Rock or Shore Pipit. Anthus pratensis—Meadow Pipit.

‡ Parus—Tomtits. § Parus caudatus. ‖ Emberiza.

¶ Pyrrhula vulgaris.

an under-tone as to require a close proximity to the bush whence it proceeds to make the ear aware of it. Its docility in learning to whistle tunes in captivity is well known; and those who have once possessed a musical pet of this description will know how to "share Maria's grief" for the loss of her favourite. Numbers of these performers are imported annually from Germany, where there are regular schools for teaching them *. The thick underwood, or a low close-leaved tree, is most frequently selected for the nest, which is made of small sticks, and lined with a few root fibres: the four or five bluish-white eggs are spotted with pale orange-brown.

The Greenfinch or Green Linnet†, though not gifted with many natural notes, is prized in confinement for its facility in acquiring those of other birds. It soon becomes familiar with its mistress, and has been known to make free with the soft delicate downy hair on the back of her snowy neck, probably prompted to this rape of the lock by the instinct which urged the poor bird to prepare materials for a nest which was never to be built. In a state of nature, the thick hedge, close bush, or impervious ivy, hides the nest of moss and wool lined with fine hair and feathers, which is seldom complete before the end of May or beginning of June, and the four or five bluish-white eggs are speckled with light orange-brown.

The common Brown Linnet's ‡ "lay of love," though not long, is very sweet; this bird, from the changes in its plumage consequent on the seasons, has lost its individuality with some authors, and has been described, according to the state of its dress, as the Linnet or Grey Linnet and the Greater Redpole. A bush of furze is a favourite place for the nest, which is framed of interwoven moss, grass, stalks, and wool, lined with hair and feathers; the eggs, amounting to four or five, are bluish-white, mottled with purple-red.

We now come to one of the most common of our English birds, the Chaffinch§, whose song seems as much neglected in England as it is worshipped on the continent. Not that there are no instances of its melody being prized with us, and indeed as much as five guineas have been given for one with an uncommon note; but with the Thuringian, the admiration of the Chaffinch's song becomes a passion. He will travel miles if he hear of the arrival of a wild one with a good note from a neighbouring country, and will sell his cow to possess it. He has created a set of terms to designate the eight different "songs" which his ear has detected, and, when he obtains a bird that sings the best of these in perfection, hardly any price will tempt him to part with it. To procure a good Chaffinch, a common workman will deprive himself almost of necessaries till he has saved the money which is to make him happy by the possession of his favourite songster. The Thuringian *Fanatico* carries his admiration to an excess that would be incredible if Bechstein had not given the details with a most amusing fidelity, describing at length all the songs, from the *Double Trill of the Hartz*, the *Reiterzong*, and the *Wine-song*, to the *Pithia* or *Trewethia*. To his interesting and well-translated book we refer those who are curious in tracing such phenomena of the human mind: the passion for the

* There are some of these academies in Hesse and Fulda, and at Waltershausen.
† Loxia Chloris, *Linn.*—Fringilla Chloris, *Temm.* ‡ Fringilla cannabina,
§ Fringilla Cœlebs.

rare varieties of the Chaffinch's song appears to be, with reference to the ear, what the Tulip mania was, and, indeed, in great measure is, with regard to the eye.

The nest of the Chaffinch in this country is a masterpiece of art: in the fork of some ancient apple-tree, venerable with mosses and lichens (which are carefully collected for the outside of the symmetrical fabric so as to make it assimilate with surrounding objects), this fine piece of workmanship of closely-interwoven wool and moss is fixed: feathers and hair render the inside a soft, warm, cozy bed for four or five bluish-white pink-tinged eggs, which are variegated with spots and streaks of impurpled red. The love-note of the cock Chaffinch is heard almost as soon as that of the Blackbird; for the species is very early in preparing for the hopes of the year.

The *débonnaire* Goldfinch * builds one of the most elegant nests that our English Finches produce: moss, lichens, wool, and dry grass, artistically intertwined form the outside of the fabric, which is generally hidden in a quiet orchard or secluded garden, where, in the midst of some evergreen—an arbutus perchance—it is protected from the prying eye by the compact, leafy screen of the well-grown, healthy shrub: the delicate down of willows, or dwarf early-seeding plants, the choicest lamb's wool and the finest hair, form the warm lining on which the bluish-white eggs, dotted with a few rich brown spots, are deposited. The beautiful plumage and sweetly-varied song of the Goldfinch make it a great favourite; hence it is frequently consigned to captivity, and taught to draw its water in a little fairy bucket, or to perform many tricks, some of which have quite a theatrical air: a looking-glass is frequently provided for it, and, from the solace which the mirror affords to the bird, it has been supposed to be the vainest of finches. Let us not, however, be too sure that all this ogling of the reflected form is mere admiration of its own sweet person; pause, fair lady, before you pronounce this bird to be a little coxcomb. The plumage of the sexes is very nearly similar, the hues of the female being only rather less brilliant, and the prisoner daily deludes himself that the mate which he is doomed never to see is come to visit him.

Most affectionate in disposition, it seems absolutely necessary to the Goldfinch's existence that he should have something to love. The translator of Bechstein's little book above alluded to informs us that Madame —— had one that never saw her depart without making every effort to quit his cage and follow her; her return was welcomed with every mark of delight; she approached—a thousand winning gestures testified his pleasure; she presented her finger, and it was caressed with low and joyous murmurs: "this attachment," continues the narrator, "was so exclusive, that, if his mistress, to prove it, substituted another person's finger for her own, he would peck it sharply, whilst one of his mistress's, placed between two of this person's, would be immediately distinguished and caressed†."

The finches are, for the most part, granivorous: it is not to be supposed, however, that they do not occasionally feed on caterpillars,

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* Carduelis communis.—Fringilla Carduelis, *Linn.*

† "Cage Birds," &c.; by J. M. Bechstein, with notes by the translator; small 8vo., London: Orr and Smith.

especially in the early part of the year; but seeds form their staple some are of opinion that the Goldfinch never touches insects; but we now turn to a group of singing-birds whose nourishment is principally derived from those animals.

The Stone-chat* pours forth its varied and pretty song as it hovers over the golden furze which contains its nest; and the Pied Wagtail†, a resident in the southern counties of England, warbles to its mate very early in the year from the cattle-shed or the garden-wall, though it is more familiar to us as it runs along the grass-plat or by the margin of the pond, capturing its insect-food. The scarce Dartford Warbler‡, like the Stone-chat, utters its hurried trill on the open downs, generally while hovering over the furze, in which it hides itself on the slightest alarm. The familiar Hedge-sparrow§ cheers us with its agreeable song at a very early period of the year, when bird-music is scarce.

The notes of the Gold-crested Wren‖, the smallest of British birds, can hardly be called a song, but they salute the ear in the beginning of February, and the beautiful little bird, with its elegant nest and pale-brown eggs, weighing nine or ten grains each—the bird weighs no more than eighty—must not pass unnoticed. A pair, which took possession of a fir-tree in Colonel Montagu's garden, ceased their song as soon as the young were hatched; and, when they were about six days old, he took the nest and placed it outside his study window. After the old birds had become familiar with that situation, the basket was brought within the window, and, afterwards, was conveyed to the opposite side of the room. The male had regularly assisted in feeding the young ones as long as they remained outside the window; and, though he attended the female afterwards to that barrier, he never once entered the room, nor brought any food while the young were in it. But the mother's affections were not to be so checked:—she would enter, and feed her infant brood at the table where Colonel Montagu was sitting, and even while he held the nest in his hand. One day he moved his head as she was sitting on the edge of the nest which he held. She instantly retreated—so precipitately, that she mistook the open part of the window, dashed herself against the glass, and lay apparently breathless on the floor for some time.

Neither the fright nor the hurt could, however, overpower her maternal yearnings. Colonel Montagu had the pleasure of seeing her recover, and soon return, and she afterwards frequently fed her nestlings while he held the nest in his hand. The little mother's visits were generally repeated in the space of a minute and a half, or two minutes, or, upon an average, thirty-six times in an hour; and this continued for full sixteen hours in a day, which would amount to seventy-two feeds daily for each, if equally divided between the eight young ones, amounting in the whole to five hundred and seventy-six. "From examination of the food," says the Colonel, "which by accident now and then dropped into the nest, I judged, from those weighed, that each feed was a quarter of

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* Saxicola rubicola. † Motacilla alba. ‡ Sylvia provincialis.
§ Accentor modularis.
‖ Regulus cristatus. There are two species, viz., Regulus aurocapillus (Gold-crested Regulus), and Regulus ignicapillus (Fire-crested Regulus).

a grain upon an average, so that each young one was supplied with eighteen grains weight in a day; and, as the young birds weighed about seventy-seven grains when they began to perch, they consumed nearly their weight of food in four days at that time. I could always perceive by the animation of the brood when the old one was coming; probably some low note indicated her approach, and, in an instant, every mouth was open to receive the insect morsel."

When we made our annual pilgrimage last year to Mr. Waterer's, at Knapp Hill, we were attracted, even surrounded as we were by that wilderness of sweets—that assemblage of all that is rich and delicate in colour, when the azalias and rhododendrons form one splendid mass of bloom, almost too beautiful for this earth—by one of these little birds that had her nest in a yew hedge skirting one of the paths. An intelligent lad pointed out the "procreant cradle," put in his hand, and took out one of the young ones, then nearly fledged. After it had been viewed and admired—for it was very pretty, as most young birds are not—he replaced the tiny creature, and, to the inquiry whether the parents would not forsake the nest if so disturbed, he replied in the negative, adding that they were old acquaintance, and "didn't mind," for he often took the young ones out "to see how they got on." As soon as the nestling was returned to its happy home, the parent that had been watching the proceeding from a neighbouring rhododendron gorgeous with flowers, among which her small bright streak of a crest still shone brilliantly, repaired to her family, and covered them with her wings, as if nothing had happened. We trust that Mr. Waterer's noble collection has been spared by the ruthless season which, even now, chills us as we write; but we shall go to Knapp Hill under the fear that his lovely and rare hybrids have been sadly scathed. The air is pure and mild there, it is true; but his Americans—

"All unfit to bear the bitter cold,"

must have had a severe trial, when hardy, indigenous plants have suffered.

Although the Gold-crested Wren braves our severest winters, it appears to be very susceptible of cold, as well as the common Brown Wren of our hedges. The Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert informs us that, in confinement, the least cold is fatal to them. In a wild state, he says, they keep themselves warm by constant active motion in the day, and at night secrete themselves in places where the frost cannot reach them: but he apprehends that numbers perish in severe winters. He once caught half a dozen Golden Wrens at the beginning of winter, and they lived extremely well upon egg and meat, being exceedingly tame. "At roosting-time there was always a whimsical conflict among them for inside places, as being the warmest, which ended, of course, by the weakest going to the wall. The scene began with a low whistling call among them to roost, and the two birds on the extreme right and left, flew on the backs of those in the centre, and squeezed themselves into the middle. A fresh couple from the flanks immediately renewed the attack upon the centre, and the conflict continued till the light began to fail them. A severe frost in February killed all but one of them in one night, though in a furnished drawing-room. The survivor was preserved in a little cage, by burying it every night under the sofa cushions;

but having been, one sharp morning, taken from under them before the room was sufficiently warmed by the fire, though perfectly well when removed, it was dead in ten minutes."

The common Wren* is too often shot by the sportsman for the sake of the tail-feathers: these, when skilfully manipulated, admirably represent the spider of February, March, and April, when anything like an insect is considered a *bonne bouche* by the trout; and, indeed, the deceit, if lightly cast by a nice hand on the ripple, is sure to take fish, and good ones too, "if," as old Izaak hath it, "they be there." The bird may be followed up and down the hedge-row till it will suffer itself to be taken by the hand. Then borrow—steal if you will—two or three of the precious feathers—but let the little warbler go to enjoy its liberty, and furnish "Wren's tails" for another year.

We must not forget the Redbreast, as we conclude this imperfect sketch of Resident British Song Birds, already too long. This, the familiar household bird, with its innocent confidence, would, we might have hoped, bear a charmed life everywhere: but, no. Sonnini tells us that it arrives in the Levant in October, seldom passing into the open islands, but seeking the luxuriant myrtle-groves of Scio, and those other isles which offer shade and shelter. There the Greek bird-catcher takes them by dozens in the snares to which, assured by the presence of their murderer, they offer themselves; and the same war is waged against them, we are sorry to add, in other foreign countries, that one more dish may be added to the luxury and profusion of the table of Dives. With us this friendly bird is, and we trust ever will be, sacred. When everything is fettered by frost—

> "When icicles hang by the wall,
> And Dick the shepherd blows his nail"—

even then the plaintive warbling of the Robin is heard; as if to remind man that, amidst all the apparent desolation, Nature is not dead, but only sleeps, like the Beauty in the wood, to awake with all her former charms renewed.

AN HONEST ASSERTION.

I ask'd Lady —— (without caring) to-day,
Had the Spring brought the cough which annoy'd her of old?
She replied, in her vulgar and ill-temper'd way,
"Don't ask me about it, I never *take cold!*"
So I print the reply for her character's sake,
As the world says there's *nothing* on earth she won't *take!*

LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

* Troglodytes Europæus.

MY FIRST VISIT TO BRUSSELS.*

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BYE-WAYS."

Part Second.—The Story.

"Never, perhaps, since the great political and religious crisis which agitated Belgium in the sixteenth century, did the city of Brussels present so strange and wild an appearance as in the terrible year 1793—which, could I but command some yet unheard inflection of voice, and some more than human expression of countenance, I would now bring before you, as I still see it, reeking with blood and full of horrors!

"We had just escaped from the absurd masquerade of that political carnival, called the Revolution of Brabant. Churchmen had replaced their unstained sabres in the scabbard—lawyers resumed their robes—the sword yielded to the gown—the cannons of our clumsy burghers recovered from their hoarseness, for the smoke had evaporated like the swarms of *patriots*, among whom, no doubt, were many a gallant heart, and much mistaken and misdirected talent. The outburst had died away—the rain and the feet of the citizens had effaced the crimson stains from the pavement, on which deeds of horror had been done. This ignoble revolt, which revelled to the shouts of 'Liberty!' was succeeded by a rush of insane servitude, whose watchword was 'Fraternity! Equality! or Death!' Without sympathy, union, or a common interest with France, a servile herd of imitators made themselves the echoes of the great and fearful tempest which shattered the rotten fabric of French misgovernment, and which threatened to subverge all Europe. Nothing could be more monstrous and out of place than *clubs*, the *red cap*, and *sans-culottes* at Brussels. The blood-hounds of Paris stretched their hands towards Belgium, sent tri-coloured scarfs and models of the guillotine, a portion of the ruins of the Bastile, a memento of the opening grandeur of a drama whose catastrophe was crime, disgrace, and slavery, with all the other associations of vice and virtue, generous thoughts and feelings of atrocity, hope and despair, belief and doubt, enthusiastic affection and ferocious hatred!

"The moral aspect of Belgian society, under the conflicting influences of that great enigma, the French Revolution, was awfully curious: but the evident physiognomy of Brussels was also such. The natural-fitting simplicity of Flemish manners was exchanged for an awkward imitation of French vivacity. This spurious travesty made the population appear as belonging to no country. The *Marseillaise* was sung out of tune; the slang phrases of the reign of terror were badly pronounced; the *Incredibles* caricatured their Parisian models, tying their cravats awry, and grotesquely misplacing their broad-brimmed hats; the journalists made flagrant faults of grammar and orthography; and the gaming-houses—at once the most fearful and most farcical feature of all—were crowded by would-be gamblers, who had no notion of playing as they should have done—that is to say, cold-bloodedly, without a frown on

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* Continued from vol. lii., page 496.

the forehead, and with a smile on the lips, while the pocket was empty, and the heart—a ruin!"

The power of the speaker had already riveted my attention. His look, his emphasis, his pauses, were all admirable. Would I could transfer them to my paper! The last sentence he spoke seemed to have greatly excited him. He suddenly stopped, arose from his seat, took a turn or two in the garden, then re-entered the bower where I still sat; and, with a calmness of tone that was more startling than his late energy, he resumed, his first words giving me a thrill I cannot describe.

"The house of which we spoke just now—at least that upper part of it whose desolation has so much struck you—was our *Frescati* of those days—our *Hell*, as you, and not too forcibly, say in England. All day long its thin green curtains hung between the players and the sun, and the vulgar gaze from without. At sunset a glare of light blazed from its windows on the street below. The whole live-long night the impure gleams told what was going on within:—it was the scene of frightful orgies!

"The entrance was by a narrow door which opened into the Rue St. Hubert. Close to this door there stood, in a little niche worked in the wall, an effigy of the Virgin, impiously placed there as if to secure a blessing on the place of sin; but no one saluted the holy image on entering. Those who frequented this haunt had no faith in the Virgin: their belief was in play, in gold, in chance. To reach more quickly the shrine of their idolatry, they sprang up the stone steps three or four at one bound, for they well knew the road on that filthy staircase, dimly lighted by a lamp or two, faintly burning through a cloud of noxious oil. They rushed towards the green-covered table where the work of plunder was carried on, like true believers crowding to the altar's steps. And what misery was painted on the faces of those who arrived too late, when all the places were taken! one might have supposed them baffled in the sublimest hopes of virtue.

"It was a spectacle superbly terrible to contemplate. It was like the dread excitement felt by him who looks down on a battle-field, to see those desperate men struggling with the rage for play, waging war against chance—blind, indiscriminate chance—which strikes at its victims right and left, whose blows no skill, no virtue, no wisdom can ward off! It was at once beautiful and horrible, like some great elemental convulsion, or a scene of Shakspeare.

"Among the most determined of the gamblers who frequented the *Hell* was a young man, who rarely left the play-room from the moment the doors were opened till the latest-staying wretch reeled out into the morning sun, flushed from the elation of success, or haggard from exhaustion and despair—who never stirred from the first whirl of the *roulette*, or the first deal of the fatal pack, until the lamps were extinguished by the light of morning. You should have seen this youth, with fainting voice and failing breath, his nostrils distended, his lips trembling, his eyes wide open, the fever of excitement rushing through him every time the *roulette* stopped suddenly, and the monotonous voice of the croupier drawled out, '*Rouge, impair, et manque*,' or '*Noir, pair, et passe*.' You would at once have pitied and admired him. It would be hard to calculate what this infatuated young man lavished

nightly in this hell—not of money alone, dross which a liberal philosophy disdains to deal with—but of talent, of mathematical combinations, of the true treasures of the mind. The *roulette* table was his battle-field; by turns his Austerlitz and his Waterloo—most frequently the last!

"No one knew whence this young man came; but, from his voluntary remarks as to his former situation, it was understood that, at the early age of seventeen, the possessor of a certain fortune which he soon turned into ready cash, and with a heart filled with those golden illusions common to his time of life, he had quitted the country retreat where he had been brought up—a retreat of tiresome insipidity—to plunge at once into all the noisy pleasures of this great town. After the dull and monotonous life he had led up to that period, the new existence he seemed called into was wondrous strange to him. The whole manner of his being seemed changed. It was a continued enchantment which appeared to possess him; a realization of those delirious dreams which make sport of the imaginative mind. How he rushed headlong into the vortex of delight! How he flew in rapid transition to fêtes of luxurious splendour—concerts, where music softened and refined his soul—balls, where the women seemed transparent beings, in floods of light which gave their gauze dresses the appearance of summer clouds! How he hurried to the theatre, where poetry shines out at once to the eyes and to the mind, reanimates the dead, calls back past ages, re-peoples forgotten worlds, and makes us laugh and weep by turns at the littleness of human nature! It was thus this uncaged youth, like a new-fledged bird trusting itself to the caprices of the winds of Heaven, abandoned himself to the undefinable delights of liberty, such as it is felt when the world first opens out before the man of independent means, and whose mighty instinct of enjoyment is of more value than all worldly wealth—is in itself—wealth countless and immeasurable!

"This vertigo of delight lasted for six entire months; but at the end of this time there was but one of those many pleasant things to which he remained firmly and indelibly attached—he who could have vouched for his eternal fidelity to all—and this one was the theatre.

"Oh the theatre—the theatre! That rapturous deception, dear to us at every period of life; but in youth the idol of our passionate worship—how grand are its combinations! Thousands of spectators, a moving but mute mass of rapt enjoyment—the wide effulgence—the harmonious orchestra—and then the signal, at which each heart leaps high into the throat—and then the curtain rapidly raised up! Behold! a stately palace, splendid in gilding, marble columns, and vaulted galleries; or a forest, the leaves of which you may imagine you hear tremble, or whose torrents seem living, as they leap from rock to rock; or the ruins of some feudal castle haunted by a fairy, or by the ghost of some old baron of bad and bloody memory; or the arid heath where Macbeth meets the witches, and gazes fascinated on their boiling cauldron; or the garden balcony where Juliet breathes a sad yet voluptuous adieu to her Romeo, when the lark begins his matin song; or the room where Desdemona murmurs out love's melody! And then the living types of poetry's most magical creations—the men and women who walk and breathe in what is to us reality, who speak the inspired words of Shakspeare, Schiller, or Corneille; and the agitated and impassioned audi-

ence, whose thousands of bosoms throb, and whose hands and voices chorus forth their wild emotions! Yes, this is grand—sublime!

"And there he was every night, his eyes fixed on the stage, where such absorbing scenes were acted, where the giant conceptions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were visibly embodied. And it was there that he imbibed the overpowering feeling which made him look with envy on those actors who thus swayed at their pleasure, and held as it were in their hands, this crowd of human beings, causing their hearts to beat, their tears to flow, rousing or depressing them at will, as if by the touch of a magician's wand. He of whom I speak would gladly have possessed this delightful influence—would have revelled in his power, and exercised it night by night—not for the vulgar applauses of the crowd, not for the common ambition which makes them dear to ordinary minds—but for the sake of one only being on earth, that he might have murmured to that one—'It is for *thee*, Leora, for I love thee!'

"And how describe this woman, whom he loved with all the ardour of seventeen? How describe the voluptuous delicacy of her look and her voice, the perfection of those features that reflected every movement of her soul? She was a first-rate singer and actress, among a company which those memories that can go back between thirty and forty years will pronounce to have been unequalled since then in Brussels. And there was the youth of seventeen, fascinated by this syren songstress, breathless as he listened, as though with eyes as well as ears, to her almost supernatural voice, for there were moments when he fancied that her electrical notes sparkled across the stage in luminous exhalations. He saw her in every part of a wide range of operatic power. Gluck and Piccini were the composers then in vogue; but whether it was in the *chefs-d'œuvre* of one or the other, whether it was the exquisite Iphigenia of the first, vowed by her father as a victim to the gods, or the magnificent Dido of the latter, who despairingly greets the pile for her self-sacrifice, there was more to *his* eyes than the Grecian Virgin or the African Queen—Leora herself was there, not to be for an hour forgotten, even in the splendid illusions which her genius cast between the common crowd and her own identity. The very instant she appeared on the stage his heart began to bound against his breast, the veins of his temples to swell and throb, his hands to clench of their own movement, as though his will was as nothing—as though she was the spirit that moved and sported with his frame. A nervous trembling agitated his limbs, and he felt as though a current of cold air ran through every artery—yet his blood seemed to boil the while. Breathless and fixed, he looked and listened: he then grew angry with those who looked and listened to: at times he almost wished she might drop dead upon the stage when enthusiastic shouts burst from the audience, who *dared* to applaud when he scarcely ventured to admire. Such was the frantic nature of his love and his jealousy! He thought, he breathed, he lived for Leora. All day he followed her like a slave, or like a dog on his master's track: all night he wandered about her dwelling, or watched under her windows for the gleam of her lamp, or for the flitting of her shadow through the curtains of her chamber!

"Thus passed two years of infatuated reveries and of joys and sufferings that can never find a name, when one morning he was almost

struck senseless on perceiving a paper on Leora's lodgings announcing that they were 'To let.' Her name was withdrawn from the play-bills, and an apology made to the public for her non-appearance that night. He flew to one of his youthful companions, the confidant of his passion. From him he received a new and far more terrible shock.

"'Frederick,' said this *friend*—'Frederick, I cannot conceal the truth, since you ask me what has become of her. Know then, that this woman, for whom you would have died a thousand deaths—she whom you believed so pure—she has spurned your affection for the vile gold of a German, who has but his coat-of-arms to put in competition with your nobility of soul—who knows nothing but the titles of his six-and-thirty quarters—who cannot even, in his barbarous language, say, as it ought to be said—I love you.'

"Frederick, on hearing these words, stood as though, in the words of your Milton—

> 'His nerves were all bound up in alabaster,
> And he a statue.'

His heart seemed frozen within him, yet he felt a burning blush on his cheek and forehead. From this moment he bade farewell to all his golden visions—to all that holiness of poetic feeling which had borne him, as it were, above the common world. The angel of his adoration had ceased to be an angel; and yet he thrilled with anguish on feeling that he loved her still. Who can express the sufferings of a first love blasted in its meridian fervour?—of the young idolatry springing from that faith in woman which is an instinct in the heart of man? All that had disappeared from the heart of Frederick. His life was now a solitude—his very mind seemed, as it were, depopulated by the absence of the one powerful feeling that had wholly filled it. Like a wounded bird, carried onward by the tide into which it had fallen exhausted, he was now borne irresistibly on the current of worldly things; and, after a vain struggle against destiny, he yielded himself passively its victim. His irritation, his fury, his despair, were by degrees worn out. Oblivion would not come to his relief, but resignation did. A long and dreary year passed over, and his waking thought each morning was, 'Oh, that I could see her again but once, and then forget her for ever!' But he saw her not.

"It was then that he became, in earnest, heart and soul, a gambler. He strove to kill one passion by another—the memory of a woman by play. He had ample means left for the indulgence of this recovered taste; for besides his property in the funds, which he could realize in cash any day at an hour's notice, he still possessed the title-deed of an estate, his claim to which was certainly contested by a relative, but his right to which had been over and over vouched for by some of the first lawyers in the country where that property lay; but where that was, he firmly believed was known to no one in Brussels.

"He bent his steps one night to the Rue St. Hubert, and, passing the image of the Virgin, without as much as looking at it, he entered the little door close by, sprang up the staircase, and rushed into the room, in the middle of which the green table was all prepared, and around it the same throng of infatuated or designing men who made it their daily haunt. Frederick looked for a moment in silence on the scene: he saluted, as it were, the spirit of gambling which invisibly

presided over the place, as the fiend is saluted by him who sells his soul. He seemed tacitly to enter into a compact with the dice-demon—to vow himself to its service for life and death.

"This first night was a terrible one for Frederick. It would be hard to describe—impossible to imagine—the before-unknown sensations which tingled through him, when he found himself thus pitted foot to foot, if it may be so expressed, against the fearful and incomprehensible phantom called Chance. He felt himself a doomed man—to *what* he could not tell, and dared not calculate.

"The night was far advanced—the lamps, expiring in their unholy odour, gave notice of the coming dawn. Frederick repeatedly strove but could not quit the table; some irresistible power seemed to hold him down on his chair; he felt as though bound in honour to abide the issue of his pledge! He had lost during the entire evening, and he hoped that a turn of luck would come; but it came not. He had at length paid down the last Louis from his pocket, and then a ring which had been worn many years on his mother's finger, and the very watch which his father looked at in trembling agitation when *he*—that father's first-born—was given to life. Large sums were then gaged on his word of honour—and the colour so long expected failed to turn up.

"'Fate is not your friend to-night,' said a man who stood facing Frederick, and who had watched him closely ever since he began to play. He was a little old man, entirely bald, whose face, wrinkled like an apple subjected to the action of an air-pump, had a mingled expression of cunning and benevolence that no words could well describe. His smile was like the sinister leer of animals of the cat kind; his good-natured look was that of a usurer watching to entrap a dupe; his large and shining skull was like a cast in bronze, and no phrenologist could trace on it a single boss to indicate his character; his lips were thin and livid, and around them were some grizzled hairs, like the withered tufts of grass round a cavern's mouth in autumn. And now, if you can imagine two little eyes yellow as those of a screech-owl, cheeks like scorched parchment, and fancy this head placed on a bent and narrow-fronted bust, with drumstick legs and bony hands—then dress the figure in a coat of dusky red, of no fashion and of no country—and you may picture to yourself the being who said to Frederick, 'Fate is not your friend to-night.'

"The young man raised his eyes, and stared at him who spoke, and who immediately resumed—

"'Take my advice, and do not strive to force the vein—you may have better luck another time.'

"'If you sat in my place,' replied Frederick, 'you would not speak in that way. When it is Fortune we pursue, we do not so easily give up the chase.'

"And still he played, and lost. At each new turn of the *roulette* he had a new weight added to his debt—every time that the hoarse voice of the worn-out croupier called '*Rouge, impair, et passe*,'—or '*Noir, pair, et manque*,'—so surely did Frederick lose, whether it was on red or black, the even number or the odd, that his bet was staked. But he still played, and lost, and deeply did he suffer from the agitation of this ineffectual struggle against the chance that was as obstinate and far more powerful than he. At times he appeared to cease to breathe, he sat so

motionless and absorbed. Again his eyes sparkled as though lighted up by some internal flame; then the perspiration might be seen rolling down his forehead in large drops, and at every stoppage of the *roulette* his hands fell clenched upon the table, and he raised his eyes on the little old man, who never ceased to watch him. At sight of this hideous countenance, so inflexibly fixed on him, Frederick became at length confused and impatient: those piercing looks seemed to dart at intervals through his breast, like the cold steel of a dagger-blade.

"'Sir, you bring me bad luck,' said he to the stranger, in an abrupt and angry tone. 'Ever since you have stood there before me I have lost without any respite. I beg that you will either change your place or join in the play.'

"The little old man smiled as good-humouredly as he could.

"'You are mistaken, young gentleman,' said he, with imperturbable calmness, 'if you think I stand here, with my arms across, because I am afraid of the chances of the game. Know that, on the contrary, I am too sure of winning to allow me to feel any interest in the child's play that absorbs you so entirely.'

"The croupier raised his leaden look on the stranger, and drawled out, in his apathetic tone,

"'It only rests with yourself, Sir, to double or treble the stake.'

"'Well, then, be it so!' replied the old man,' but, being unfurnished with ready money just now, at what do you value this ring? Will you set a hundred Louis d'or against it?'

"'Yes, I will take it for that sum,' said the croupier, after having carefully examined it.

"'But this diamond is worth seven or eight times as much,' remarked a Dutch Jew, who had come to Belgium to speculate in the spoils of the rich convents thrown into the public market by the French republic.

"'Never mind,' said the old man, 'I am not afraid of the risk, for I feel sure of my chance. *Rouge!*'

"The decision of his tone fixed every eye on him. The croupier gave his accustomed twist to the *roulette;* it ran its several rounds, then gradually decreased in speed, then stopped.

"'*Rouge* gains!' said the surly croupier, in his tone of real or feigned indifference, and a hundred Louis were counted out, pushed over to the old man, and by him quietly swept into his ample coat-pocket.

"Many present were disposed to look on the old man as a sorcerer, and to exclaim, 'There is magic in this!' but his look seemed tacitly to forbid remark.

"Frederick in the mean time felt as though suddenly set free; this incident seemed to be the token of his release. He arose, quitted the table, approached the large window which looked out on the vegetable-market, and leaned his arms on the stone balcony. The air bathed his burning temples with its cool mild breath; his agitation gradually subsided; he heard nothing of the noisy exclamations of the companions whom he had still so close to him, and who were still so busy in the struggle against luck which he had just then given up; nor of the whizzing whirl of the *roulette;* nor of the clink of the gold pieces, as they were pushed forth or drawn in by the rake of the croupier. He gazed on the white clouds carried rapidly on through the sky; he plunged his

thoughts into its mysterious depths; he listened to the monotonous murmur of the fountain just beneath, which threw out its sparkling stream into the soft light of the waning moon;—all was deep peace around him and within him. He was almost happy in this moment of strange languor. A tear filled his eye, and he felt as if his whole destiny was recast and redeemed, as it rolled warmly down his cheek. Adieu for evermore this horrid and fatal passion for play! Determined to begin a totally new career, an interminable prospect of virtuous enjoyment seemed to open out before him. In place of sleepless nights and gloomy days, he saw days and nights beginning in pleasure and ending in repose; fancied himself in possession of some beloved helpmate, in a home of calm delight, a smiling family circle, and all this for a life of purity and peace! He had completed this exquisite creation in both head and heart when he suddenly felt a hand lightly placed on his shoulder;—it was the shrivelled hand of the old man, who had been for five minutes by his side, listening like him to the murmur of the fountain, and gazing on the sparkling drops which fell in the moonlight like liquid pearls into the trough beneath.

"The mysterious stranger looked silently for a while on Frederick, who had turned round on feeling the abrupt pressure of his hand on his shoulder, and, with the coaxing and servile air of a selfish woman who is about to ask some costly present from a credulous lover, he said,

"'Young man, you accused me erewhile of bringing you bad fortune. It is possible that I did, for it has often happened to me to make the luck turn by merely looking on the cards or dice. It is therefore no more than my duty to repair as much as is in my power the losses my presence may have caused you, and in the first place to relieve you from any present embarrassment.'

"'My good Sir,' replied Frederick, 'your friendly intentions are uncalled for. I can settle my debts of to-night by breakfast-time to-morrow; and henceforward I shall never more tempt the fortune which has just now so ill-used me, nor continue the battle against chance, in which I am sure to be defeated.'

"'But breakfast-time to-morrow will not be soon enough for the men who are likely to be clamorous for their money now; and as to being disheartened by the loss of a few hundred Louis, it is scarcely worthy of a man of spirit. *I* would rather prove to Fortune that I can meet her on her own terms, and vanquish her in my turn.'

"'Clamorous!' exclaimed Frederick; 'do those men doubt my honour, then?'

"'No, but they doubt your means. Let that, however, not hurt your pride or offend your delicacy. Here is more than is necessary to pay them all. You will greatly oblige me by accepting the trifling loan.'

"'And how have I excited so great an interest in your mind, my dear Sir?' asked Frederick, flattered and soothed by the highly-polished courtesy of the old man's manner.

"'This is no time to answer that question, but be assured you *have* excited that interest in an uncommon degree; so pray take the money and settle with those coarse fellows before they presume to ask for payment.'

"'No, no, Sir—I cannot accept this favour from a stranger; and as for these brawlers, I will soon silence them,' said Frederick, turning

from the balcony towards the *roulette*-table, with a determined, perhaps somewhat of a swaggering, air.

"'One word, my young friend,' said the old man, with an insinuating and irresistible tone, 'which is it better, to be under a slight and temporary obligation to one who is not (whatever you may think) a stranger to you, or to plunge into a gaming-table quarrel, at the risk of reputation, to say nothing of what I know you value less—of life?'

"So pressed, so reasoned with, so persuaded, Frederick yielded, accepted the money, paid his play-debts, and then said to the old man,

"'This, then, is my last account with Fortune. From this night forward I never touch card or dice!'

"The old man replied not, but a smile of the most cutting contempt played round his shrivelled lips. The effect on Frederick was greater than an hour's reproach would have been. The next day he called on this generous lender and discharged his debt, and the next night he was, alas, alas! in his former place at the roulette-table!"

This appeared to be a regular epoch in the progress of my entertainer's narration. He paused, took several turns in the garden, gazed awhile on the now setting sun, took some slight refreshment, offered me the like with graceful hospitality, and, at my request, continued his story.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LUNACY IN FRANCE.—NO. V.*

The observation of the Superior that "love seldom drives the French mad," alluded to the men only, and was incorrect as to the fair sex.

This is almost the only passion that, when blasted, leaves the heart soft, and the imagination lively: the Parisian girl who believed that the spirit of her lover, when she played his favourite air, touched the chords of another piano in the apartment, was to be envied; for she could every day renew the mournful and unearthly music, which became her exquisite consolation. In this she was more fortunate than another and less beautiful woman, whose sole attractions were her fine intellect and lively conversation; she was hump-backed, of small stature, and plain yet eloquent face: addressed by a young man of good exterior and fortune, she rejected him as a husband, though she loved him. The reasons she gave for this bitter sacrifice were singular, and a little heroic:—"I know that you love me now, but, if I become your wife, the defects of my person will soon chill your affection, and perhaps estrange it from me; I could not bear coldness from you, or to see your own happiness decay; the dread of this would make me wretched." In vain he protested that this could never be; that her delightful companionship through life was what he sought:—she replied that she could not allow him to run the risk. Even when he declared that he would leave his native country, and go to India, never to see her or his home again if she persisted in refusing him, she was still inexorable.

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* Continued from Vol. li., p. 19.

He went, and so romantic was his attachment to his deformed mistress, that he fell into a melancholy, which, with the influence of the climate, carried him off in a year. During his absence she strove to console herself by the consciousness of her disinterested conduct; the sentiment was a flattering one: as the poor Duchesse d'Angoulême said of the Duchesse de Berri, in the death-chamber of the Duke, "*elle est sublime.*" It was a sublimity that cost the crooked and brilliant Frenchwoman dear; on receiving the tidings of her lover's death, she shed no tears, nor gave way to any emotions of sorrow, but fell into a melancholy similar to his own. A few nights after, as she was reading in bed, which was her custom for some hours before she fell asleep, she raised her eyes from the book, and saw him standing by the bed-side, his features handsome and gentle as when he used to visit her, but they were very pale, and less kind in their expression: after looking at her earnestly, at last he spoke, and said that she had caused him to die thus early in a foreign land, by her refusal to marry him. She implored his forgiveness in bitter anguish, but he passed away without that forgiveness. Again and again he came, till at last few nights passed without an interview. This monomania was a fearful and consuming one; yet she looked forward to the night when he was to come, with a craving desire, and still hoping that the words of pardon would fall from his lips. They never fell, though she implored him by every plea of mercy, by every memory of the past. The spectre, unseen by any eye save her own, listened coldly to her pleadings, even while he loved to look on her, with the woe of an early doom on his face.

Her repentance was sometimes dreadful: the truth and fascination of his love seemed now to be as a barbed arrow on her soul: she would look fixedly on her person, pass her eyes wildly over her limbs, then break into reproaches:—"Oh, how could she reject him? how could she banish him to India? he was faithful unto death, and had burst the grave to look on her again: on me"——and then she sometimes ran to her glass, and as she gazed, laughed with a wild and mocking laugh. When these self-accusings were over, and the spirit was calm for awhile, the woman was herself again; her quick intellect flashed light on all she talked about; her conversation was delightful to listen to; so that you almost lost the sense of her personal deformity.

It is hard to be obliged to hate oneself—an animosity that a Parisian lady seldom falls into; but in this case it was inevitable: the mind, rendered more subtle by remorse, was like a sword consuming that frail and misshapen body, that had been the source of his doom, and her despair. The body wasted slowly in the conflict; but it was strange, on the nights when she believed her lover would appear, with what anxious care her hair, which was beautiful and abundant, was dressed, and her richest ornaments put on her neck and bosom. Stern was the penalty she paid of her blighted attachment, and of the subtlest vanity that had led her at its chariot-wheels to misery.

Perhaps this is the most merciful form, that of lost or hopeless love, in which a partial derangement can appear: if there be jealousy and suspicion also, the effect is more pitiless. An inmate in one of the asylums was a very handsome girl from a sea-port town in Normandy, a few weeks only arrived, for her malady was of recent occurrence: she dressed in gay colours, and her few yet good ornaments were always

worn; her eye was large and bright, and her temper buoyant; she looked too happy to be here. Nineteen only, yet the fountains of the mind were rudely broken up: it was love that tore her from her parent's and only sister's side; yet dark and cruel feelings mingled with it. Its object was a Pole, whom chance brought to her neighbourhood, an officer in the French army, a very young and attractive man, whose scanty pay was all his portion. Her home was situated on the verge of the cliff, without the town; its rooms looked over the bay, the bare and lofty shores, and fishermen's hamlets; in front of the house was a small garden; the care of its flowers and plants was her chief amusement. It overlooked the beach beneath. Scarcely was he seen there than she joined him, and in their frequent walks along the wild shore she soon fell desperately in love with her companion: her parents, on discovering the intimacy, inquired into the stranger's prospects, and forbade any farther intercourse with him.

She obeyed, but was unable to contend with the blow: the sight of her lover, almost every evening, on the beach beneath, and the despairing letters which he sent, touched the brain as if a demon had touched it. She estranged herself from her sister's society, and her parents saw that her looks were changed towards them, and that there was something strange and unusual in her manner and words. Alarmed, and fearful of the consequences, they now consented to the addresses of the stranger, and invited him to the house: but it was too late; the silver cord was loosed, and every thought, taste, and feeling, that moved in harmony before, were now at discord with each other. There is no expression of the human face so fearful as that cold and cruel cunning where the devil and his captive seem to be consulting within—and this look was now cast on her only sister. The idea that she had poisoned the mind of her parents against the Pole, and was herself enamoured of him, was the prevailing one:—the being she had loved from infancy to this hour, her dear and kindred companion, was now the object of her intense hatred. Again she took with the former her accustomed walks beneath the wild cliffs, along the lonely shore; but the fancy no longer kept time with these objects. He paused in the cavern, and on the steep, where she had often made him pause before—to admire the scene: the eye looked vacantly on the waste of waters, on the storm-beat precipice, and he saw that the misery had fallen on her, "to have no thought." Thus desolate, she regarded him with passionate attachment.

I have one love left still; and when I've spun
This last thread, I shall perish on the shore.

This could not last: it soon became necessary to remove her from home: her aversion to her sister was uncontrollable: even while the once happy but now wretched little circle were seated in the parlour, and every one sought to soothe her spirit, the long and wistful look fixed on her lover passed into a demon smile, and fierce and menacing words broke from her lips. She was removed to an asylum in the capital: her apartment was neatly furnished: there were a few books, but no music, no flowers: her chief amusement was in gazing on her person in the glass, arranging her dress, hair, chains, and rings. Perhaps it is best that this infirmity should generally wreck the attractions of woman; for the sight of a beautiful insane being moving about in all the pride of

her charms, exquisitely dressed, her voice sweet, her laugh thrilling—is a cruel sight, even more so than that of the haggard cheek and eye, and withered frame. The Norman girl was beautiful, and well she knew it in her madness, and gloried in it. They should have put flowers and shrubs in her cell, some of her own rearing, and she would have watched and cherished them there as fondly as at home, and, perhaps, more so. How exquisitely true to female taste, even in madness, is Ophelia's love of flowers, which went with her even to death! A few weeks after her confinement, her family went to see her, accompanied by the Pole, who had desolately pursued the sea-shore walks, sorrowing for his lost mistress. She saw from the window the approach of the party, and, running to the glass, finished a hasty toilette, and put on the cap that was his favourite one, and that gave to her features an infantile beauty. She grasped her lover's hand, and called on his name with all her wonted fondness, smiled on her parents; but the moment her sister, who had lingered behind, entered the room, the evil spirit was unchained, and all malice and desperate hatred broke from her lip and eye. They saw there was no hope, save in the slow influence of time, and they took a miserable leave. Time, unfelt, unheeded by the *alienée*, is yet her fiercest enemy; it takes from her, one by one, all who felt any interest in her fate. The lover forgets her, or marries another: the father and mother go down to the grave blessing her: she knows not of the blessing or the death: the hair is grey, the features stricken; but no lesson of mercy, or experience, or memory, comes with the passing hour: one day is with her as a thousand.

In another cell was a very young man, whose case was yet more remarkable. He was a skilful sailor, and commanded a merchant vessel: at the close of each voyage he resided for a time with his parents: all their children save this one, the youngest, had left them. They were stricken in years: the father, now retired from the sea, loved the companionship of his son, to talk over with him his voyages and chances. Industrious, abstemious, of remarkably quiet temper and habits, what had derangement to do with this sailor?—he was soon marked as a chosen victim. In his last voyage he met with a furious storm, and his vessel was for a day and night on the brink of perishing: the dread of her loss, and its consequences to himself and the other owners, unsettled the mind. Soon after his return he was married, for as yet the wreck within only showed itself in capricious moods and words. Only three weeks after his marriage it became evident to all; yet it was the purest monomania. The mind was not stripped or laid naked: she put not off one of her loved and wonted garments, but put on a new and terrible one, and this was jealousy. He conversed with his parents and his wife with perfect calmness and collectedness, and with a sailor's enthusiasm in his profession, which he had followed from a child; but, when alone, he fell into long fits of abstraction, and a whispering fiend seemed to come to his side—for his mild countenance changed slowly and fearfully; and when his young wife entered, it was like David before Saul; affection, with a strange and gloomy suspicion, was in his look. Jealousy is "cruel as the grave," but it knows not its slumber. He wrote letters to his best friend, clearly and sadly written, accusing him of intimacy with his wife. He waylaid him one night, with loaded pistols in his pocket, to

take his life, but was discovered by a relative. He said that his heart was withered like a leaf.

Placed at last in this asylum, the character of his alienation underwent no change; he passed many hours of the day in reading, and talked of his voyages and the countries he had seen with intelligence and interest; but there was one part of the day when it was impossible to come near him. Before his window were two or three fine old trees which were the favourite resort of the birds, whose chirping and singing, when the weather was fine, might have given a madman delight; they gave him unutterable agony. He stood close to the window, uttering cries so wild and loud that they could be heard throughout the building, grasping the bars of the window to get at his enemies, and tear them limb from limb; for he said that every one of these birds was gazing in on him intently, and each in its own note was mocking him; all were chirping and singing about his wrongs at home in derision. When this agitation, which lasted long, was over, he gradually became calm again; and, the one deadly pang subsiding, he took to his books at intervals during the day: they were his chief solace. A vindictive feeling towards the object of his suspicion at times took entire possession of his mind, and then a deep gloom fell upon him. How justly is De Montfort's desire of revenge, in Joanna Baillie's beautiful play, allowed to take such dread possession of his thoughts as to push him to the very verge of insanity, and spread its gloom, like a death-pall, over every other feeling and hope!

It is curious to be acquainted with men who have been inmates of an asylum and who return to the world, and are borne down its current gaily, firmly as before; yet at times there comes a wailing sound, a fitful gust of the tempest that is past. An intimacy with a captain in the army, who had seen long and severe service, unfolded to me by degrees a new feature of this malady. He was of an ancient family, and small fortune, plain in his person, with a temper and manner unusually amiable; of such materials the fiery lover is seldom made, yet he felt a romantic passion for a lady who lived in the neighbourhood of the château of his family. She was younger, handsomer, poorer than the soldier, but infinitely more proud and ambitious; would have smiled on his attachment had he been rich, but refused to connect her lot with that of a *petit propriétaire* of honourable character and illustrious descent. From the hour of her refusal he knew no quiet: he waylaid her by hill and dale, forest and flood: she was fond of the chase, and was an accomplished rider; several times, while thinking, not of love, but of the game, she saw the soldier start suddenly from behind a copse or tree, and, arresting her headlong course, implore her favour. To avoid this importunity she went to the north of Italy: he followed, but in vain: learning at last that she was on a visit in the palace of a nobleman in Milan, he entered the house, forced his way through the servants, searched several of the apartments, and was arrested and placed in an asylum. Here his recollection failed; the secrets of that prison-house, where he was most severely treated, seemed to come back like a fearful but indistinct dream: at the end of a few months he broke out of the place, by wrenching the bars of the window, and descending into the street. From this moment his adventures, if

related in any other than his own simple language and manner, would scarcely be credible. When he left the prison he was half naked; he fled along the Simplon road, and, reaching its foot, ascended the mountain: of a slight and delicate frame, he had to endure intense hardships and privations: it was the dead of winter, and the snow was deep, and the mountain winds piercingly cold: he pursued his way without weariness or pain: he was a stranger to both, for this is the peculiar privilege of the insane.

He wandered from the road and lost his way on the mountain, sometimes sleeping on the snow; but his rest was of short duration; he quickly rose again, and went on during the night, which was always light from the brilliancy of the snows. The shelter he received on two or three occasions in the cottages of the peasants preserved his life: the people showed him kindness, clothed him more warmly, and, when he would stay no longer with them, gave him some provisions for the way, for they saw that his reason was departed. So wild and perilous a passage of the Alps leaves that of every other traveller far behind: the guide that went in pity to direct him was soon distanced, and saw his companion hurrying onward with a swiftness that he could not equal. There was a cause for this swiftness, for he ever fancied that his loved mistress was before him, and that, as she fled from room to room in the palace in Milan, so she now fled before him over the wintry wilds. He fancied he saw her on her favourite horse beautifully riding over the wastes of snow, now near, now afar off; and this fancy nerved his frame and warmed his heart, that must else have soon been hushed beneath the snow-drifts. His thin figure, in a costume half military, half shepherd, look of high and wild enthusiasm, and impassioned gestures, speeding down the mountain sides, after her who was his second life, must have been a picturesque specimen of monomania.

Had a single interval of sanity overtaken him he had probably perished in that interval, for he afterwards said it was inconceivable how he bore the extremity of cold. He came at last to the Valais, and, after resting there some days in a village, found his way more slowly to Paris. He did not want money for his expenses, or to recompense those who were kind to him. At the town of S—— he met with a family of his acquaintance, the ladies of which, knowing and loving his character and temper, humoured and soothed his disappointments. They could not destroy the idea that still haunted him, that his lost lady was near; in the evening he would sometimes visit every chamber in the house in hope of finding her; and once, while engaged in an interesting conversation, which he was well able to support, for he had known the world well, as well as war in every form, he suddenly started up, declaring that he saw her walking in the garden, and, hastening there, traversed every path and alley, and returned greatly dejected. As brave as he is gentle, with a heart and hand open to distress, a cheerful companion, ever looking on the bright rather than the dark side of life, he was long haunted by this imaginary misery, this beautiful vision of his mistress, seen but to mock his passion, and ever eluding his search.

Our natural affections, which are almost always disordered by insanity, are yet capable of affording the sufferer an intense and solitary pleasure. While we were conversing with M. Pariset, in the Salpêtrière, there

entered a man of respectable appearance, who addressed the latter in expressions of heart-rending sorrow. "Is there no hope for my wife?" he said; "may I not see her this time? two years I have continued to come here, and still she is not better: tell me the truth." He was briefly but kindly told that there was no hope. "Have you known any case like hers?" "Yes, a thousand: she has no wish to see you; it is her daughter only she thinks of." The man wept, for he knew that it was so. The affection of his wife was alienated from him, and centered in her daughter: in her own home, with her husband and only child, she had ever been anxious for her future settlement in life, and now it was the restless subject of her thoughts; she spoke and mused of it without ceasing; and, as soon as the first joy of their interviews in her cell was over, she turned the conversation on this alone, with an excitement and emotion as sincere as they were affecting. The amusement of her solitary hours was to form plans for this girl's establishment in marriage; sometimes it was a rich and proud, but always a happy one: and it was a luxury to the mother to dwell upon them all when her child came again.

How beautiful is the picture of Rizpah, mourning alone for her slaughtered sons on the hill, day and night, without ceasing, from the first days of harvest to the rainy season, a period of several months, exposed to the "heat that wasted by day, and the cold by night!" yet she felt them not, for the love she bore her children. Could there be such unexampled sorrow, beside the unburied dead, with no shelter but the sky, no pillow but the rock, and the mind not darkened by it, and the brain warped and wrung for a time by excess of anguish, while the mother watched incessantly the lost Armoni and his brother? No other friend was left to the sons of Saul. "And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."

In this primeval age, when mental cultivation and excitement were yet in their infancy, insanity was very rare—life was a pilgrimage of hard realities, and a few simple and powerful emotions. Among the Mosaic ordinances in the wilderness, so applicable to all cases and infirmities, no allusion is made to "the mind's infirmity," which it may be inferred was almost unknown in that vast multitude, whose career was at once distressing and sublime—the fierce wants and woes of the desert, the visible splendours and judgments of Heaven. Had they been a more intellectual people, the terrors, so great and prolonged, of that "fearful land," the fond hope of Palestine, changed to the gloomiest despair, the sight of a generation perishing by their side, without a home, without a burial place—would have blighted the mind of numbers, who, cut off from the people, must have mourned alone.

There are a few minds of the higher order of genius which the visitation of insanity does not weaken—it rather nerves and exalts them; but they are minds of singleness of purpose. The celebrated Robert Hall attributed to his daily walks around Cambridge, where he long resided, the first clouds on his spirit: "the dull stream, and sedgy banks, and dreary plain, it is not glad and living Nature—she is in her shroud; it is Nature laid out." He was removed to a private dwelling

in the country, where, without any coercion, he resided two years, believing himself all the time to be the archangel Gabriel. His imagination, ever splendid, took often wild, beautiful, and unearthly flights: at intervals he would sit at the open window, and enjoy, which madmen rarely do, the charms of Nature. At the end of two years his reason returned, and was never shaken again: it was observed, by those who knew him, that his intellect was more brilliant, and his piety more fervent, after this visitation than before.

There is a more subtle and partial affection, the fruit of an hereditary taint, or a peculiarly vivid and morbid fancy, yet kept aloof by vigorous exercise of the body and mind, and a frequent change of scene. I have seen it even in the pulpit, lighten in the eyes, give a wildness to the fancy, and a fire to the words; and while the people admired, the minister had greater cause for admiration, that his enemy was not suffered to prevail over him. The devoted Brainerd, whose bleeding spirit often approached the confines of the land "without form and void," subdued in the wilderness by its own gloom, yet ever faithful, was perhaps saved by an early removal from a yet more fearful fate.

A few months since, being in Ireland, in a wild part of the county Kerry, I went to a small and very impressive-looking church that stood on a hill side: the graves in the churchyard were few; the people who attended were very few; the clergyman had passed two years in an asylum, which he had recently left, and resumed his ministry. He was a young man, and was accompanied by his wife, whose expressive and intelligent features were full of anxiety about him. She seemed to be his guardian spirit; for he shook at times like an aspen-leaf, and looked fearfully about him during the service: at intervals he would steal a glance of mistrust at some one of the congregation, but, on meeting his wife's watchful and affectionate look, the cloud passed away. On the whole, he acquitted himself with credit, for his talents were good; yet it was strange to listen to a minister whose mind had so lately been a wilderness of briars and thorns, a land of gloom and frightfulness, and who seemed now and then to be on the point of returning to it. His figure was tall and thin, his countenance wasted: there seemed to be a consciousness, also, that he was as yet scarcely equal to his high charge, for he alone knew the mystery of his own spirit, how far it dared to wander, and what it shrunk from. After the service, it was beautiful to see the doubting and troubled man hasten for refuge to the side of his youthful wife; his step seemed to grow firmer, and his look more assured, as if his intellect, lost yet found again, clung for its welfare to her stronger spirit, to her tried love.

THE PLAIN GREEN CHARIOT.

A TALE.

"Ce qu'on cherche pour être heureux est trop souvent précisément ce qui empêche de l'être."—FENELON.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 13th of March, 183—, the little town of Willesden was roused from its rural repose by the arrival of the — regiment, then on their march to London. The trumpets had sounded their last blast, the last little boy's last huzza had subsided into silence, and the officers had already alighted at the principal inn, where the host, fully aware of the importance of his guests, was preparing in every way to do honour to their presence. He had already established them in due state in the star-chamber, a room, which from its size and look-out on the high street, he had long considered an unexceptionable abode for idle travellers. And if its present tenants could not be fairly comprehended in that class, they certainly had every opportunity that length of time and want of occupation could afford, fully to appreciate its attractions. It was still early, they had finished their march for the day, and as they were only one day's journey from London, had not much chance of amusement from the occasional adventures which more unfrequented places in their route had afforded. While therefore a few of them sallied forth to make the best of a bad prospect, the others disposed themselves in the aforesaid star-chamber with a strong feeling that the period till dinner would not be one of very active enjoyment.

Among these the Colonel (whose diminutive figure was rather out of proportion with that of the tall men under his command) had already stretched himself at what *he* chose to call full length on the sofa, and, though he certainly held a newspaper in his hand, yet, if it were lawful to draw an inference from appearances, he seemed already asleep, or at least in a fair way soon to be so. The adjutant was already occupied in giving orders to a stiff-looking sergeant; a spruce little captain (the *gourmand* of the regiment) was in deep debate with the waiter as to what fish they should have for dinner; while a red-nosed, red-faced major, having remarked that the heat reminded him of India, had got into a long story to which no one was listening.

Lord James Somerton and Frederick Pemberton, two of the younger officers, had in the mean time betaken themselves to a window to seek amusement from the busy scene which a great road near London is so apt to afford, or it might be to test the extent of female beauty in Willesden by an examination of the opposite windows. The scene was, however, by no means busy: an ostler with his hands in his pockets, and a postboy with the whitest of smockfrocks over his ordinary equipments, mounted most ingloriously on a low gate, and whistling as he sat, for want of thought—these, seen under the glaring sun of a still summer's day, seemed the very personification of idleness. It was as yet too early for much travelling, and after they had seen two stage coaches severally arrive, change horses, and depart, and after Lord James had remarked that the baker's daughter opposite was "rather pretty," and Pemberton had replied "not very," they were about to re-

linquish their post in despair when the sound of approaching wheels, with the accompaniment of the ostler's bell, and the cheering cry of "first turn-out," detained Somerton, and a chariot and pair drove up to the door. This immediately arrested his attention, and, as it seemed, amply repaid him for it, as he exclaimed—

"Come, Pemberton, come! make haste! come back to the window!"

"Well," said his friend after he had obeyed his call, "well, I see nothing in that old green chariot to make you in such a hurry; it seems to be a very shabby and uninteresting set-out."

There certainly was nothing particularly striking in the carriage, which was a *plain green chariot*, for which the highest ambition of its owner should have been that it might pass along unnoticed; but it contained within it quite sufficient attraction for one at least of the young officers.

"Look, Pemberton!" cried Lord James Somerton, "look what a beautiful face!"

"The girl is certainly *rather* pretty," replied his friend.

"*Rather* pretty! she is lovely, Pemberton, and how attentive she seems to her old father in the corner!"

"I see no particular marks of attention," said Pemberton, "towards her father, or at least towards that fat old fellow who fills the greater half of the carriage, and to whom you choose to ascribe that degree of relationship."

"Well, Pemberton, you may say what you please, ay, and you may *look* what you please; but, crowded as you may think it, I had rather be in that plain green carriage, side by side with that beautiful girl, and admitted as a friend to their interesting family party, than occupying any other place I know of in the world."

"Poh, Somerton, how can you talk such nonsense? you would soon be very much bored and wish yourself out of it. What would Lady Emily say if she heard you? I know you better than you do yourself; and if your wish was accomplished step by step, you would be the first to regret it."

"I should like to have a bet on that," said Lord James.

"So should I," said his friend.

But their conversation was now interrupted by evident symptoms of preparation for departure in the equipage which was the subject of their discussion. The servant was already ensconced in great coats on the *rumble-tumble*, the old gentleman had settled himself into the occupation of a still larger portion of the carriage, and the fair object of Somerton's admiration, while acknowledging the landlady's valedictory curtsy, had cast one glance at the inn window, in which Somerton fondly hoped that their eyes had for one instant met, when the decisive "all right" was heard, and the green chariot rolled off in the direction of the western road. Somerton with his head stretched forward watched its progress, till it was hidden from his view by a turn in the road, and, while the other idlers who had been collected round the inn-door departed in different directions, he retreated from his station at the window in silence.

Just as quickly would the image of the young lady of the green chariot have disappeared from his recollection, but that Pemberton having

detailed the whole scene to his brother officers, the idleness of the afternoon was enlivened by sundry jokes at the expense of Lord James, of the plain green chariot, and the respectable and interesting family that occupied it.

Lord James Somerton, whom we have thus introduced to the notice of the reader, was now, to his great joy, about to return to his favourite haunts, London parties at the height of the London season. The duties of his regiment had so often taken him away during the continuance of that witching period, that he had never got that surfeit of its gaieties which seems necessary to induce a more healthful appetite for them.

He was what may be called a very susceptible young man, and had—

"Let his young affections run to waste,"

and been, as he thought at the time, deeply involved in several tender attachments, the quick succession of which to each other did not at all open his eyes to their want of importance. In the course of these he had gone through the list of nearly all the reigning beauties of the day, and was prepared to enter on the same scenes, to be again caught, and again set at liberty: the incident, however, just related, seemed likely to send him to London with the recollection of at least one fair face stamped on the otherwise blank tablet of his affections.

But his affections were not in reality so completely unoccupied as most of his friends, nay as he himself, supposed. His cousin, Lady Emily Marchmont, one whom he would least have suspected, had acquired more hold of his heart than its usual frivolity would appear likely to allow. This was shown principally by a great sensitiveness on his part to ridicule from *her*, and by his always quoting with peculiar pleasure *her* approval of any plan which he had formed, as if he thought *that* a sure mark of its excellence.

Nor was the Lady Emily unworthy of this as yet unacknowledged preference, though she certainly could not boast of any very eminent beauty—a circumstance which in itself perhaps blinded Lord James to the existence of the feelings by which he was actually moved. Her countenance, however, was one of those that never deceive you—it was the index of her feelings; and whenever these were excited, or whenever she got out of the ordinary *nothings* of every-day conversation, the rush of blood to her face overcame what was sometimes considered rather a dark complexion.

On Somerton's first arrival in town he was much struck by the improvement he fancied he saw in his cousin during his absence. Whether she was really changed or not, certain it is that she lost nothing by comparison with the numerous objects of his admiration who had filled up the period of his sojourn in country quarters.

He had been more than usually attentive to her for a week after his arrival, during which time they were able to form a truer estimate of each other than former intercourse had permitted. He had found leisure to contemplate and more fully appreciate her numerous excellences, and she had almost flattered herself that he had got rid of many of the frivolities which had disgraced a person in whom she felt a deep interest, and a character in which there was much to approve. She fancied she could

"See some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days might happily bring forth."

It was at this period that a ball was given by the Countess of Stevenage, an aunt of Lady Emily, to whom she generally paid a visit during the London season.

Lord James had looked forward to this ball with great pleasure, though between himself and Lady Stevenage, whose person and manners, to say the truth, told of

"Many a vanish'd year and age,"

there existed no very great sympathy. But the society of Lady Emily was becoming every day more and more the object of his search, and her approval the leading motive for his slightest action. He had danced the first dance with his cousin, and was standing in the doorway—the place where one always sees most of the humours of a ball—when his taste was unluckily captivated by a face which he immediately pronounced to be one of inexpressible beauty, and which seemed also familiar to his recollection. He made numerous inquiries of all his friends, of "Who is the dark girl with *nothing in her head?*" but to this very descriptive question he received no satisfactory answer; he at last put the same question to his friend Pemberton, asking him, at the same time, if he had seen her, and if he knew who she was?

"No, I have not seen her," answered Pemberton, "nor from your description do I wish to know her; for I do not admire dark girls, and, whatever may be their complexion, I like them to have 'something in their heads.'"

At this moment Lord James saw his cousin Emily, and instantly had recourse to her. She must know, thought he, every one that is asked to her aunt's house. He made his inquiries with evident marks of anxiety.

"Oh yes," said she, "I know her: you mean Laura Allingham. She is a neighbour of ours in the country."

"Will you introduce me, then?"

"Oh, certainly, if you *really* wish it."

"Wish it? to be sure I do; but do you think you know her well enough?"

"Oh yes, Laura Allingham will be too happy: as soon as the dance is over I will introduce you." And she left him to perform her part in the *chaîne des dames.*

"What can be the meaning of her odd answers?" thought he. "'If I really wish it!'—why shouldn't I wish it? And 'Laura Allingham will be too happy!'—Can it be that Emily is ill-natured? I always knew that she was rather satirical, but never saw any symptoms of ill-nature before." However, the dance was now over, and, as there seemed no symptoms of preparation to introduce him, he thought it necessary to remind her, after which the wished-for ceremony at last took place.

Hardly had he been introduced to Miss Allingham, when, as she raised her eyes to his face, they at the same moment recognised each other as having already exchanged glances at the inn at Willesden. It is impossible to describe the joy this afforded to the romantic Lord James. Bright hopes crowded in his mind—the first part of his wish then is already accomplished—he is acquainted with that lovely girl: what then shall forbid his also being introduced to her amiable family, nay, perhaps sitting side by side with her in the PLAIN GREEN CHARIOT?

He began his acquaintance prepared to find her all perfection. What wonder then that she appeared to be that "faultless monster that the world ne'er saw?"

Miss Allingham received him very graciously, and he was quite delighted to find one so beautiful, at the same time so free from the affectation of giving herself airs. He danced the next dance with her, and thought he might even venture after that to propose going in to tea. She "had no objection," and listened to his remarks, into which he threw as much of personal interest for her as possible, with apparently reciprocated interest. He liked her better and better!—"They seemed going down to supper."—"Might he venture to lead her there?"—"She would be most happy."—She was a delightful girl! He discovered that he had travelled in, and particularly admired, the county in which her home was situated, and from which she had just arrived. He scraped up the recollection of a second cousin of hers, with whom he had been at college—proved at the expense of an "Exchequer of words," in which *lichen*, *pollen*, *petals*, and *farina* were conspicuous, that he knew at *least as much* of botany as herself, and agreed in the important consequences likely to result from Miss Martineau's ideas of Political Economy; in short, they seemed to have the same feelings, opinions, and objects of interest. He soon had to add to this accomplishment of the first part of his wish an acquaintanceship with her amiable family, as he was presented to her mother—a stout lady, in a red velvet gown, pink topaz jewellery, and a turban on which all the wealth of the Indies appeared to have been lavished.

It was however getting late—Mrs. Allingham's carriage had been called—Mrs. Allingham's carriage actually stopped the way, and he was obliged to conduct his lovely acquaintance to it, paying nevertheless that proper attention to the fat Mrs. Allingham which young men are said to be too much in the habit of neglecting. As Lord James walked home that night, he called up to his mind with eager feelings the events of the ball, and secretly determined that his acquaintance with Miss Allingham formed the bright spot in his mental retrospection. Will his cousin Lady Emily be thought by the reader too *exigeante* if we confess that she viewed the proceedings of Lord James on this evening with pain? The fact was, she had no very high opinion of the manners or intellect of Miss Allingham. She had been rather used to patronise her in the country; she could not therefore behold with unconcern Lord James prostrating himself at so lowly a shrine. If there is one thing that more than another gives annoyance to woman, it is to see one she loves devoted to one whom she cannot respect. It wounds her in the tenderest point, namely, in the pride she has before felt in his homage to herself.

The season was now far advanced, and for several days he had no engagement for the evenings, so that he chiefly looked for enjoyment to his afternoon rides with his fair cousin in the Parks and neighbourhood of London. In one of these Lady Emily mentioned that her aunt was thinking of a party to Vauxhall. Lord James immediately felt and expressed a wish to join it.

"I am afraid," answered she, "I cannot promise you that you will enjoy it so much as my aunt's last ball, but I will try to get you included in it."

"I do not see," said he, pretending not to understand her, "how you can compare a party to Vauxhall with a ball; they are both very good things in their way, but have as few points of resemblance as possible."

It was on the night after this conversation took place that Lord James found himself in the midst of the fashionable crowd at the Countess of Strozzi's, and rather bored at seeing few of the familiar faces of his own set in the assembly. Lady Emily, he knew, was to be there; but he had not been as yet able to discover her. He soon, however, recognised Miss Allingham, though she was paler, and not so brilliant, nor in such good looks as his recollection had represented her. He immediately addressed her, and commenced a very animated conversation, in which she took, *at least*, her full share. After this, however, had continued some little time, an idea presented itself to his mind which some may, perhaps, consider natural under the circumstances, and some merely as the result of his character, such as we have represented it; it was this, that Miss Allingham was meeting him *rather* more than half-way! Could it be that Miss Allingham was after all too kind—too gracious? The course of his "true love," if true love it can be called, had certainly run very smooth; and it might be that he—

> "—— surfeited with honey, and began
> To loathe the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
> More than a little is by much too much;"

certain it is, that when once this idea crossed his mind, it was wonderful how everything seemed to confirm his distrust in the incipient admiration he once thought he felt for the fair Miss Allingham. He was remarking to her that he supposed she had not been much out lately, as there had been little going on.

"Little going on, my Lord!" said she; "I think there has been a great deal. I don't know how it is, but we always find ourselves going to some place or another. I really do believe, my Lord, one might go out every night if one chose."

Lord James contented himself by saying, "he really believed one might;" and thought to himself that these late hours had decidedly not improved the personal appearance of the fair Miss Allingham. He began to doubt whether such perfect happiness would follow the accomplishment of his wish at Willesden as his enthusiastic nature had led him to suppose. It was while these thoughts were passing in his mind, and while he was feeling rather weary of being "my lorded" (a piece of ceremony which he a little while before fancied was quite unsuited to the terms he was on with his fair companion); it was, I say, while all these feelings had imparted "a pale cast of thought" to his countenance which it did not often possess, and which was little suited to the fair Laura's present topics of conversation, that Lord James on looking up saw just opposite to him his cousin Lady Emily, with her eyes fixed on the faces of himself and his companion. He soon found an excuse for leaving Miss Allingham, and worked his way across the room, as best he could, to the place where his cousin had been standing; but when he reached it she was gone. When he next caught sight of her she was talking to the fair Laura, who, whatever was the subject of the communication, seemed much pleased with the purport of it. Lord James

renewed his efforts to get at his cousin, and, when he at last succeeded, he could not help thinking that she was colder in manner to him than he had ever known her before.

"Oh, Lord James!" said she, "I have arranged for you the Vauxhall party as you wished, and am commissioned by my aunt to invite you to join it; they all meet at her house at ten o'clock."

Lord James was beginning his thanks, when she interrupted him:—"Oh! I will take all that for granted. I am just going to dance, and have only time to advise you not to fail in coming, as I think you will like your party;" so saying she left him.

He had begun to reply, "If you are there it will be sure to be;"—but she was already gone. He also turned away with a feeling, for which he could not account, that her manner had been very odd, and an undoubted certainty that the *ball* had been one of the worst things of the kind he had ever known. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and walked home in a very placid mood.

The Vauxhall night had now arrived. He had looked forward to it with great pleasure, not from any expectations of delight from the illuminations or surprise at the fireworks—for as far as all that was concerned he detested Vauxhall—but he had determined within himself that he would walk with his cousin, and explain away any supposed cause of coolness on her part. It could not be that transient admiration for a pretty face—admiration which was born in the first interview, and languished and died in the second—could have lost him the good opinion, he had almost said affection, of so noble a creature as his cousin. But could she guess that this admiration was only transient? Had he not seemed to watch Miss Allingham's every look as if she were the idol of his soul? Had he not hung over each silly word that flowed from those pretty lips, as if they were the oracles of wisdom? Had he not, in short, played a very foolish part, and, while he felt that he had deceived himself, was it not too probable that he had also deceived his cousin? He determined, however, to confess all, and trust himself to her mercy.

In pursuance of this determination, on his arrival at Lady Stevenages's he studiously avoided involving himself in the arrangements going on around him for conveying in carriage corners those Peripatetic philosophers younger brothers. Lord James had determined to throw himself on the compassion of Emily's aunt, and to try and persuade her to take him as a fifth. He was watching the arrival of the component parts of the fast assembling party, when, to his surprise, and, strange to say, to his dismay, he saw the fair Laura and her fat mother enter the room. He immediately determined to seize that opportunity of asking Emily about the carriage.

"Would you," said he, approaching her as she stood alone, "would you think it very impudent, if an unfortunate wanderer, who finds all the carriages filled to repletion, were to propose being a fifth in your carriage?"

"Oh!" said she, "I have no doubt my aunt will take you."

"Then I may consider myself as of your party?"

"Oh, certainly."

Lord James was delighted, and remained by his cousin, studiously

avoiding all propinquity to the Allingham family. He soon, however, saw Lady Stevenage approaching her niece, and close behind her Mrs. and Miss Allingham. Emily received them with great kindness, while Lady Stevenage addressed our hero.

"Pray, Lord James, have you seen anything of your friend Frederick Pemberton? he promised to join us, and every one else is come."

Lord James replied that he had not.

"I'll tell you what we must do, Emily," said Lady Stevenage, "we will let the others start, and, as we go last, if Mr. Pemberton is come by that time we can take him as a fifth."

"Oh, my dear Aunt," said Emily, "I had just promised James that he should come with us, as he says all the carriages are full."

"Why, there is Mrs. Allingham," said Lady Stevenage, turning to him, "she can take somebody, and it must be a man with whom she is acquainted; you, I think, have been introduced to her?"

Lord James would have given the world to have been able to say "No;" but, alas! it was in that very house, at his own desire, and by that very Lady Emily, that the introduction had taken place, and he was obliged to plead guilty. His only chance now was that Mrs. Allingham might have already secured some one as a companion for her lovely daughter. But, no! Mrs. Allingham, with a smile that poor Lord James thought quite *fiendish*, professed, in her peculiarly facetious way, great readiness "to stick in a bodkin," and the fair Laura looked as if she thought the selection was made with very good taste. And, in short, so it was settled.

Lord James wished for an opportunity of expressing to his cousin by his looks his regret at the change in the arrangement which had been so nearly completed, but she had already moved away. During the discussion most of the party had started, and, as Mrs. Allingham's turn had now arrived, our hero was obliged to give his arm to *her*, with whom he had so lately gone through the same ceremony, in the same place, under such very different feelings. Just as he had handed her into the plain green chariot, and was preparing to complete the attainment of his wish by seating himself by her side in it, he saw his friend Pemberton arrive and rush up stairs. Here, then, faded away his last hope that he might still have his cousin's arm for the evening, and he placed himself by the beautiful Miss Allingham as wretched as a man *au comble de son bonheur* could be, with the sure and, strange to say, unwelcome consciousness that his proximity would be the same for the rest of the evening.

Nor was he mistaken: on their arrival Miss Allingham's arm was, naturally enough, placed in his, and, as they walked round and round, they formed, I grieve to state it, a strange contrast to the numerous pairs about them, who trudged along delighted with everything and mutually pleased with each other. The first objects that met Lord James Somerton's eyes on looking round were his cousin and Frederick Pemberton, walking arm-in-arm immediately behind him. He soon also fancied they were laughing, and, at the same moment, felt conscious he was the object of their amusement. He could almost fancy that he caught the words "plain green chariot," and "Willesden beauty." He was more and more silent, and looked

back still oftener. Pemberton's eyes, when they on one of these occasions met his, bore a peculiar expression he did not quite understand, and still less approved of, and his cousin's face seemed to wear one of those smiles which he especially dreaded and disliked. His situation was indeed rendered somewhat ridiculous by the addition of Mrs. Allingham on the other arm, who had joined him, as she said, to look after her daughter (though never was young lady in less danger), and who attracted all eyes by a splendour of toilette which a ball, that was to form the conclusion of her evening, might justify, but which was hardly appropriate to Vauxhall.

In vain did Lord James invent some excuse for stopping the whole party at that particular spot on which is inscribed "THE WAY OUT;" no one seemed inclined to take the hint. He thought the evening interminable! He wondered what amusement the rest of the company could find in walking round and round the same illuminated walks. At last, however, the time for departure had arrived: they were to go back in the same order in which they came. They all, however, met at the place of exit while they waited for their carriages, and here Pemberton, contriving to approach his friend, whispered in his ear,

"I congratulate you on the accomplishment of your wish, Somerton; what a lucky fellow you are! You could not have been more in the midst of that amiable family than with the mother on one arm and the daughter on the other."

Lord James replied not, but handed in his companions, and, jumping in after them, resumed the post of honour. "My wish, then, has been accomplished," thought he, "to its fullest extent; I *have* been and *am* in that plain green carriage; I *have* been and am by the side of that lovely creature; I *have* been introduced to that amiable family, and much good it has done me!" He was now, to his shame be it spoken, in a terrible bad humour with the course of events, for which he had only himself, his own exertions, or rather his own folly, to thank. And though he had too much good sense to let that ill humour extend to the unconscious and innocent causes of it, between whom he was placed, yet he certainly did not support the character of that pleasant companion they had promised themselves in their drive. Lord James hardly spoke a word himself, but heard, to his great joy, from the fair Laura, that she and her mother were to leave town the next day to join Mr. Allingham at their place near Willesden; a piece of information which that young lady, from the appearance of things at the moment, communicated with less emotion than at the beginning of the evening she would have thought possible.

At three o'clock the very next afternoon Lord James and his cousin, who were riding with a large party to a breakfast given near town, had stayed a little behind their companions. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and were going at a slow pace, which the heat of the day, or some more important reason, might have recommended, and which, at all events, the slightly rising ground appeared sufficiently to warrant. He seemed repeating and earnestly enforcing what a slightly incredulous smile on her face seemed only pretending to doubt. He appeared to grow more animated, and she more serious. He leaned nearer to her,

and whispered something; a pause succeeded, while he intently watched her countenance. Her lips slightly moved; and, whether it was that his ear caught words where none else could have detected a sound, or that his eye read all that should have been uttered, certain it is that his face beamed with joy, his words flowed faster than ever, and she was no longer silent.

Long had they been riding in this way, when the sound of wheels seemed to announce the approach of others of the breakfast party. But, no; they both looked back, and at the same moment recognised the face of the fair Laura and the well-known carriage; and, as it rolled by them, Lord James whispered to his cousin, "There, then, it goes: I have no particular desire to see *it* again; but, at the same time, I trust that, when inclined to commit any other follies of the same kind, I shall remember the difference of my feelings at the first and at the last sight of the PLAIN GREEN CARRIAGE."

E.

SUBJECTS FOR PICTURES.—NO. IV.

I.

THE ZEGRI LADY'S VIGIL.

Ever sits the Lady weeping—
Weeping night and day—
One perpetual vigil keeping,
Till life pass away,
And she join the seven who sleep.
Daylight enters not that building,
Tho' so rich and fair—
With the azure and the gilding
That are lavish'd there—
Round the purple curtains sweep,
Heavily their shadows creep
Around the Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

On the walls are many a sentence,
In bright letters wrought—
Touch'd not with the meek repentance
By the Gospel brought—
But the Koran's haughty words—
Words that, like a trumpet calling,
Urge the warrior on;
In the front of battle falling,
Paradise is won—
By the red and ready swords—
Can they soothe the spirit's chords
Of the lonely Zegri Ladye—
Of the Ladye weeping there.

Seven tombs are in that chamber—
Each a marble tomb:—
Lamps that breathe of musk and amber
Tremble in the gloom.
Seven lamps perfume the air.

On each tomb a statue lying,
Almost seems like life;
And, above, the banner flying
Seems to dare the strife—
Which again it may not dare.
Can the carved statues there
Suffice the Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

While the others fled around them,
Did the seven die.—
In the front of war she found them
With none others nigh:—
Noble was the blood they shed.
Sacred in her grief and beauty—
Did the Ladye go?—
Asking life's last sacred duty
Of the Christian foe.
Those white feet were stain'd with red,
When the King bestow'd her dead
On the lovely Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

Never since the hour she brought them
To that ancient hall:—
Since with her sad hands she wrought them
Their embroider'd pall,
Hath the daylight seen her face.
Rosy o'er the Guadalquiver
Doth the morning gleam;
Pale the silver moonbeams shiver
O'er the haunted stream.
Nothing knows she of their grace—
Nothing cheers the funeral place
Of the lonely Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

Those six tombs contain a brother—
All her house's pride:—
Six contain her line; one other
Riseth at her side.
Who is in that seventh tomb?
One far dearer than the others
Shares their place of rest:
Well she loved her noble brothers—
But she loved him best—
He who shared the warrior's doom
With the favour at his plume
Of the lovely Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

Never more when first appearing
Will he watch her eye,
In the mounted lists careering,
When his steed went by
Rapid as the lance he flung.
Never more when night is lonely
Will the warrior glide
To the citron shade, where only
He was at her side,

While the very wild wind hung
On the music of the tongue
Of the lovely Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

Not with daylight to discover
How the wretched weep,
Will the maiden wail her lover
Or her brothers keep
In remembrance with her tears.
Grief hath stern and silent powers,
And her house is proud,
Not to-day's cold guarded hours
Is despair allow'd;
But, shut out with haughty fears,
Pride with daylight disappears,
From the lonely Zegri Ladye—
The Ladye weeping there.

But her slight frame has been shaken
By the sudden blight,
And her dark eyes are forsaken
By their former light;
Heavy is their settled gloom.
And her wan cheek beareth token
Of young life's decline;
You may see the heart is broken
By each outward sign.
Soon the heart can life consume,
Fast approaching is the tomb,
Of the lonely Zegri Ladye—
Of the Ladye weeping there.

II.

Ariadne watching the Sea after the Departure of Theseus.

Lonely—lonely on the shore—
Where the mighty waters roar,
Would that she could pass them o'er!
Doth the maiden stand.
Those small ivory feet are bare,
Rosy as the small shells are,
They are, than the feet, less fair
On that sea-beat strand!
Wherefore doth the girl complain?
Wind and wave will hear in vain.

Dark as is the raven's breast
Wand'ring wild in its unrest—
Like a human thought in quest
Of a future hour.
Do her raven tresses flow
Over neck and arm below,
White as is the silent snow,
Or the early flower!
Coming ere the summer sun
Colours what it shines upon.

Vainly does the west wind seek
To recall upon her cheek
How the red rose used to break
In her native isle—
Breaking with a lovely flush;
But her cheek has lost its blush
And her lip its smile:
Once how fair they used to spring
For the young Athenian King!

Desolate—how desolate—
Does the Cretan lady wait
On the beach forlorn, who late
In a palace dwelt.
They will not—the coming waves—
Watch her pleasure like the slaves
Who before her knelt;
And the least sign was command
From her slight but royal hand.

Lovely was the native bower
Where she dwelt a guarded flower,
In her other happier hour,
Ere love grew to pain.
Mid these grey rocks may she roam,
For the maiden hath no home—
None will have again.
Never more her eyes will meet
Welcome from her native Crete.

Little did that Princess fear,
When a thousand swords were near,
Where no other was her peer,
That an hour was nigh,
When her hands would stretch in vain
Helpless to the unpitying main,
To the unpitying sky—
Earth below and heaven above
Witness to the wrongs of Love.

On the white and sounding surge,
In the dark horizon's verge,
Does a vessel seem to urge
Fast her onward way.
And the swelling canvass spread,
Glitters in the early red
Of the coming day;
'Tis as if that vessel bore
All the sunshine from the shore.

Hath the young King left her side—
She but yesterday his bride—
Who for his sake cross'd the tide,
Gave him love and life?
He hath left her far behind
To the warring wave and wind.
But what is their strife,
To the war within the heart,
Which beholdeth him depart?

She hath perill'd life and fame
Upon an all desperate game;
What availeth now her claim
On the false and fled?
Not him only hath she lost—
All the spirit treasured most
Has its lustre shed.
Let the false one cross the main,
If she could believe again.

After hours may yet restore
To the cheek the rose it wore,
And, as it has smiled before,
So the lip will smile.
Let them be however bright,
Never will they wear the light
Of their native isle.
Trusting, happy were they then—
Such they cannot be again.

Strange the heart's emotions are,
How from out of its despair
Will it summon strength to hear
Desperate wrong and woe!
But such strength is as the light
Seen upon the grave by night—
There is death below:
And the very gleam that flashes
Kindles from the heart's sweet ashes.

Maiden! gazing o'er the sea,
Wistfully, how wistfully!—
Thine such weary doom must be—
Thine the weary heart.
Woe for confidence misplaced,
For affections run to waste,
And for hopes that part—
Leaving us their farewell word,
One for ever-jarring chord.

There the Cretan maiden stands,
Wringing her despairing hands,
Lonely on the lonely sands—
'Tis a woman's lot:
Only let her heart be won,
And her summer hour is done—
Soon she is forgot;
Sad she strays by life's bleak shore,
Loving, but beloved no more!

L. E. L.

ANCIENT DAYS.—NO. I.

BY MICHAEL J. QUIN, AUTHOR OF "NOURMAHAL," &C.

No trains of thought are more interesting than those which lead the mind back to the patriarchal ages. It is delightful to catch the vistas that open here and there occasionally through the shadowy courses of history—to behold the fathers of mankind seated beneath the spreading tree, or inhaling at the doors of their tents the spicy breezes of the morning—attended by their families—dispensing the lessons of wisdom which they learned from tradition, or collected from their own experience. One always associates with such scenes a halcyon tranquillity that knew no interruption from day to day—the pure fountains from which the maidens drew supplies of the element so essential to all domestic purposes—the boundless pasturages in which herds and flocks roved at will—the fruitage and fragrance of Arabia—the milk and honey of Canaan—the cedars of Lebanon—the palms bordering the Jordan—the comprehensive affections of an Abraham, and the beauty of a Rebecca.

Glancing from these woodland and pastoral scenes to the nations even then employed in the production of objects that indicate progress in all the arts of civilised life—their agriculture carried to a high degree of perfection—their commerce conducted over distant seas—their wars waged by vast armies — their weapons, chariots, armour, helmets, shields, and costume manufactured with a degree of skill, and embellished with a multitude of ornaments, not excelled in elegance even at the present day—we lapse into reveries from which it is painful to be disturbed by the calculations of chronology. India—China—Egypt—what store-houses of the ancient of days! In which did Civilisation commence her career? Where did the spider first teach man to spin the thread, and to weave the net? The fall of the Tower of Babel, did it give rise to the Pyramids? What "desolate cities" were those—where were those "desert houses reduced into heaps," of which Job speaks? Who were the accumulators of the "treasures hidden" in the earth long before his time, to which he alludes? "Desolate cities"—"ruined —deserted houses," "treasures hidden" in places no longer remembered—at an epoch full fifteen hundred years at least before the commencement of the Christian era?

How many ages did it require to produce the population that built and decorated the cities which had then become *desolate?* Whence did they derive experience in the cultivation of those arts of manufacture by which only large cities can be supported? Even now the notion of treasure being buried in the earth by opulent people who flourished in ancient times is so prevalent in the East, that travellers are constantly suspected by the natives as having no other object for their researches than the discovery and appropriation of such deposits. Only imagine riches that had rusted in their unknown sepulchres long before Job took counsel of the Thēmanite! He moreover speaks familiarly of a state of commerce in which gold and silver were exchanged for dyed cloths, conveyed to his country from India, and for precious stones from Ethiopia. Luxuries such as these prove a condition of society then existing in Ethiopia, Syria, and India, which must

have attained a high degree of refinement. But a similar degree of civilisation must have been known to the cities that had then the ivy mantling their ruined houses—the wind murmuring through their desolate streets!

These are not dreams! The traces of towns and temples engulfed in the earth and sea by the earthquakes and the inundations which have visited India at periods lost to the memory of man; the numberless ruins to be found in all parts of Syria, of cities of which history and tradition are silent, and whose very names have perished; the mighty devastations on the banks of the Nile, bear ample testimony to the facts alluded to by the simple and upright mourner of the land of Hus. When, in consequence of a famine, Abraham quitted his own country and went down to Egypt, it appears to have been even at that period—eighteen hundred years and more before the beginning of our era—the granary of nations. From the scriptural narrative it is manifest that his son Joseph found the Egyptians far advanced in many of the arts that embellish a refined state of society. Pharaoh presented Joseph with a "ring from his own hand," a "robe of silk," a neck "chain of gold," and a chariot. Egypt appears to have been at that time universally cultivated. Money was already in use, for Joseph's brothers are said to have taken considerable sums with them to pay for the corn which they wanted. The drinking-cup put into Benjamin's sack was of silver. The process of embalming was practised; and, when Joseph attended the funeral of his father, he had in his train "a great company of chariots and horsemen." His wife was the daughter of a priest of the celebrated temple of Heliopolis, one of the obelisks of which exhibits the remarkable skill that must have been attained even before that remote age by Egyptian artists in sculpturing granite—an operation even now found to be attended with extreme difficulty.

Some of the expressions used by Joseph, when he accused his brothers of being spies, appointed to observe the "weaker parts of the land," as well as the memorials of Beni Hassan and Thebes, distinctly prove that the Egyptians had already carried their arms into Asia, and had there encountered foes of a formidable description. Amongst these were the Shairetana; probably, if we may judge from the name, the ancestors of the Saracens. They appear to have inhabited the Asiatic coast, near Egypt. It is a popular supposition that crests and coats of mail date from the Crusades. The Shairetana wore crested helmets, cuirasses, and coats of mail, composed of broad metal plates which overlaid each other, were adapted to the form of the body, and secured at the waist by a girdle. That people were distinguished by their light hair and complexion, as well as by the aquiline nose, from the Egyptians. They wore large ear-rings, and employed many ships, so that they must have been a commercial, as well as a warlike and enterprising nation. Their appearance, as presented by the Egyptian artists, is that of a highly-civilised community.

The same artists have preserved the features of several other nations, whose names have been lost in the stream of time, and who, according to the representations given of them, had attained a degree of refinement unknown even to the Egyptians. A people called the Rebo were frequently engaged in hostilities with the drinkers of the Nile. They brought into the field immense masses of troops, and were pre-eminently

skilled in the art of war; they lived in Asia, at a considerable distance from Egypt; their climate was temperate—their complexion almost European; their dress was an under garment, a short kilt, a long outer robe highly coloured, richly bordered, and ornamented with fanciful devices. Beneath the outer robe they wore a girdle splendidly ornamented, the extremity falling down in front and terminating in a large tassel. They decorated their persons with ear-rings, necklaces, and various trinkets. The chiefs decked their heads, in the Mexican and Peruvian style, with feathers, and painted or tattooed their arms and legs. They were distinguished from the African races by the aquiline nose, blue eyes, and small red beards. The fact of such a nation as this exhibiting all the signs of organised power, moving vast armies from a temperate, and therefore a distant Asiatic country, and frequently resisting with success the forces brought against them by the Egyptians, must tend to open new views about the early history of the world.

Another remarkable nation recorded in the Egyptian paintings are the Shari. Among the ornaments worn by these people were necklaces, to which a small crucifix was suspended. The Rebo also frequently wore a cross in the same manner, or figured upon their robes, full fifteen hundred years before that emblem became sacred as the token of our redemption. About the same period, a people, supposed to be Lydians, drove to battle in four-wheeled chariots and curricles, and appear to have been possessed of abundance of rare woods, ivory, gold and silver vases of the most exquisite form and workmanship, rings of the same metals, porcelain jars filled with choice gums and resins for making incense (which they probably obtained from Arabia).

Our modern modes vary so frequently that I really do not know whether at this moment wide sleeves or narrow sleeves, flounces or no flounces, long gloves or short, are the fashion. I find, however, that at the period just mentioned the Lydian ladies were accustomed to wear long gloves, flowing garments secured at the waist by a girdle, and trimmed with three rows of flounces; that their sleeves were sometimes large and open, sometimes fastened tight round the wrist, and that some of them wore caps to which a long tassel was appended; while others, the maidens I presume, tied a band round the head, and permitted the hair to fall at each side in graceful ringlets. Only imagine the triple flounce, the balloon sleeve, and the feroniere to have been in vogue three thousand three hundred years ago!

The new Egyptian saloon recently opened at the British Museum is at once the most interesting, and perhaps the most perplexing room in Europe. We have here a collection of objects, many of them found in tombs in which they must have been deposited even before the remote period just referred to, and exhibiting unequivocal tokens of civilisation advanced to a stage that must surprise the schools. We have here small figures of Egyptian deities, of quadrupeds and birds beautifully wrought in bronze, stone, and *porcelain*; chairs, some plain like those used in our kitchens, some inlaid and highly embellished; three-legged stools with concave seats, much more agreeable than our horizontal ones; a model of a house, and a great variety of vases in glass, bronze, earthenware, and alabaster, and in a semi-transparent kind of composition resembling our Derbyshire ornaments; leather sandals and shoes; metallic mirrors; wooden combs for combing the hair exactly

like those which we use; hair pins of wood and ivory; bowls, cups, and spoons; a pair of roast ducks found in a Theban tomb; a rope-ladder, by which probably a Don Giovanni of those days ascended the balcony of his mistress; implements for writing and painting; several *glass* phials; and a complete set of carpenter's tools, the saw, the mallet, the chisel, the axe, the drill, nails, together with the basket in which they were found by Mr. Burton, all resembling those now used by artisans of that trade. Fan-handles, small boudoir boxes of ivory, children's *dolls*, musical instruments, rings for the ears and fingers in gold, ivory, and various metals; necklaces of gold, of beads in glass and other substances, are also to be seen in this mysterious chamber, which, moreover, abounds in mummies of bards and priests, and in coffins so exquisitely painted that they beguile death itself of its horrors. A great majority of these articles must have been wrought almost four thousand years ago; and when we pass from them to the statues, sarcophagi, and fragments of sculptures and paintings, brought from Egypt by our travellers, we plunge into labyrinths of antiquity that baffle all investigation.

The fragments of sculptures and paintings lately presented to the British Museum by several enterprising travellers, who appear to have made Egypt their particular study, have greatly extended our acquaintance with that country. The researches of M. Champollion and Professor Roselini, but especially those of Mr. Wilkinson, have thrown a flood of light upon the sculptures and paintings of Beni Hassan * and Thebes. In his recent work on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians" the latter gentleman has introduced a great number of lithographic copies of those valuable memorials. He has accompanied them by descriptions and details of the most interesting character. A few visits to the Museum, and a perusal of Mr. Wilkinson's splendid volumes—for splendid they are in every sense of the word—will fill any mind, previously uninformed upon this subject, with astonishment. Mr. Wilkinson's dates appear not to have been given, without the most ample consideration of all the authorities and monuments which afford any clue to that intricate question.

From all these sources we find that eighteen hundred years B.C. a state of civilisation existed, in which men were employed very much as they are at present. The rich had their villas, to which were attached gardens, and parterres, and enclosed parks for deer, vineyards, and orchards. During their excursions in pursuit of wild animals they had huntsmen to assist them, who conducted the dogs to the field, managed them in the chase, and secured and brought home the game. The grandees had also their private boats and their establishments of watermen. There were in those days, just as now, shopkeepers, musicians, builders, masons, public weighers, notaries, carvers and gilders, curriers, cabinet-makers, cooks, and, in short, almost every description of artisan, with the exception of those lately created amongst us by the introduction of gas-light and steam.

Some few years ago, when public companies were got up in London for every possible purpose, serving the town with unadulterated milk, bringing sea-water for baths to every house, washing linen without

* Grottoes on the eastern bank of the Nile, near the Speos Artemidos.

tearing it, baking bread without poison, and shaving beards without the application either of soap or razor, an association astonished the good citizens by issuing proposals for hatching eggs without the assistance of hens. If any modern device seemed entitled to the honour of being considered novel, one would think that this might have been set down at the head of the catalogue of new inventions. The whole process was known to the ancient Egyptians, and even at the present day the markets of Alexandria and Cairo are supplied with poultry warmed into life by artificial means. The eggs are placed in ovens heated to the requisite temperature, and carefully tended until the desired result is produced. The operation requires about twenty-one days.

When lately going over the baths of Titus at Rome, I remember the long pause I made before the beautiful arabesques with which those remains of imperial luxury are ornamented. The paintings are much faded, but they are so replete with the graces of refined taste, that to gaze upon them is to hear the whispers of some divine music. The guide tells everybody that the similar decorations spread over the ceilings of the stairs and galleries of the Vatican, painted poetry in truth worthy of that paradise of the arts, and which even seems to impart new lustre to the countless memorials of Greek and Roman genius preserved in those glorious chambers, were stolen by Raphael from the frescoes of the baths in question. Until those frescoes were brought more into light by the removal of the rubbish with which they were incumbered, the artist had the credit of being the inventor of that species of ornament. The merit of the application and of the matchless execution is all his own. But even if the baths of Titus had not been cleared out, the houses at Pompeii, several of which I have seen similarly adorned, would have disturbed his claims as the inventor of the most beautiful architectural embellishments with which art has yet captivated the human eye.

Judge, then, of my surprise when, on opening the second volume of Mr. Wilkinson's work, I beheld a whole page of the same species of decoration, copied and coloured from a tomb at E' Sioot, where they must have been painted at least sixteen hundred years before the Christian era! The favourite forms appear to be the lotus, the square, the circle, the diamond, and the succession of scrolls and square within square usually styled the Tuscan border! It appears further that, from the most remote times, the ceilings and walls of Egyptian houses were similarly painted in compartments, with borders of an appropriate description!

Connoisseurs have been hitherto puzzled to find out the original inventors of the scarab, and the harpy, and those other beautiful emblems which abound on the Greek and Etrurian vases. The very epithet seems to have settled the question that the Etrurians were the designers of those wonderful creations, in which all that is elegant in thought and bewitching in imagination seems to be combined with a felicity and a variety truly to be envied. They were all familiar to Egyptian genius three thousand five hundred years ago!

I know of few enjoyments more delightful than those which I experienced, when, the sun shining intensely in the heavens, I have lounged through the narrow streets of Seville, the lofty houses shading me from the glaring light, and the fountains, and evergreens, and

fresh flowers of the Patios soothing at once the ear and the eye. A Patio is the internal square round which most of the respectable dwelling-houses in the Andalusian capital are constructed. The entrance to it from the street is through an iron gate of moderate size, the bars sometimes plainly intersecting each other, sometimes fancifully intertwining, but so as to allow the square within to be visible to the passenger. This favourite spot is floored with bricks kept cool by being frequently sprinkled with the spray of the fountain, which throws up its never-failing column of the refreshing element in the centre. All round are vases of porcelain filled with shrubs, and roses, and geraniums, and lillies of the valley, and tulips of every hue. An awning is spread over this charming retreat in the day-time. In the evening its balmy fragrance and coolness invite the family and their guests to sit there, and to dream of happiness until the stars go down.

"Those Moors, those Moors!" I often exclaimed when stealing, as I passed along, peeps at those charming recesses; they were assuredly the most tasteful of men. To them we owe whatever is allied to poetry in the construction and decoration of private and public edifices in Spain, with the exception of the Gothic cathedrals. The watch-tower rising above the mansion—the castellated wall—the Patio—the inexhaustible combinations of fancy displayed in the *arabesques* which they have left behind them in the sculptured arches of their gates and doors—their very objection to live upon ground floors, which were either wholly unoccupied or used as store-rooms for lumber of every kind—all bespeak a highly-civilised people—people of a much more elevated tone of genius than the Spaniards, who expelled them from the land they had almost made their own.

The Moors! The next inquiry was, whence did they come? From Africa. Who taught them those arts in which they excelled? That was a question I could not answer to my own satisfaction, until I beheld in the paintings of Thebes and Alabastron, as copied by Wilkinson, houses and villas constructed precisely in the same style, with the Patio, the fountain, the flowers, the awning, the towers, the castellated walls, the *arabesques*—everything, in short, for which I had given credit to Moorish taste—and all carried to perfection in that mysterious Egypt three thousand years before the Moors were driven out of the Peninsula!

The observers of those systems of manœuvring which prevail, especially in the higher circles, and which have sometimes politics for their object, but more generally the formation of desirable connexions by marriage, have ascribed to modern ingenuity the establishment of those female archery societies, got up for the purpose of displaying the figures of beautiful *débutantes* in their most graceful attitudes before their wished-for admirers. It is pleasant, at all times, to be able to do justice to those who have been the object of much calumny. The Theban paintings display ladies of rank amusing themselves precisely in a similar manner, with this difference only, that they held the bow in the right hand, and drew the string with the left. It was in this manner also that the ancient British archers used that weapon, so formidable in their contests with foreign and domestic foes.

Let it be borne in mind that we are still speaking of a period not later than fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, and under this

impression let us view, if we can, without astonishment, the signs of advanced civilisation which we behold throughout those wonderful memorials, the Theban sculptures. Ladies, elegantly attired, are seen seated on chairs, and on *fauteuils* of ebony and other rare woods, inlaid with ivory, and sometimes covered with rich brocades, with leathern cushions, and all the devices of modern luxury. They had, moreover, that most delectable of all provocatives to repose, the kangaroo chair, which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would pronounce to be quite a modern invention. The legs are formed frequently in imitation of those of the lion or the goat; the backs are high and concave; and in some of the larger *fauteuils* the arms are remarkably bold and graceful, consisting of the figure of a lion, or some other wild animal. The easy chairs have handsome pillows of coloured cotton, painted leather, or gold and silver tissue. Their foot-stools scarcely differed in form or elegance from those seen in our best furnished drawing-rooms: their ottomans were remarkably splendid, the cushions being covered with leather or cotton cloth, richly coloured, and the base being formed of wood, ornamented with the figures of captives. Their couches or sofas were in every respect as elegant as their ottomans, and similar to those now in use in civilised countries. They had wooden rests for the head, of which many specimens may be seen at the Museum. Some of their tables appear to have been remarkably beautiful, especially their round tables of metal or stone, sustained by the figure of a slave. Our upholsterers would do well to study these specimens of antique furniture, from which they might derive many suggestions for improvements that would appear to the multitude of purchasers altogether *novel!*

One of the most decided tests by which the progress of a community in civilisation may be proved, is their mode of treating the female members of their families. It is amongst barbarians only, or tribes little advanced beyond the savage state, that we find mothers and daughters universally secluded from the ordinary walks of life, and compelled to perform offices of a menial description. In the most ancient ages of Egypt, of which the sculptures and paintings of Beni Hassan or Thebes afford any memorial, we find the ladies, in the better ranks of life, bearing the same relation of equality to the lords of the creation as they do at this moment in France or England. They sometimes sit together on the same couches and chairs; generally, indeed, in the same room, the ladies herd together, as is very much the case in South America. But this circumstance argues no difference in point of station. They have their attendant slaves and all the tokens of respect and luxury around them. Some of the Theban frescoes have preserved other memorials also, which are often found to be the accompaniments of a matured state of society, namely, an addiction to excitement by the produce of the grape. We have representations, not only of gentlemen taken home by their servants in a state of the most helpless intoxication, but also of secret festivities among women of rank, during which the slaves are as busy in supplying the basin as the stewardess of a steamer when there is a swell in the sea. The fading flower, depending from the feverish hand, tells a sad tale of indulgence not very consistent with a patriarchal stage of society. It should be remarked, however, that ancient Egypt was distinguished for its delicious wines, as well as for its beer, which was of an excellent quality—temptations not to be resisted.

In Mr. Fenimore Cooper's delineation of London life, as he has been pleased to designate his slight acquaintance with a few peers and gentlemen, he has given some elaborate criticisms upon the various intonations of the raps inflicted upon the knocker of his door by the footmen of his visitors. So skilful did he become during his brief experience in the notes appropriated to every order, that he deemed himself qualified to judge at once, upon hearing the peal of sounds, whether his caller was a duke, a marquis, an earl, a baron, a commoner, or a dun. No doubt the American conceived that, in describing these matters for the benefit of his countrymen, he was denouncing to them a nuisance which the world never heard of before, and was, in fact, confined to the precincts of this modern Babylon. I forget whether it is to the same author we are indebted for some smart remarks upon those affected diners out, who make it a point never to arrive until the soup is about to quit the table.

If Mr. Cooper, and the said satirist, whoever he may be, would take the trouble to look at Mr. Wilkinson's copy of a Theban fresco, No. 176, they would there find that both the evils of which they complain were known to society thirty or forty centuries ago. The English late comer justifies his tardiness, by pleading the extreme torture to which a sedentary company is exposed during the awful half-hour that precedes the announcement of dinner. In this respect we might take a hint from the Egyptians: they had generally musicians to entertain them *before* as well as after dinner; and, like the Russians and Germans, they also had their cordials, which were handed round in the drawing-room before they applied the appetite to the more substantial luxuries of the saloon set apart for banquets. Will it be believed that they often dined on roast beef and goose—that they had their puddings and pies—that they drank their wine out of *glasses*, and that they even challenged each other, and drank healths as we do in this nineteenth century?

There is scarcely any musical instrument familiar to us which the Egyptians did not possess from the earliest times—the harp, in a wonderful variety of forms—the lyre, played with and without the plectrum—the guitar (the *Spanish* guitar!)—the tambourine—the single and double flageolet—the trumpet, the cymbals, the drum, and the sistrum. There is a passage in Plato referring to Egyptian music, which is very remarkable on account of the high antiquity which he ascribes to Egyptian civilisation. "The plan," he says, "which we have been laying down for the education of youth was long known to the Egyptians, that nothing but beautiful forms and fine music should be permitted to enter into the assemblies of young people. Having settled what those forms and what that music should be, they exhibited them in their temples; nor was it allowable for painters, or other imitative artists, to innovate or invent any forms different from what were established; nor lawful, either in painting, statuary, or any branches of music, to make any alteration. Upon examination, therefore, you will find that the pictures and statues made *ten thousand* years ago are in no one particular better or worse than what they now make."*

A remark in Bruce runs in a similar vein. Speaking of the harps of a tomb at Thebes, he says that "they overturn all the accounts hitherto

* Plato, 2nd Book of Laws.

given of the earliest state of music and musical instruments in the East; and are altogether, in their form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when this instrument was made, and that the period from which we date the *invention* of these arts was only the beginning of the era of their *restoration*." The harps in question were of the times of Remeses III., about 1235 years B. C. No wonder that Bruce was so much lampooned in his day; for if accumulating evidence had not since entitled him to be ranked among the most intelligent and accurate of travellers, people, even now, might be well astonished at his talking of the restoration of arts at a period when many can scarcely believe that they were in their infancy.

Instead of laughing *with* George Selwyn, we should now laugh *at* him for his caustic insinuation against Bruce's veracity. Some one asked the traveller, in a large company at dinner, "What musical instruments are used in Abyssinia?" Bruce answered, "I think I saw one *lyre* there." George whispered into the ear of the person sitting near him, "Yes; and there is one less since he left the country." It appears, in fact, from a description given by Athenæus, that upwards of six hundred musicians were employed in the chorus, amongst whom were three hundred performers on the cithara, in the Bacchic festival of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

The castanets, like the guitar, are supposed very generally to be of Spanish, or at least of Moorish origin. There is no doubt that they are Egyptian, the only difference being that in Spain they are made of the wood of the chestnut (castaña), whereas in ancient Egypt those small cymbals, played with the finger and thumb, were composed of metal.

Nothing can be more commonplace than the remonstrances made by some of our prudes against what they are pleased to call the modern grossness of opera dancers—their standing on one foot, the other being elevated and extended parallel to the arm, while the figure of the fair *artiste* spins about like a top—their short flights in the air—and, in short, all those rapid variations of attitude by which the Melanies and Mercandottis extracted so much applause and hard cash from John Bull, Taglioni is levying large contributions on the Russians, and Duvernay intends to obtain a revenue more than equal to that of many a German principality. "Such distortions of the human frame were never seen before! All the result of the vicious stage of society at which we are arrived! shameful abominations—they should be confined to the French academy, where, no doubt, they have been invented! And then the petticoat!!!"

Remembering these sage criticisms, I confess I could not help laughing outright when I beheld, in a copy of the Beni Hassan memorials, a group of female dancers, one pirouetting away on one foot, the other extended precisely in the Academic style, and the arms outstretched. I thought at first it was Taglioni herself! There are eight dancers in all, some attitudinising, the arms raised above the head and the hands gracefully meeting; some dancing in pairs; some, evidently *figurantes*, waiting until the principal *artistes* have finished their exhibitions. And then the petticoat—I am sorry to say it—is not an inch longer than Taglioni's.

It is, however, but justice to those primeval days (I speak of 3500 years ago) to remark, that, though the dresses of the female dancers were sufficiently fine to show the form and movement of the limbs, they generally reached the ankles. Round the hip was a small narrow girdle adorned with beads or ornaments of various colours. In most of the respectable families the slaves were taught dancing and music; but it appears that free Egyptians, who derived their subsistence from the display of their talents, were also occasionally engaged at private parties for the entertainment of guests by dancing and performing on various instruments. Sometimes a man danced a solo to sounds made by the clapping of hands.

The *minuet de la cour* is claimed also as a French invention. But here we have it on a Theban fresco! It would appear, moreover, that the hornpipe, which affords so much delight to the galleries in the "Beggar's Opera," was not unknown upon the Nile at the period in question; and that the Highland reel, the Irish jig, the Spanish bolero, the quadrille, and, *mirabile dictu*, even the galopade, are all neither more nor less than imitations of the performances familiar to the Egyptians long before the Trojan war!

Nay, Joe Grimaldi, or at least some kinsman of his, as well as his friends, Pantaloon and Harlequin, flourished in that hoary age; and there is absolutely in one of these monuments a perfect prototype of Jim Crow. That popular monster I certainly did hitherto deem an original. But when I find that he has only been copying from an Egyptian fresco (No. 241) nearly four thousand years old, I am compelled to exclaim with Solomon, Well, there really *is* "nothing new under the sun!"

(To be continued.)

PAPERS OF A "GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS."—NO. II.

EDITED BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

Arma virumque cano!

From Gustavus Nibs, Gent.-at-Arms, Pimlico, to the Reverend Doctor Undercrust, Mousehole, Cornwall.

My worthy master and dear friend,—Come, come, come from Mousehole! Emerge from the darkness of Cornwall, and consent to illuminate London. Oh! my respected preceptor, little do you dream of the honours here awaiting you! Here, in this glorious city—in this magnificent abiding-place of mighty men—genius cannot be hidden. Though in its sensitive modesty it take refuge in a garret, a thousand benevolent spirits compel it to appear in the light of common day, and rejoice in its deservings. Nay, such is the ardour of men in this incomparable London to acknowledge and reward merit, that even an imitation of talent shall often carry away the price of the true thing: hence, it now and then happens to genius, as to spoons, the plated article takes the place of the real metal. However, as Lord Shaftesbury observes—it is my intention to make speedy acquaintance with all royal and noble authors —"no man of genius starves unknown." An observation of profound

truth; for, if in England the man of genius be really and truly starved, a coroner's inquest is of course held upon the body.

But to convince you, even to my own confusion, of the amiable haste with which the humblest talent is recognised and rewarded by the learned bodies of London—let the glad tidings flash upon you in one golden line:

Gustabus Nibs, Gentleman-at-Arms, is—F.S.A.!

Fellow of the Antiquarian Society! Oh, my reverend tutor! is not that a big bay-leaf to stick in the *shaco* of a Gentleman-at-Arms? The Admirable Crichton may once again appear in a Nibs!

Now you have taken breath, I will proceed to explain to your yet astounded faculties the fortunate cause of my elevation. You have read—I am proud to add, all the world have, in common with you—my brief history of that illustrious body, *quorum minima pars sum;* or, as I translated it to a brother private,—of which I am an undeserving member. Well, Sir, the laborious research, the profound erudition, and, more than all, the felicitous guesses—for to guess well is, I am assured, the most valuable faculty of an historian—displayed in that history, were not lost upon the orbs of the Society of Antiquaries, always particularly wide awake to the merits of young beginners. In a word, I was, upon the strength of that history, vehemently invited to become a fellow antiquary, and—I pass much flattering matter—I now write F.S.A.

Shall I confess to you that on the first offer of the honour I was about to decline it from a sense of my unworthiness? For although the fact has escaped the recollection of the body, it is no less certain that the documents from which I culled my history were, in the year MDCCLXXXIV., thrown into a tract by Samuel Pegge, Esq., and addressed to the "President of the Society of Antiquaries, London!" True it is, I endeavoured to rend away some of its husk, and to give an edge to a blunt paragraph or two—nevertheless, I should have shrunk from the proffered honour, had I not been privately and kindly assured by three or four fellows, that to decline the offered distinction would be to censure by implication the little doings of many very respectable members.

It will give you, Reverend Sir, a most grateful idea of the enlarged and embracing liberality of the Society in question—of its impartial endeavours to add to its numbers without demanding too high a qualification on the part of the elected,—when I assure you that more than two fellows are celebrated for nothing so much as the antiquity of their port wine. Whilst I rejoice at this circumstance—by the way, I dine with one of these antiquaries next week—I much lament that it has come to the knowledge of Sam Dutch, a prosperous cheesemonger, and brother Gentleman-at-Arms, who pesters me extremely to get him enrolled in the Society on the age of his prime old Cheshire; a sample of which he declares himself ready to lay before the association.

To return to my history of our distinguished force. Although its publication has been productive of the honour of F.S.A. to its author—a malevolent scribbler in a low weekly print has questioned my authorship and has made some imbecile allusions to the name of Pegge,—it has caused some confusion, not unmingled I must own, with self-congratulations, amongst my valorous co-mates, the brave band of "Gentlemen."

Many of them are utterly beside themselves at the news, for the first time made easy to their comprehension. They can scarcely believe the glory of their origin. They look upon the first "gentlemen," in the roseate light of ancestors, and verily consider themselves descended from the dukes, earls, barons, and knights, composing the early force. "A little too bad this," said Jack Chili, an Italian warehouseman and Gentleman-at-Arms—"a little too bad," said he to me on Thursday last, as we sat in the Putney omnibus, being invited by one of our corps to Parson's Green to dinner, "that you and I, Gustavus, should be compelled to '*buss* it, when, as you have shown, we once had '*barbed horses, and rode in red damask.*'" Since the appearance of my history, Nehemiah Ticket, a pawnbroker and one of our body, calls his errand-boy a "*coustrill,*" and his shopman a "*demi-lance!*" Nay, only yesterday, the gallant Roger Golightly, linen-draper and Gent.-at-Arms, on receiving a lady in his shop—whither with a crowd of females she had been suddenly driven by the fear of some passing bullocks—entreated the pretty trembler not to fear, assuring her, as former "gentlemen" in the Wyat rebellion had assured Queen Mary, that "*she should see him fell down her enemies that day before her face!*" These gratifying incidents prove the popularity of my history—prove how provocative of high and chivalrous deeds is the ennobling sense of early greatness. "When I think of what we was," said Figginton, a grocer and Gentleman-at-Arms,—"when I think of what our regiment was, and what we comes from, damned if I've the heart to serve a customer with half a pound o' soft. To be sure"—Figginton added, with a wisdom for which he is celebrated in the corps—"glory, Mr. Nibs, is one thing, and business is another; laurels looks pretty in a elmet, but sugar's profitable."

These ingenuous evidences of the popularity of my maiden essay are, I repeat, gratifying: notwithstanding, my pleasure sustained a drawback a few days ago, in the separation of Joe Mittens, glover and Gent.-at-Arms, from his wife. Joe and Mrs. Mittens—the four children mounted on asses—took their Sunday excursion in the direction of Blackheath. As Joseph approached the to him peculiarly historical ground, he grew particularly thoughtful. Arrived at the foot of Shooter's Hill, Joseph suddenly halted, and, holding forth his right arm, exclaimed—"This was the spot, the very spot, where I met her!" "Met her—Met her!" cried the agitated Mrs. Mittens—"and afterwards," continued the absorbed Joseph, "afterwards conducted her to Greenwich." Mittens had said enough; nothing could convince his wife that he had not unconsciously spoken of a wretch "whom she had long suspected,"—no persuasion could satisfy her that the "Gentleman-at-Arms" alluded to no living fair, but, looking through the mist of three centuries, talked abstractedly of Anne of Cleves, received by the band of Gentlemen in 1539.

I have a thousand things to write to you, but must here break off to save post and use up my "frank." In my next, I trust to be better enabled to discuss the grave and lofty subjects which in this gorgeous city continue to increase and press upon me.

Believe me, dear Sir, your friend and grateful disciple,

GUSTAVUS NIBS,
Gent.-at-Arms and F.S.A.

P.S. You will be perfectly safe in introducing the "nutmeg-grater

into your epic, *The Saucepan*. I laid the subject before the Reverend Doctor Tunnyfish, a fellow antiquarian, who gives it as his fixed opinion —an opinion founded upon the discovery of marbles in the ruins of Carthage—that the Phœnicians were acquainted with a certain drink known to the moderns as "dog's nose." That they knew flip, is, says the Doctor, "as sure as eggs."

From Gustavus Nibs, Gentleman-at-Arms, to Benjamin Squabpie, Mousehole.

Dear Ben,—You ask me what they are doing at the playhouses? The question betrays your rusticity. True it is, there has of late been a spirt in things dramatic, but as a general principle—understand me, my dear Ben, as a general principle—never think of the stage; it isn't fashionable: to speak knowingly and emphatically, it isn't *the thing*. That very admirable and most disinterested print, "The Wet Blanket" —I shall have to write further of that excellent periodical—has proved it to be impossible that the drama can flourish in a highly-civilised state; the best interests of the stage being, as the writer would imply, compatible only with an infant state of society. When the community can run alone, argues the critic, it inevitably runs from the theatre to the opera. This becoming a fashionable opinion—and, no doubt, all through the influence of "The Wet Blanket"—it, of course, becomes mine.

To you, however, my dear Benjamin—the Cassius to my schoolboy Brutus—I will speak without disguise. I have been to the playhouses! I have sat in the pit; but, having taken the precaution of assuming false whiskers, it is my hope that nobody has detected me.

I had an earnest wish to visit Drury Lane: that wish, unhappily, remains ungratified. You know my constitutional abhorrence of a mob. Well, day by day, I was alarmed, disappointed, at the announcement in the bills, which, declaring the house to be every night crowded to the ceiling, prevented my risking my anatomy among the multitude. This, I the more regret, as I was assured by three cigar-smoking critics at the Albion—the eldest was at least eighteen—that "'twas devilish fine—devilish—never—never anything like it."

I went to Covent Garden. There is a new play there called "The Lady of Lyons"—a play in five acts. I would write you my opinion of it, but find it so briefly, yet withal so deliciously, reviewed in "The Wet Blanket," that I prefer transcribing the wisdom and fine taste of the critic. Here it is:—

"'The Lady of Lyons,' a play in five acts, has been produced at Covent Garden. If not written *in* the city of Lyons, it is written *at* the city of Lyons."

In this easy, yet profound style, are five new acts discussed in "The Wet Blanket!" The critic would finish a new tragedy, comedy, and farce in less time than a Cyclops would head and point a pin. When, however, he intends to be very severe, he never mercilessly uses a club, but endeavours quietly to punch a mortal hole in his subject with a blunt epigram.

I have seen "Macbeth;" but you, who have been accustomed to behold the witches at ——, can have no idea of the terrible haggardness, the wild, demoniacal aspects of the persons at Covent Garden. All the

witches I had ever seen in "Macbeth" were cosey, comfortable old women, with a somewhat jocular expression of face—droll old beldames, who had realised a decent income by the sale of matches. At Covent Garden this is all altered; and, "surely," as "The Wet Blanket" observes, "without sufficient authority." The same critic remarks that the meaning of the author would be more familiarised to the audience, if a dagger, suspended by a thin wire, were made to dangle before the eyes of Macbeth, as he exclaims—"Is this a dagger that I see before me?" to be adroitly whipped away at the words "there's no such thing!" To me, I must own, the suggestion is quite worthy of the eminent critic, overflowing as he always is with a profound sense of the poetic. If I purchase a free ticket next season—an expense I am afraid to contemplate—I shall, as a point of duty, recommend the manager to try the wire. The ghost of Banquo is seen—why not the ghost of the dagger?

"King Lear," with the restoration of the "Fool," and the murder of Cordelia—who, you will recollect, in Mr. Nahum Tate's edition, is married to Edgar, and, with the old king, "lives happy ever after"—has been put before the town; but, as "The Wet Blanket" observes, "the original version is very affecting."

However, "Coriolanus" for my money. That *is* a show! You, who have seen nothing beyond an election at Liskeard, can have no idea of the mob at Covent Garden. Such delicious ruffians! My father, it is true, made his money by smoked pilchards; nevertheless, sure I am that I have a dash of aristocracy in my veins. How I came by it I know not—but there it is; otherwise, how could I have felt such mysterious loathing—such indescribable indignation, at the pack of vagabonds, bellowing, threatening, stamping at the noble Roman? Strange, upon a sensitive mind, is the influence of the stage. As the mob roared I felt within me a wondrous change; sympathising with the noble Coriolanus, my plebeian clay seemed to refine into aristocratic porcelain—the red earth pipkin became a bit of real China!

The whole show is a wonderful piece of reality. The mob, I am told, were engaged and instructed by Twosides, a Westminster elector, and back-bone patriot; and are, with few exceptions, the very individuals who have often rehearsed in the front of Covent Garden hustings. Twenty among them, I am informed, can boast of having given black eyes to at least four candidates for Parliament. To the astonishment of its readers, "The Wet Blanket" has praised this; observing that "there is truth and fine keeping in it."

The Olympic—the house that Corduroy the traveller used to rave about—is the prettiest place, I think, in the habitable world. The pieces, too, are so nice and light; they come on and go off like butterflies, and, fluttering pleasantly about one, they please the eye and don't stretch the mind. And then, the beauty! Oh, Benjamin—now I have touched upon beauty—what a place is London! How necessary is it for a man in my exalted station to keep constantly before him the probability of a golden match, in order that he may not sell himself too cheap!

The Adelphi is a wonderful house. You have seen a whole service of plate shaken from a single cherry-stone. In like manner, you have at the Adelphi all the tenants of a Noah's Ark—the Pyramids—the entire of the Alps—two or three earthquakes—and every drop of the Bay of

Biscay; each or all, as it may please the astounding manager, placed at one time before you! There never was such a place for the *multum in parvo* of things. At this moment, a new front scene is advertised, in which will be exhibited a full-length portrait of—the Birmingham Railway!

The dramas are mostly of the galvanic order; though there has been of late a touch of natural history in the pieces. A dwarf acted a blue-bottle fly to perfection; buzzing round the boxes to the enthusiastic delight of a refined audience. The exhibition of the Industrious Fleas—they were shown in Regent-street, to the shame of biped idlers—has been much injured by the opposition. Another drama, called "The Mayor and the Monkey," contains, I think, a piece of mischief that has escaped the unsuspecting licenser: a mayor is put in bodily fear by a conjuror, who declares that he can, "by his so potent art," transform a high civic authority into an ape! Mayors ought to look to this.

Promise me, my dear Ben., to keep my information on dramatic affairs a profound secret, and I will from time to time gratify your uncultivated taste with a letter on the subject. In the mean time, you must be content with the present. Several houses remain to be noticed: it was the intention of two or three of us to visit the Norton Folgate Theatre, a playhouse on the Essex road, but we could not at the moment make up our minds where we should bait. Thine ever,

GUSTAVUS NIBS,
Gent.-at-Arms and F.S.A.

P.S. I had left the letter unsealed, as I could not beg a frank until the morrow. I have since seen my friend Dryandull. He tells me that he is appointed dramatic critic to "The Wet Blanket," *vice* Tepid, discharged for his immeasurable praise of the mob in "Coriolanus;" the great pervading principle of "The Wet Blanket" being, as he ought to have known, to praise nothing. You will, perhaps, be amused by a description of the ordeal to which all candidates for the critical rod in "The Wet Blanket" are invariably subjected. The candidate is placed in an apartment in a temperature of 98, where he is suffered to remain at least an hour. He is then ordered to take a thermometer from over the fireplace, and desired to put the instrument under his waistcoat—in a word, at the place "nearest his heart." Having held the instrument there not more than two minutes, he is required to return the thermometer to the judge: if the mercury have fallen to 30, the candidate is deemed eligible. Dryandull passed the ordeal with distinguished success: holding forth his hand, he asked me to congratulate him; I clasped his hand—I have never been warm from that moment.

It is a positive fact, that, even at midsummer, the printer's devils, where "The Wet Blanket" is "got up," save the copy, and, laying it upon the floor, skate over it. At the yearly dinner given to the various contributors, the hat—the simple hat of the editor—is invariably used as a wine-cooler.

From Gustavus Nibs, Gentleman-at-Arms, to Cimabue Carmine, Mousehole.

Dear Cimabue,—I hasten to gratify your curiosity with a brief account of the present state of art in London. I wish not to reflect upon

your misfortunes, but, really, buried as you are, with nothing but old prints about you, nothing but the sharp scratchings and sooty blots of the old masters, you can have no idea of the wonders of the picture-shops in this mighty metropolis. If you wish to be anything, you must give up your old bigotry to the historical, and address yourself, tooth and nail, to the beautiful. If you can paint white satin, and by degrees become an authority for milliners, your fortune's accomplished.

There cannot be a more gratifying evidence of the present passion for art, of the ingenuity of its professors, and the liberality of its patrons, than the continued supply of female loveliness. No slave-market could ever boast such a stock of "beauties"—such a string of attractive creatures, dressed or half-dressed at the "sweet will" and sweeter taste of the painter. And then they attack a simple man with such invincible names, and under such touching types, it is impossible to be safe from them! You see a book, "The Daisies of Delicacy;" you open the glossy volume, and behold, as you turn its silver leaves, female faces of the most lovely and unsophisticated aspect! There they are, for the heart of the admirer to pick, and wear for its own—there they bud and there they blow, from the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped" beauty of the mountain, to the expansive double-daisy of the west-end flower-bed—there the bachelor may select his delicate Daisy, though we grant he may be somewhat puzzled by the various claims of the Double White, the Red, the Red and White Striped, the Variegated, the Proliferous, the Hen-and-Chicken, and other Daisies too numerous to mention.

Say, however, that your taste be more refined, that you yearn for beauties of a more polished and courtly character: the book or print-seller will straightway hand you "The Pinks of Politeness." What an array of beauty! and how—how to escape from the blandishments of the Clove Pink, the Maiden Pink, the Sops-in-Wine, the *Garofano ortense?*

Or, you have passed the indiscriminating age of youth, and, with the ripened judgment of five-and-forty, have cultivated your admiration for more matured loveliness,—our artists, ever alive to the dignity of their profession and the call of the markets, have a gorgeous volume in store for you; there it is, under the inviting title of "The Dahlias of Dowagers!"

Nor do the painters of this glorious era confine themselves to the produce of the field and the garden for types of female loveliness: no, indeed; with a never-to-be-sufficiently-rewarded ambition, they go into the bowels of the earth, and dive into the depths of the sea, to "supply the trade." I am proud to inform you that, with a liberality only to be expected from such intelligence, the artists sedulously endeavour to represent every social interest on India paper. An east-end publisher has advertised "The Jewels of Judaism," in which the hitherto-neglected charms of the daughters of Israel will be touchingly displayed as Emeralds, Amethysts, Pearls, Agates, Rubies, and Carbuncles. Very many gentlemen of the Stock Exchange—all great patrons of the arts in this way—are among the subscribers.

"The Shells of Simplicity" are advertised, and will be ready for publication by the Annual Spring Meeting of the Quakers: I yesterday obtained a prospectus at Exeter Hall. The portraits of twenty fair "Friends" will appear embodied in the Nautilus, Oyster, Scallop, Periwinkle, &c. &c.

Besides these illustrations, there is another class of beauty much dabbled in by modern artists; the heroines of authors, old and new, are produced, like buttons, by the hundred. With the assistance of modern art, you may know the precise length of Pamela's nose, and swear to the lips of Lady Montague's Roxalana. "The Beauties of Charles Dibdin" will appear in the course of a month, three distinguished artists of "the school" having visited the sea-ports for authentic portraits. I am happy to say that Meg of Wapping has fallen to the lot of my friend Honeybrush, who has so sweetened up his subject that Meg looks the first-bred countess in a check apron: but Honeybrush would turn tar itself into treacle.

Neither do the domestic affections escape the genius of working-day art. You may have portraits of the same young lady through all the stages of her eventful life from the "Proposal" to the "Christening;" the whole to conclude with the "Widow."

To us, my dear friend, who can remember the times when green parrots with yellow bills, and pictures of the "Seasons," with sportsmen in rainbow-coloured jackets, attended by dogs in skins of patch-work, ranging over gamboge stubble—to us, who can recollect these things, it is delightful to reflect upon the advancement of modern art. Tens of thousands of British pounds are every year expended upon "Daisies of Delicacy," "Shells of Simplicity," and such wonderful achievements of English genius, and all society by such means inoculated with a strong sense of the beautiful.

What drabs! what cold, vulgar, draggled things do the women, the beauties—as a few self-willed people insist upon calling them—of the old school appear to the soft, glossy, graceful, candied creatures of modern art! Every "Pink of Loveliness," yea, every "Dahlia of the Dowagers," seems made of sugar, and ready to melt in the mouth. The old school is all wiriness and severity—the new, "sugar and spice, and everything nice."

Leave Mousehole, my dear Cimabue; sell your old prints for waste paper, break your plaster Venuses, Apollos, Jupiters, Ledas, &c., divest yourself of every musty thought, every antiquated hankering after the old school, and come to London. Set resolutely to work in the man-millinery way of art, and the surest evidence of honour—money—will be showered upon you. I have heard you talk much of the massive drapery of Michael Angelo, of the simple grandeur of its folds, its flow, its sweep, its exquisite beauty of outline: this may be all very well for an enthusiast, but there is the prudent and courtly Honeybrush—why, he will make more out of two morning-caps for "Beauties," than an artist in these days would get for the folds of a Jeremiah. I am credibly informed that he realises a thousand per annum by selling the early proofs of his flounces to Madame Mousseline, the fashionable *modiste*. To Honeybrush lace and satins are what the naked figure was to Correggio; certainly no artist, dead or alive, ever owed so much to the ribbon-trade. He and his school have their reward: for as I have said, there is in England tens of thousands of pounds laid out, not in copies of the antique, not on the simplicity of beauty, but on haberdashery art, yea, on painting "from Flint's." Come to London.

However, should you obstinately determine to follow your present unprofitable course, I will, from time to time, send you a report, drawn

up to the best of my unprofessional judgment, on the progress of art as developed in the metropolis. In my next you shall have some account of the exhibition at the National Gallery. By the way, we are about to erect a statue to the memory of Nelson: the site of all sites for the memento is Trafalgar-square—but, unfortunately, the National Gallery for English Art forming one side of the square, it is feared that the statue of the hero cannot be permitted to stand there, lest it should obscure some of the beauties of the classic edifice. A correspondence is, at this moment, proceeding upon the subject; and there are sanguine hopes that the committee for the erection of the statue will have the desired ground allowed them, if they will covenant that the Admiral shall hold his cocked-hat under his arm: did he wear it, serious fears would be entertained lest the hat should entirely "carry off" the portico of the National Gallery. Yours faithfully,

GUSTAVUS NIBS,
Gent.-at-Arms and F.S.A.

P.S. I promised to forward the first number of our work, "Beauties of the Gentlemen-at-Arms," to Mousehole. Unluckily, it is not yet published. Ebenezer Spurs, who was to have been one of the portraits, was attacked with a bilious fever, which prevented his sitting; and Hannibal Pop, another subject, about the same time sickened for the measles. Mr. Honeybrush, however, professed himself ready to paint them in rude health; but this liberal offer was, for obvious reasons, declined by the *corps*. Mention this accident to Dolly.

Gustavus Nibs, Gent.-at-Arms, to Clarissa Peachdown, Mousehole.

My dearest Clarissa—You little know the heart of your soldier if you can imagine that the witcheries of this enchanting place, were they ten times trebled, could wean it from a certain person at Mousehole. No, Clarissa; Achilles was not more invulnerable than is your Nibs. When a prime minister shall change, nay, when even an under-secretary shall waver, then, but not till then, doubt your Gustavus.

Extraordinary things are in preparation—things unseen, unthought of, by the multitude, but forcing themselves upon the minds of men enjoying as I do a courtly station. I am about to intrust you with a secret, as yet only known to a select few of the palace. Clarissa, my beloved, the coronation of our august Queen is absolutely fixed for the 26th of June! I and a few friends have seen a copy of the proclamation. However, keep the secret closely at your heart, for the Tower is an ugly place; and, by what I can gather from all historians, beheading a very disfiguring operation.

Our first drawing-room has been a perfect glory. Oh, Clarissa! that you could have seen the presentations! That you could have witnessed the flutterings of beauty—the grace, the sensitiveness of daughters—the pride of mothers—the ostrich feathers and the pearls and diamonds! I will say it that, when I saw the sparkling eyes, the red, red lips, the carnation cheeks, the fair brows of so many lovely women, I rejoiced, from the bottom of my heart, that they were (as "The Court Journal" said of many of their dresses) "all of British manufacture."

I was quite rapt by the exhibition; myself and the Turkish Ambassador completely confounded.

Your affectionate fears respecting my military ardour are, believe me, uncalled for. True it is, I had some yearnings towards regular service, for, they do say that, when the ice breaks, great things will open in Canada. You have doubtless heard that many of our troops have embarked for that region. Shall I confess to you my military weakness? I may, for, believe me, it is past. I was so excited by the passion for glory that, for three days at least, possessed our corps, that, on the very morning on which the fourth division of the Coldstream Guards quitted London, I was up and shaved by six o'clock, and, in my regimentals, accompanied the brave fellows from their barracks to Turnham Green; whence I returned, with only twice halting, to my lodgings at Pimlico. I am convinced that, possessing the advantage of a good horse, I was born for the infantry.

I shall leave the Opera until my next, merely stating that the Queen and I have, of course, been there. Our weather is, for the season, tolerable. On the 12th of April I counted ten daisies in the greensward in St. James's Park. Ha! Clarissa, they may talk of Paris and their Gardens of the Tuileries, and their Elysian fields—but for a walk, give me a stroll in St. James's Park, then a serious fifteen minutes' contemplation of the ducks—many of them, as a brother antiquary assures me, ducks in a right line from the ducks which Charles the Second delighted to feed—then to stretch up Waterloo Place, to wind through the gorgeous wealth of Regent Street, with its pavement worth its width in diamonds—so through Portland Place—and then to the beautiful rusticity of the Regent's Park, with its back-ground of Hampstead and Highgate, the spires of their churches suggesting a pretty topic of conversation—or, if that topic be passed, to turn a little to the left to the Zoological Gardens, wondrously rich in its *herbivora*, if only so so in its *carnivora*. That, that is a walk which fills us with a sense of the beauty, the comfort, and the wealth of London—that is a walk, which, to speak figuratively, an Englishman may shake in the faces of all the world. * *

Duty compels me to quit thee thus abruptly—I am wanted at the Palace.—Adieu, thine ever,

NIBS.

P.S. I find that I have time to add a few lines. You must know, my charming girl, that at the Coronation it is the proud privilege of our corps to place various dishes before the sovereign. That I may put on my dish with a dazzling grace, I have for the past week been studying my part. By my order, my landlady made me a small beef-steak pie; and the adroitness, the ease, the touching manner with which I have brought myself to put the pie upon the table, is, though I say it, truly astonishing. Something, I think, *must* come of it. Men have gained knighthood from meaner things than beef-steak pies.

THE MANAGER'S NOTE-BOOK.—NO. VII.*

JOHN FAWCETT.

"I loved his humour mightily—it was plain and honest, only a little rough—he wanted a little polishing.—CONGREVE.

It is a common occurrence for children to follow the pursuits of their parents, and more particularly so with those of actors; nor is it to be wondered at, when we reflect that the life of an actor presents to the youthful observer charms of no ordinary degree of interest, for there is no profession that takes such firm hold of the youthful mind as that of acting. In appearance it possesses all the charms of realised romance. Actors are heroes without peril—tyrants without remorse—lovers without despair. The predilection for the stage is certainly a much stronger infatuation than the partiality entertained for any other profession. Fawcett from his birth had a strong desire to be an actor.

His father was born at High Wycombe, and was apprenticed to Dr. Arne, who obtained him an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, where he appeared in the character of Filch, in "The Beggar's Opera," the 23rd of September, 1760; owing to some misunderstanding between Arne and Garrick, he was, however, discharged from Drury Lane Theatre at the end of the third season. In September, 1763, Beard engaged him at Covent Garden; and at the end of that season he went to Dublin, but returned to Drury Lane in September, 1766, where he remained till his death.

The subject of our memoir was born on the 29th of August, 1768. His father by experience knew so well the difficulties and uncertainties of a theatrical life, that he was resolved his son should follow some more regular and less anxious employment: he kept him as much as he could from theatrical society, although he could not entirely prevent his occasionally visiting him behind the scenes. Garrick, as it is well known, retired from the stage on the 10th of June, 1776. Almost the last morning of his attending rehearsal, young John (then eight years old) happened to be with his father, who, though an humble performer, ranked high in the estimation of all his brethren, from his excellent conduct and high respectability. Garrick greatly esteemed and always distinguished him by his particular notice: on this occasion he entered earnestly into conversation with him, on the necessity of increasing the means of the theatrical fund for decayed actors, which he had recently established, and so liberally contributed to. His imposing manner, expressive face, his speaking eye, his every gesture, while in animated conversation, made, it appears, a wonderfully strong impression on young Fawcett; but what fixed the matter still more strongly in his mind, was Garrick patting him on the head, telling him he was pleased with the attention he had bestowed on what he had been saying, hoped he would not forget it, and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him half-a-crown. On their way home John said to his father, "That's a most capital little gentleman, he gave me half-a-crown; but I don't

* Continued from vol. lii., page 532.

quite understand what he said, father; I wish you would explain it to me." He did; and concluded with, "I hope, with all my heart, *you* will never be on the stage; but if, contrary to my wishes, you make it a profession, remember, should you attain pre-eminence, it will be your duty to help your humbler brethren, and never can you do it half so effectually as by supporting the Theatrical Fund," &c. This parental admonition seems to have made a lasting impression on his memory, for the late John Fawcett never ceased from the time he became a member of the Covent Garden Fund to exert himself in obtaining its prosperity.

Fawcett, perceiving his son's inclination for the stage daily increasing, took, as he thought, the most effectual method of checking it: he kept him entirely from the theatre, and taking a hint from the old song,

"Lest he should again break loose,
Had him bound for seven long years,"

and put him apprentice to a linen-draper in the city, a very strict and religious man; but neither written indentures, nor those imprinted by the hand of his master, could eradicate his inclination. At eighteen, he took French leave of the city, and, at Margate (to prevent detection), appeared under the name of Foote, in the eccentric Mates's company, as Courtall, in "The Belles Stratagem:" from there he went to Tunbridge Wells, where he took his proper name. It was there he was noticed by Cumberland, who recommended him to Tate Wilkinson; and he appeared at York as Young Norval, on the 24th of May, 1787. For some time he played the Romeos, Lotharios, and the rest of the juvenile tragedy parts. Knight, the low comedian of the company, was about quitting for Bath. Tate thought very little of Fawcett's *tragic* abilities, but fancied he could make a comedian of him. The farce of "The Farmer" had just then appeared in London, and Wilkinson had, as usual, the privilege of an early copy; this, he thought, was an excellent opportunity for putting his project into execution; he therefore gave Jemmy Jumps to Fawcett, at which he was highly indignant.

"Mr. Wilkinson," said he, "your giving such a part as this to your principal tragedian can only be meant as an insult, and a determination to ruin me in my profession. Sir, I'll not play the part—I would rather quit your theatre."

"Young man," said Tate, in the true Hardcastle style, "young man, when my friend and yours, Mr. Cumberland, wrote to me about you, he said you were a sensible, clever young man, a promising tragedian, and one that would receive advice; but I am sorry to say he was mistaken. I wish to be your friend, and if you act this part as I think you can, with my instruction—Sir! it will make your fortune—I am sure of it."

This lecture had the desired effect: with reluctance he played the part (for he was still for tragedy) against his opinion, and succeeded so greatly that the farce was acted *five times* that week—a thing unknown in the country. "This," says Wilkinson, "made him look big—ay, and talk big, too; for not many weeks after, when his engagement was renewed, my principal tragedian, John Fawcett, stipulated, besides an increase of salary, *never again to play tragedy*: and from that time he never did—he stuck to low comedy."

His fame reached London, and on the 21st of September, 1791, he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre. The play was "He would be a Soldier;" Caleb, (with a song in character) by Mr. Fawcett, from the

Theatre Royal, York, his first appearance on this stage: the farce was "Cymon:" Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Farley are the only persons living who performed on that night. On the 29th he repeated Caleb, and played Ruttekin in the afterpiece; and on the 30th played Pedrillo and Jerry Sneak, with "The little Pigs lay without any Straw."

On the 1st of October Mrs. Fawcett appeared in Nottingham, in the tragedy of "The Earl of Essex." This lady had been Miss Moore, but she appeared at Drury Lane, on the 18th of February, 1783, in Imogen, as Mrs. Mills, which she repeated *once*, and then was heard of *no more*. Mr. Mills died at York in 1788, and she became Mrs. Fawcett very shortly after. She could only be considered as a useful actress.

As it was no easy task to undertake the whole round of characters of so popular an actor as Edwin, it was some time before Fawcett was thoroughly established with the town; every day however he became more and more a favourite, from a striking mixture of talent and self-possession. In 1794 he got footing in the then nursery of actors, the hot-bed of talent, the Haymarket Theatre; where, in one season, he gained more popularity than he had attained in the three previous years he had been at Covent Garden.

In October, 1793, he lost a kind and affectionate father, who, by good conduct, saved out of a small income enough to leave his widow a respectable subsistence, after having lived to see his son a popular actor, in the high road to fortune: had he survived but a very short time longer, he would have been entitled to a handsome legacy, left in reversion by an uncle.

At the expiration of his first engagement at Covent Garden, which was for three years, John Fawcett renewed his articles with Mr. Harris, for a similar period, at an advanced salary of eight, nine, and ten pounds per week: at the latter sum he was engaged at the Haymarket, and at his benefit he acted three of Edwin's most popular parts, Lingo, Muns, and Jemmy Jumps:—"a prodigious bold attempt," in which he succeeded most unequivocally.

In February, 1795, Holman, Pope, Incledon, and Fawcett, gave readings and music, at Free Masons' Hall, on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, where the latter first recited the popular tale of Monsieur Tonson. These entertainments were very successful; but, from some unknown cause, they were not repeated after that season. An unusual occurrence took place this season: a farce called "Crotchet Lodge" was produced, and the prologue was encored: the call was not obeyed for some time: at last Fawcett came forward, and entreated that they would dispense with its repetition. Flattering as the requisition must be to the author and speaker, he respectfully implored that they would not enforce it, and thereby establish a precedent that might prove a lasting annoyance to themselves: but they would have it—and for several nights it was spoken *twice*.

In March, 1796, he played for Pope's benefit, Sir John Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and from his success on that evening, he was the representative of that part, and the Falstaff in "Henry the Fourth," for many years; and was one of the best of the fat knights during his time, save and except George Frederick Cooke.

For his benefit, in May, 1797, he attempted Sir Pertinax Macsycophant; but it was so decided a failure that he never repeated it.

At the Haymarket he remained from his first engagement, in 1794, till the end of the season 1802 (in 1799 Colman appointed him his stage manager). He quitted in consequence of Colman's determination to engage a company (which he afterwards called his Rural Company), independent of the winter houses, and exercise the whole of his license.

At the commencement of 1797 his salary at the Haymarket was increased to fourteen pounds. In August of that year Mrs. Fawcett died.

It was at this period Colman commenced writing for him; and it is difficult to say which was the most beholden to the other, the author or the actor. It is certain that Colman fitted him so exactly, that few, if any, have come near the original representative of most of the parts he wrote for him, more particularly Panglos and Job Thornberry.

In 1800 Holman, Pope, Munden, Fawcett, Johnstone, Knight, Incledon, and H. Johnston, united in publishing "A Statement of the Differences between them and the Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre." The "head and front" of Harris's offending was his giving notice that the benefit charges would in future be 160*l.* instead of 140*l.* (the benefits of Drury Lane were at that time 200*l.*); that three weeks' notice instead of a month would in future be given; that the fine for refusing a part would be *thirty pounds!* and that daily, at twelve o'clock, a notice would be put up in the Green-room, if orders were allowed to be given that evening. Moody, a dissatisfied, surly actor of Drury Lane, whose delight was on all occasions to take part against a manager, addressed them by the title of the *Glorious Eight!* their case was referred to the Lord Chamberlain, and he decided against them. Harris got rid of them all as soon as he could, except Fawcett: Munden and Incledon remained the longest. They are all now dead, except H. Johnston, and he a very few years ago went to America.

Fawcett returned to his old quarters in the Haymarket in the summer of 1806. One of the novelties of that season was a petite comedy by T. Dibdin, called "Five Miles Off:" the first act met with so much disapprobation, that all hope of its succeeding was given up. Fawcett's part of Kalander was a very broad farcical sketch, and did not appear till the commencement of the second act. Fifteen years of London practice had somewhat increased his confidence, and upon this occasion he brought its full force into action: he, by strong acting, much bustle, some noise, and a *little* pushing, brought the piece through *triumphantly*, by his own exertions, and it became a popular piece for the season.

Fawcett possessed an extraordinary tact, invaluable to an author. On the first night of a new piece he rose in energy and spirit as the piece *sunk;* and disapprobation made him act better. Whereas Mathews, Liston, and many others, at all times, but more especially on a first night, could not act without applause. It was during the same season that Edmund Kean was engaged at that theatre, and played, among other trifling parts, Warner, an old steward, in "The Poor Gentleman." Fawcett, who was waiting in the wing, to go on as Ollapod, when Warner went off, observed to the manager who stood at his elbow, "there's good stuff there—he'll make an actor some day, rely upon it." In the season, 1806-7, Mrs. Fawcett's name appeared in the play-bills:

she was, previously, Miss Gaudry. On Fawcett taking the office of stage-manager, she quitted the stage, and was appointed to the care of the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre, which had been lately held by Mrs. John Kemble.

The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund was first suggested by Mattocks, but it was instituted by Hull on the 22nd December, 1765, and incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1776: Hull was styled the *father* (in the Drury Lane Fund the same office is called *master*). Hull died in April, 1808; and, from the great zeal Fawcett had shown in promoting the success of the institution, he was in the following June appointed to the office which Hull had held from its first formation, by the title of treasurer, and was also elected one of the trustees. An annual benefit (which was not always productive), the actors' subscriptions, and a few donations, formed their stock. The contributing actors dined together once a year; but it was more a meeting of conviviality than of business till Fawcett took it up. He annually endeavoured to impress on them the necessity of exerting themselves: at the meeting in 1815, he went very fully into it, and, among a variety of circumstances, he told them, that at Hull's death, their capital had not reached the summit of his expectations, 10,000*l.*, but that, at the present time, it was nearly 15,000*l.*; and that as much had been realised in the last *six* years as in the previous *forty-four*. Four hundred families had been relieved, and he hoped that every member in the autumn of life, should he require it, would be able to retire on *half-pay*, when professional exertions became incompatible with declining years.

On the 30th of January, 1816, the first public anniversary dinner was held at Free Masons' Hall, under the management of Fawcett—upon the suggestion of Emery, and Charles Taylor—by the greatest exertion on his part, and by the kind condescension of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who presided, supported by the Dukes of Kent and Sussex, and a great number of the nobility. Fawcett, in his address to his Royal Highness, said—"the Annuitants were mostly at a very advanced time of life, and many afflicted with mental or bodily infirmities; their stipends amounted to from twenty to forty-five pounds per annum; age and infirmities had driven them from the stage, and the workhouse or the grave must have relieved them, if the Fund had not existed: no persons are more the sport of fortune than actors; they are the creatures of fashion—the victims of caprice; yet, humble as are their pretensions, there is no profession, trade or calling, where such a combination of requisites is required."

The committee, previous to this dinner, presented him with a silver cup, with the following inscription:—

"The Committee of the Covent Garden Fund present this cup to John Fawcett, Esq., its Treasurer, as a Memorial of their esteem, and of their approbation of his active zeal and unwearied industry in promoting the interests of the Institution."

The three first public dinners produced 2720*l.* At the meeting, in 1819, Fawcett informed his auditors that they now were enabled to distribute annually about 600*l.* in small annuities. "Some," said he, "may recollect Cubitt, who for many years has been an annuitant; the lovers of pantomime will not forget poor Follet; his children have been

reared, and his widow provided with an annuity; all will remember Mrs. Wells (now Mrs. Sumbill); she receives fifty-five pounds per annum; and those who have attended our theatres within these last few years, will have a lively remembrance of the veteran Murray—at sixty-five he retires—and by your assistance we are enabled to allow him seventy pounds a-year. Nothing is expected beyond an economical provision; but it would be derogatory to dignity, and degrading to humanity, to see Richard the Third begging for a halfpenny in Saint Paul's Churchyard—Othello sweeping a crossing in the Strand—to behold Cardinal Wolsey vending apples at Charing Cross—or Lady Macbeth feebly singing ballads in the Haymarket."

From the high patronage annually bestowed, the conductors were not only able to relieve their subscribers, but also such worthy objects as presented themselves; and many there were, who had fallen into the sear of life without the opportunity of laying by for the winter of age, when infirmities have driven them from the stage, and left them destitute and forlorn. In fact, the salary given to inferior actors is not sufficient to enable them to lay by for the chasm between the time their declining faculties compel them to retire, and their humble graves being ready to receive them.

The Duke of York presided at these charitable meetings during his life; the Duke of Clarence succeeded him; and when he ascended the throne, the Duke of Sussex took the chair.

Fawcett's annual appeals, though they never lost sight of the main object—*charity*—were so skilfully arranged as to blend amusement with his subject, and were given with good taste and proper feeling.

No point in Fawcett's character was more honourable than his connexion with the Theatrical Fund:—his exertions were incessant in promoting its success—he watched over its interests with scrutinising anxiety—he contemplated its gradual improvement, and lived to see his exertions had been successful in securing an humble competency to a large number of his poorer brethren and their dependant relatives—and to enjoy the pleasing reflection of having fulfilled his father's instructions.

It is rather curious, that at the present time, there is one female on the fund who is *ninety-four* years of age, and has been a claimant for forty years; another at the age of eighty, who has received her annuity for thirty-five years; and others aged seventy-eight, seventy-six, seventy-four, &c.: and all the females, with but one exception, are turned of seventy. In 1782 their annual income was only 280*l.*—in 1815 it was 550*l.*—and it now exceeds 1600*l.*

Mr. Henry Harris, having retired from the direction of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822 (Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Willett, and Captain Forbes, having become the lessees), wrote the following letter to Fawcett:—

"Old Bond Street, March 12th, 1822.

"My dear Fawcett,—By the enclosed form of notice you will perceive that the negotiation which has been for some time pending between the gentlemen holding the other shares of Covent Garden Theatre and myself, is concluded. I have the proud satisfaction of being able to state, that by this arrangement the payment of every creditor on the theatre is completely secured against all hazard. For this I have been induced to make the sacrifice of my personal feelings, and to quit, for a time, the society of those whom

I am proud to call my friends, by whose aid and exertions I have weathered many theatrical gales; such, however (I am confident), is the good-will of the company of Covent Garden Theatre towards me, that they will be the first to rejoice that I have been relieved from the heavy weight of responsibility which has pressed upon me for so long a period. Pray offer them this tribute, which I am happy to pay to their private worth, and their professional talent; and assure them that, as chief proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, my interests are still inseparably linked with theirs, and that I am as anxious as ever to promote the welfare and happiness of you all; and believe me your sincerely and attached friend,

"To J. Fawcett, Esq." "H. Harris.

In May following, when his Majesty George the Fourth visited Covent Garden Theatre, and while Fawcett was lighting him up stairs, the King said, "Stop, Fawcett, I want to speak to you; I find I have done a thing which I much regret. I went to Drury Lane the night of your benefit here—it must have done you an injury:—had I known it at the time, rely upon me, I would not have done so on any account."

In November his daughter, Miss Fawcett, opened an academy at her father's house, in Smith's Square, Westminster, for teaching music on the Logier system.

At the commencement of the season, September, 1829, to the surprise of every one, Fawcett was superseded in the management (*he did not resign*) of Covent Garden Theatre. On this we could a tale unfold, but that it would be betraying the "secrets of the prison-house." Immediately after, he announced his intention of quitting the stage at the end of the season. In consequence of which, early in April, 1830, the principal performers of Covent Garden met to consider of the best means to render his retirement from the stage as gratifying to his feelings as possible, and they formed themselves into a committee, in order to make the last night of his appearance as brilliant as his professional talent and private worth had been conspicuous.

He took his leave of the public on Thursday, the 30th of May, 1830. The play was the "Gamester"—the afterpiece "Charles the Second," Captain Copp, Mr. Fawcett, his last appearance on the stage. At the end of the comedy Mr. Fawcett introduced his professional friends who had volunteered their services as a *tribute of friendship*. When he appeared in the afterpiece, his reception, from a crowded house, was enthusiastic; the spirit, energy, and humour with which he acted Copp made every one present regret that they were to lose, that night, one of their very best actors—one who, from his first appearance in London to that time, a period of thirty-nine years, had not quitted that theatre for *one season*, and who had that evening proved his capability to remain on the stage for many years, with credit to himself, profit to the managers, and pleasure to the town. The piece terminated, as usual, with Copp clapping his hand on his mouth—not an unappropriate conclusion. The curtain fell—he was left before the curtain—alone—for the last time—and he thus addressed his friends:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The moment has arrived when it requires me to have strong nerves not to run into one of two extremes. Should I now affect apathy, it would be in bad taste; and did I give way to maudlin sensibility, it would be ridiculous. Partial friends have asked me why I quit the stage? Ladies and Gentlemen, I have sixty-two reasons, and every

one a year long. Were I to say (at my time of life, and with my infirmities) I am sorry to leave this arduous calling, I should not speak the truth; but if I were to say I did not feel a pang at parting from you, I should tell a lie—an odious, damned lie. I have held up my hand at the bar of public opinion many a day—my trial has lasted thirty-nine years—this night brings it to a close. Here have been arranged my judges, here now sit my jury. May I hope for a favourable verdict? Before summing up, it is usual to produce witnesses to character; I have a few, and I trust I may have the advantage of their testimony. The parish clerk and sexton of Windsor, one Caleb Quotem, wishes to say a word or two on my behalf; a learned tutor, an LL.D. and an A.S.S., Dr. Panglos, has volunteered his services; an honest tradesman from Penzance, in Cornwall, Job Thornberry, believes he can induce you to think favourably of me; a worthy baronet, a great sportsman, though a sad invalid, Sir Mark Chase, would speak; and, though last not least, my old friend, from Wapping, Captain Copp, presses forward to entreat you to look kindly on me. I have many others, but will not trespass on your patience. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, let me drop all assumption of character, and, as myself—as plain John Fawcett, let me (from the bottom of my heart) thank you for all your kindness. It has been my ambition through a long servitude never, either in my public character as an actor, or in my private character as a man, to do anything which might disgrace my profession. I am now about to leave it, and, if you are of opinion that I have succeeded, I ask your approbation. If you have reason to think otherwise, I am sure I do not deserve it. I certainly have one great consolation at this trying moment, a gratification I can the more enjoy because you, my best friends, will partake in it—it is the unprecedented compliment which has been paid me by my brothers and sisters of my profession; they throng round me to bid me farewell, and to offer me all the assistance in their power. The time of night forbids me availing myself to the extent I could wish of their invaluable services; but many of the brightest ornaments of the stage are now waiting to make their bow to you: out of regard to their old comrade, permit me to have the pride and happiness of introducing them, once more return you my grateful acknowledgments for all your kindnesses, and then make you my last bow."

The curtain rose, and the stage was discovered crowded with the principal performers of both theatres. Fawcett went to Mrs. Davenport and kissed her, then to Mrs. Gibbs, and saluted her, and generally shook hands with all. Sinclair advanced, sung some words, which, it was supposed, were appropriate, but they were not heard, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," and the curtain dropped on the theatrical life of JOHN FAWCETT.

The address was given in a pleasant strain: he maintained throughout a full possession of himself: at times his strong feelings were observable, but they never got the better of him, and, though given with a manly firmness, it was not without an occasional mixture of proper feeling at parting.

Shortly after he took leave he retired to a very pretty little cottage at Botley, near Southampton. It was reported that subsequently he claimed the assistance of the Fund, but that was officially contradicted. The committee, immediately on his retiring, requested he would continue his office of treasurer and trustee with a salary of 100*l.* a-year, which he held till his death. He came to town four times a-year to pay the annuitants, and continued his annual address at the Fund dinner, except the last year or two, when he was prevented by illness.

He died at his cottage, of a mortification, occasioned by striking his foot whilst walking in his garden. Owing to his personal exertions

he procured a new church to be built in his parish, and within a hundred yards of his residence, for which he was elected churchwarden. The first person buried in it was himself.

An expensive family prevented his retiring with such a provision as his talents and long services entitled him to; but a wealthy and sincere friend, who had a country-seat in his neighbourhood, prevented his suffering any deprivation. He left, besides his widow, three children; one, a clergyman in Lincolnshire, greatly esteemed and respected; another son, of too thoughtless a disposition to benefit by the high patronage his father obtained for him, is now at Jamaica, where he had been comptroller of the customs; and the daughter before spoken of is the wife of Mr. Barclay, Master of the Sophia West Indiaman.

Fawcett was the projector of "Perouse," "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack," "The Enchanted Island," "The Secret Mine," and one or two more pieces of a similar description.

To fulfil the duties of a stage-manager to the satisfaction of all parties would be impossible. If a drunken man in the gallery disturbs the audience—if a half-price half-drunken attorney's clerk hisses from the time he enters the house because he cannot find a place to his liking—if a *tableau* in a ballet is destroyed for the want of a figurante, whom one of the loungers behind the scenes has detained in a corner, whispering soft nonsense in her ear—if the stage is kept waiting for an actor, who is retailing one of his good stories to a visitor in the Green-room, and cannot leave till it is concluded—if, at half-past six in the evening, a principal singer sends word that she cannot appear that evening, being *detained* in a *new apartment* in Carey-street—(and all these things have occurred, and many of them still occur)—for all these the stage-manager is held responsible and considered culpable, and constantly brought before the audience. The nature of his duties are anything but simple; to watch and follow the inflections of the public, and at the same time regulate the jealousies and emulations of that *genus irritabile—actors*, must be confessed is no child's play; and when to these constant cares are added the physical and mental exertions required, (the buoyancy and spirit which always distinguished Fawcett's performance, were surprising) the office is by no means an enviable one: in all cases of success there are plenty of claimants for the honours, but whenever there is a failure it is saddled upon the stage-manager.

In private life Mr. Fawcett's conduct was irreproachable, although his manner was rather blunt, and perhaps to those who were not acquainted with his goodness of heart apparently harsh. He was like the pine-apple, rough outside, but full of sweetness within.

HARRY WOODWARD.

There are, perhaps, very few instances where the designs of parents have counteracted the inclinations of their children to more disadvantage than in the instance of Henry Woodward (generally called Harry Woodward): had they taken place, the public would have lost one of the best comedians the English stage has produced—the hero of our tale would have walked through life in obscurity, and Thalia sacrificed at the altar of dulness one of her most favourite votaries.

Woodward was the son of a highly-respectable tallow-chandler in the Borough, where he was born in 1717. Being the eldest son, he was intended for the business of his father, but nature and inclination forbade it; nor could it be wondered at that one possessed of his abilities should relinquish such a profession for the stage; for, though he might literally have *shone* in the business he was intended for, it must be admitted the blaze he exhibited in the theatrical hemisphere completely eclipsed the public *lustre* of his family trade.

He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, where he soon attracted the notice of the master by the rapid progress he made. Sir George Hay and Dr. Townly repeatedly expressed their surprise—he seemed to learn by intuition.

His father met with misfortunes in business, and failed. At that period, Rich, the manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre (the celebrated harlequin, which he performed under the name of Lun), acted "The Beggar's Opera" by children (by Lilliputians, as he styled them). An intimate friend of the family, knowing Henry's early attachment to the stage, thought it a good opportunity to try his abilities. He introduced him to Rich, and he performed the Beggar and Ben Budge: it was acted on the 1st of January, 1729, the nine following nights, and, altogether, fifteen times. Shortly after he was apprenticed to Rich, who instructed him in the graces and agilities of pantomime; and it was soon evident that he possessed, naturally, considerable talent for the sock.

After remaining with Rich three years, he was engaged at Goodman's Fields Theatre, and played Simple in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," as Young *Woodward*. He continued with the company four seasons—the second he played harlequin by the name of Lun, junior, but acted in plays by the name of Woodward. In September, 1736, the Goodman's Fields Company took the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, and there he still continued the name of Lun, junior, when he acted harlequin.

He was exemplary in his attention to his profession, and in a very short time acquired a first-rate reputation as a comedian: his elegant figure and pleasing manners gained him the favour of the gay frail ones, and he passed some of his early years in scenes of dissipation; he was, notwithstanding, naturally of a grave turn of mind; so much so, that to those who did not know him intimately he at times appeared to be austere, and even ill-tempered.

He improved a strong understanding by cultivation; and, though he possessed an extensive knowledge, he was in no way pedantic or ostentatious in displaying it. When he liked his company, he was an excellent companion; but if he did not, he was the dullest. In reply to an observation, made one day at rehearsal, on the shabby appearance of his dress, he said, "I cannot afford to run in debt." Though he well knew the value of money, he was ever ready to do a generous action when a worthy object presented itself.

In September, 1738, he made his *entré* on the Drury Lane boards, in Abel Day, in the "Committee," as Mr. Woodward; but in pantomime he was still Mr. Lun, junior. When he went to Dublin in the following summer he performed there, July, 1739, as Woodward and Lun, junior—the next season, at Drury Lane, he dropped the assumed name, and was ever after Mr. Woodward. In April, 1740, he took part

of a benefit with Leigh, a few days previous to which the following letter appeared in the papers:—

"To the Gentlemen educated at Merchant Taylors' School, particularly those who have formed themselves into a Society at the Salutation Tavern, Nicolas Lane.

"Gentlemen,—As the original design of this Society was to be serviceable to each Member and schoolfellow, I beg leave to recommend one to you, who (as he is in a public profession) gives us the opportunity of putting the intent of our meeting in execution—I mean my schoolfellow and cotemporary, Mr. Harry Woodward—whose benefit is on Tuesday next, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, when he may have the pleasure of being countenanced, and we of serving him, by our appearance. There is no one, I believe, but must think he has merit sufficient in his profession to entitle him to the favour and assistance of our Society.

"I am, gentlemen, your very humble servant,

"A Member.

"Will's Coffee House, April 23rd, 1740."

He quitted Drury Lane Theatre, and joined Covent Garden, September, 1741, where he continued till he went to Dublin—appeared there in Marplot, September 28, 1747, and remained during the winter. He was now in such estimation with the public, that he obtained 500*l.* for the season, as comedian and harlequin. The pantomime he then produced afterwards met with very great success in London, under the title of "Queen Mab." He also attacked Foote in his "Tea; or, Diversions of the Morning," with such ridicule, humour, and mimicry, as to beat him completely out of the field. On his return to Drury Lane, in September, 1748, it was announced to be his first appearance there for seven years. Garrick, having at that time purchased Drury Lane Theatre with Lacy, found Woodward a great acquisition, and by his aid greatly strengthened him in his management:—he lost no opportunity of bringing forth his abilities; and during that and the following season he performed in most of the comedies with Garrick.

When the two theatres ran Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet" against each other—at Drury Lane Garrick was the Romeo, Miss Bellamy the Juliet (her first appearance on that stage), Mercutio was acted by Woodward:—at Covent Garden Barry made his first appearance in Romeo, Mrs. Cibber played Juliet, and Macklin, Mercutio. They commenced together on the 28th of September, and ran twelve consecutive nights. Drury Lane played it a thirteenth night, and it was then given up. In Rich's MS. "Register" he has written, "Romeo and Juliet was given up because Mrs. Cibber would not act Juliet any longer."

On the 29th of November, 1751, Garrick revived Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," with some alterations and an additional scene. If anything could be wanting to give Woodward a full display of his comic abilities, it was Captain Bobadil; a character, though its manners were somewhat obsolete, was, from his excellent acting, one of the best performances ever witnessed: when we look at the cast of this play, it is doubtful if it can ever be so well acted as it was at that period. Kitely, Garrick; Master Stephen, Shuter; Brainworm, Yates; Welbred, Palmer; Master Mathew, Vaughan; Young Knowell, Ross; Justice Clement, Taswell; Captain Bobadil, Woodward; Mrs. Kitely, Mrs. Ward, &c. &c.:—such was the advantage Garrick possessed over

his rival manager, in being able to find out the particular abilities of his performers.

In December, Hill, an apothecary of Covent Garden, who had failed in his several attempts at acting in tragedy and pantomime, and as an author, who now styled himself Dr. John Hill—though no one ever saw his diploma—published a periodical work, called "The Inspector," in which appeared a letter to Woodward, Comedian—*the meanest of all characters.* Woodward lost no time in replying to him in a pamphlet:—"A letter from Harry Woodward, Comedian—the meanest of all characters (See 'Inspector,' 524), to Dr. John Hill, Inspector General of Great Britain—the greatest of all characters (See all 'the Inspectors')."

"I do remember an apothecary,
——— whom late I noted,
In tattered weeds ———
Culling of simples———."

This was a complete dose for the Doctor:—it was a playful, good-tempered, but severe, and well-written reply; and he worked the Doctor with his own physic.

Woodward gave "Chocolate" for his benefit at Drury Lane, in March, 1753 (what was wormwood to Foote). In the summer of 1755 he went to Dublin, opened in Marplot in May, and acted nine nights, for which he got 200*l.*

At the close of the season, 1758, Barry, having been invited by his friends in Dublin to open a theatre there in opposition to Sheridan, was anxious for Woodward to join him, well aware of the hazard he ran in opposing a man who was so well established there. Woodward's line of acting being totally different from his, there could be no chance of their clashing, he therefore wished to obtain his talent; Woodward did not dislike the proposal, but he always looked to the main chance, and was by no means insensible to the fact that it would be giving up a certainty for an uncertainty; he therefore declined giving an immediate answer, wavering between the desire of gaining more money, and losing what he had saved; and, as he had always been on the best terms with Garrick, he offered to remain with him, provided he would give him as large a salary as he gave to any other performer. Garrick told him that no comic actor had ever had so large a salary as himself; that he had an extra benefit as harlequin, and that tying him down to such an article was shutting the door against great and unexpected merit: he advised him to be content, and not hazard the property it had cost him so much pains to acquire. This remonstrance had weight with him; but Barry, whom Rich said had a tongue that could wheedle a bird from a tree, and squeeze it to death in his hand, with honey-soft persuasion, wrung from him his slow consent:—articles of partnership were signed—a new theatre was forthwith erected in Crow-street; and they opened on the 22nd of October, 1758, with a prologue by Woodward, and "She Would and She Would Not." The house was not half full; for, so much did they depend upon the attraction of their new theatre, that, with the exception of King, all the actors were unknown. Their second night was "The Beggar's Opera;" the receipts did not exceed 20*l.*; empty benches soon brought them to their senses; the managers came forward at a much earlier period than they intended; Barry appeared in

Hamlet on the 3rd of November, and the houses improved, but it was soon ascertained that Dublin would not support two theatres, or the expense of auxiliaries; which they felt the necessity of calling in.

Their success was but of short duration; they found themselves clogged with incumbrances; their habits and dispositions were opposite. Barry was splendid, generous, and inconsiderate; ill success did not affect him; he was in debt, and it never disturbed his rest; while his partner looked much more through the medium of interest, and could not relish his dinner unless it was paid for; the difficulties in which they were involved produced misunderstandings; Barry thought Woodward's pantomime expenditure too great, and Woodward objected to the expense of Barry's tragedy processions. They both seemed anxious to separate; and arbitration was agreed upon, but not abided by. They commenced a paper war, each laying the blame upon the other: Woodward commenced hostilities in the following paragraph:—

"July 12th, 1762.

"From the late behaviour and conduct of Mr. Barry to me, relative to the Theatre Royal, I am advised, for my own safety, to let the public know that the partnership between Mr. Barry and me is dissolved; and also to caution all persons from giving further credit to the said Mr. Barry on the partnership account. "HENRY WOODWARD."

This specimen of good English produced a remonstrating letter from Barry, followed by others from each party, till things terminated in a separation; having lost several thousands, and involved themselves in a suit in Chancery.

Woodward quitted Dublin with a great loss of time and of nearly 3000*l*.

The "Minor" was originally produced in Dublin, on the 28th of January, 1760; it had been greatly puffed in the papers, and much was expected from it; Foote played Shift (Smirk and the Dr. Squintem epilogue was not then written), Woodward played Mrs. Cole: he had paid great attention to his costume, but his performance completely damned the farce, and it was not without some difficulty that he finished the part: the ladies were offended with the character, which created a general disgust: Foote gave it out for a second repetition, but it was not attempted; a few months after, in London, it did wonders.

During the time that he was in Dublin, namely, 1760, a mob one morning beset the Parliament House, in order to prevent the members from passing an unpopular bill: such as were supposed to belong to the Court party experienced the greatest insults, and some of the ringleaders, thinking it necessary to make their representatives swear that they would not assent to the bill, surrounded Mr. Woodward's residence, which was opposite to the Parliament House, in College Green, and called repeatedly to the family to throw them a Bible from the window. Mrs. Woodward was greatly alarmed at the request, unluckily not having at the time such a book in her possession; Woodward, however, in the midst of her agitation, snatched up, with great presence of mind, a volume of Shakspeare's Plays, which he threw to them out of the dining-room window, and told the insurgents they were very welcome to swear upon that; they gave him three cheers, and the ignorant rabble administered their oath to several senators, upon the works of the immortal bard, which they afterwards returned him.

On his return to London he appeared at Covent Garden, after four years absence, on Tuesday, the 5th of October, 1762, in Marplot, and spoke an occasional prologue written by himself:—

"Behold the prodigal return'd quite tame—
And (though you'll hardly think it) full of shame:
Ashamed so long t'have left my patrons here—
On random schemes—the Lord knows what and where!
With piteous face (long stranger to a grin)
Receive the penitent, and let him in!
Forgive his errors—ope the friendly door;
And then he's yours—and your's—and your's—as heretofore.
Ye Gods! what havoc does ambition make!
Ambition drove me to the grand mistake!
Ambition made me mad enough to roam—
But now I feel (with joy) that home is home—
Faith, they put powder in my drink, d'ye see,
Or else, by Pharaoh's foot, it could not be!
Belike Queen Mab touch'd me (at full o' th' moon)
With a field-marshal—manager's baton—
And so I dreamt of riches, honour, power:
'Twas but a dream, though—and that dream is o'er.
How happy now I walk my native ground!
Above, below, nay, faith, all round and round.
I guess some pleasures in your bosoms burn,
To see the prodigal, poor son, return.
Perhaps I'm vain, though, and the case mistake,
No, no,—yes, yes,—for old acquaintance' sake,
Some gen'rous, hospitable, smiles you'll send—
Besides, I own my faults, and mean to mend.—
Oh, oh! they ring—how sweet that sound appears
After an absence of four tedious years!
Marplot to-night—so says the bill of fare—
Now waits your pleasure with his usual air.
Oh! may I act the part, still o'er and o'er,
But never be the busy-body more!"

A new comedy was brought out on the Saturday evening; after the fall of the curtain Woodward came forward to give out the play, and began to address the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—to-morrow"——"To-morrow is Sunday!" said a man in the pit. "I know it, Sir," (replied the comedian,) "to-morrow a Charity Sermon will be preached at St. Paul's, Covent Garden," (which was really the fact,) "and on Monday evening, with your permission, this comedy will be repeated."

Late in the spring of 1764 he revisited Dublin, and was advertised to appear for a Charity benefit; for, as "charity hides a multitude of sins," it was thought, that by making his *début* in a benevolent cause, the prejudice, which on his arrival he found formed against him, might subside; but he was mistaken—it was the general opinion, that in his *prodigal prologue* spoken on his return to London, in 1762, he had insulted the people of Dublin.

When Woodward was announced to act, some of his good friends had the *fatal prologue* printed and circulated through the city, "as spoken by the *grateful* Henry Woodward;" and all those lines which were considered as offensive were printed in italics: against them were marginal notes of—"here *potatoes*,"—"here *turnips*,"—and at last—

"*banished from the boards.*" This was not a little assisted by the opposite interests of the rival theatre.

This prologue, it appears, Tate Wilkinson had given repeatedly during the previous winter, in imitation of Woodward: it had become very popular by his pointedly marking by strong emphasis those passages which he found the Dublin people considered insulting to them; it was frequently called for, when not announced in the bills; so seriously was it taken up by the people, that Woodward's friends urged him not only to decline acting, but to quit Dublin, without loss of time, for they did not consider that he would be free from insult even in the streets: he left Dublin and never again visited that city.

At his benefit at Covent Garden, March the 20th, 1764, he produced a new farce, called "False Concord," by Townley, which he introduced by a prologue, and, in the following lines, he vindicated himself from the charge of ingratitude; this ought to have satisfied the Irish:—

"Hence the *vile charge* has labour'd to obtrude
A charge as *false* as *foul*—INGRATITUDE!
HIBERNIA'S sons the *imagined* insult feel,
And judge with *honest*, though *mistaken* zeal!
This grateful heart could never feel the crime
To wrong *in thought* that hospitable clime;
A simple prologue, on myself a sneer,
Made up of whim, and mirth, and spoke last year.
The *prodigal return'd* was all the offence—
Lines free, I think, from *malice* as from *sense!*
Could such a random shaft a *wound intend*,
I've shot my arrow o'er the house and hurt my friend."

He remained at Covent Garden till his death. For his benefit, in March, 1769, he had announced a tragedy, in two acts, called "The Rival Favourites, or the Death of Bucephalus;" Alexander, Woodward; Philip, Shuter; Statira, Mrs. Green: but, previous to the announced period, he advertised that, as it would require more time and attention than could be given at that part of the year, he thought it better to give it up than produce the piece imperfectly. He generally gave a new afterpiece on his benefit night.

In 1770, at his benefit at Covent Garden, he revived "The Relapse," and announced that care had been taken to cleanse the wholesome corn from the intruding tares.

On the 23rd of October, in the same year, a letter appeared in the papers, dated from his chambers in Clement's Inn, stating that, "Having fulfilled his engagement in England, he was going to Scotland with Foote, and to his theatre in the Haymarket the next summer; that no direct application had been made to him from Covent Garden Theatre, although the managers knew he was ready to meet it."

The proprietors of Covent Garden were willing to give him his last season's salary of 14*l.* 10*s.* per week, viz., 10*l.* as an actor, and 4*l.* 10*s.* as Harlequin; but he demanded an engagement for Mrs. Bellamy, which they would not agree to, as they did not want her.

After passing a winter in Scotland, he came to the Haymarket in the summer of 1771, and stopped in his way to act a few nights with Tate Wilkinson at York.

In September, 1771, he returned to Covent Garden upon an increase

of salary of 500*l.* for the season, which is about 16*l.* 10*s.* a-week. At his benefit, in March, 1772, he acted Ranger for the first time.

His benefit was to have taken place on March the 18th, 1777; but, when the period had nearly arrived, he advertised that, not having acquired sufficient strength to do justice to the part of Bobadil (having laboured under a severe illness), he requested his friends would continue their favours to another night and another play. His benefit took place on the 10th of April; "Know your own Mind," and "Midas;" but he could not act.

Woodward died on the 17th of April, 1777, at two o'clock, at his house, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place. For the last ten years he had lived with the celebrated, but dissipated, George Ann Bellamy, whose acting off the stage far surpassed her acting on it, as was, indeed, exemplified in her great grief at his death.

He had laboured under a bodily disorder for nearly twenty years: a blameable delicacy prevented his taking medical advice, until over exertion in his profession at the theatre brought his disorder to a state that could no longer be concealed.

He therefore consulted his friend Broomfield, to whose skill and unremitting attention he was greatly indebted: he bore his long and painful illness with the greatest resignation and fortitude. The morning of his death Broomfield bade him farewell. With the greatest composure, and an affecting tenderness of voice, he replied, "Farewell, my dear friend, I shall never see you any more." When Mrs. Bellamy shortly after brought him some medicine, he took her by the hand, and said, "I am going. The Lord have mercy on me!" and expired.

On Thursday, the 24th of April, his remains were deposited in the vaults of the church of St. George, Hanover Square.

By his will he left his brother, John Woodward, tallow-chandler, of Cripplegate, the interest of 700*l.* Bank three per cents. during his life, the principal at his death to be laid out in the purchase of an annuity for the natural life of his friend George Ann Bellamy, to be paid personally to her *quarterly*, her receipt *alone* to be a discharge, and the annuity not to be liable to pay her debts, or to be sold or assigned; and, should she die before his brother, the principal to go to him. To George Ann Bellamy his gold watch, chain, and seals, and his plate, jewels, linen, china, and furniture in Chapel Street. To William Broomfield, Esq, 100 guineas and his onyx ring; and to Morgan Cornish, Esq., 20 guineas; and these two gentlemen he appointed his executors. All the residue of his property to be sold to purchase an annuity for George Ann Bellamy, on the same plan as the former-mentioned annuity. His will was signed on the 20th of January, 1777.

Mrs. Bellamy, in her misnamed book, which is anything but an *apology* for her life, attacked a gentleman of the name of Willett, professionally employed by the executors; and, among many extraordinary statements made by her, she asserted that she had received only 50*l.* on account of Woodward's legacy. Mr. Willett published some letters addressed to her, whom he styled *Mrs. Duplicity*, and proved that she received from the estate 619*l.*

Instead of 700*l.* in the Bank, mentioned in Woodward's will, there was only 400*l.*; this, and a bond due from John Woodward to his brother for money lent to him (he had twice set him up in business),

produced a suit in the Exchequer, which, though they were successful, involved them in considerable expense. A year or two before Woodward's death he had compromised a law-suit with Barry respecting his Dublin property, and agreed to take 600*l.* for his debt, in three bonds, with interest, at one, two, and three years; he directed his lawyer to insure Barry's life, which, after Barry's death, he found had been neglected, though there was very little chance of any office taking the insurance, Barry being at that time in a decided decline. This involved them in a Chancery suit. They again gained their cause, and there was sufficient assets to pay them their debt, with costs and interest, within a very few pounds; but Mrs. Barry very shortly after married Crawford, made him her scape-goat, threw off all responsibility from herself, and the whole was lost. They recovered from Foote 300*l.*; from the Covent Garden proprietors 99*l.*; from Colonel Calcraft 430*l.*; and a Mr. Pollard 240*l.*; so that he died worth 2600*l.*, independent of goods, furniture, plate, &c.

Woodward, as a comedian, was unequalled in his cast of parts; he possessed sound principles of acting, and, however the particular *satire*, or rather the *personal resentment*, of Churchill might have ridiculed his croaking, and placed his merit only in his *outré*, the universal voice of the town gave him the character of excellence in Bobadil, Mercutio, Squire Groom, Young Woudbe, Flash, the Apprentice, and all similar parts in comedy. In his coxcombs he greatly excelled Cibber, even in voice, which was the worst deduction from his merit; Bobadil never had such a representative; his Marplot was by many thought equal to Garrick's; and his Mercutio was never excelled.

The stage was indebted to him for three of the best pantomimes of his time—"Queen Mab," "Harlequin Fortunatus," and "Harlequin Dr. Faustus."

Woodward! thy powers our theatre confess'd,
While yet on thee indulgent Fortune smiled;
And oft *Ierne* to her bosom press'd
The Comic Muse's ever darling child.
Shakspeare's Mercutio, natively attired,
Wildair and Marplot shall we seek in vain!
Alas! in many a scene, by all admired,
We "ne'er shall look upon thy like again."
The Muse o'er Barry's urn yet sheds a tear,
Still she laments her much-loved Mossop's doom,
Woodward awhile linger'd in life's career,
Then join'd his old companions in the tomb.
Peace to thy manes! from thy labours rest
High Heav'n decrees; the Muse attends thy hearse;
And to thy merits, ev'n by foes confess'd,
The plaintive bard shall pour the mournful verse.]
Past are thy *triumphs*, here thy *sorrows* close;
In the cold grave those *active* limbs remain,
Where heroes, patriots, kings, at last repose,
And "dust to dust" concludes the noblest strain.

THE DECENCIES.

Quid verum atque decens.
What is decently true is truly decent.—HORACE.

"THE Graces, the Graces," quoth my Lord Chesterfield; "the decencies, the decencies," "say, or seem to say," the *arbitri elegantiarum* of modern England; and truly most strange and wonderful is it, that while "all men say all sorts of good things" of the courage of Englishmen, the chastity of English women, the thinkingness of both sexes, and the Englishness of everything about man, woman, and child born in the island, as embracing in one epithet a monopoly of all kinds of merit, that no one should lift up his voice and abound "anent" that most English of all English virtues—English decency. As in private life men indulge themselves in the notion of possessing the best horse, the best dog, and the best gun—and maintain the same loudly against all opponents—but cautiously abstain from any such averment in the case of their wives; so, in our national egotism, while we insult all Europe with our exclusive pretensions in other particulars, we never tell our neighbours to their faces that we are the only lads "to dwell in decencies for ever." To have "come of decent people" is among the Irish an advantage never hid under a bushel; but the English cultivator of decency in his own person, when successful in his pursuit, thanks God and makes no boast of it. In this respect, we may say that our "modesty is as *two* farthing candles to our merit;" for our shyness is carried so far, that we feel anything but pleased when the eulogium is brought too conspicuously on the tapis in our presence.

Nevertheless, the soft impeachment must be admitted, we are a decent people—devilish decent; and it is not difficult to discover the why. The love of decency is closely connected with another characteristic, peculiarly English, a love of moderation in opinions, which some might call a slavish timidity. In the rapidest marches of the national mind we are rather forced forward, than spontaneously impelled to the pursuit of truth. In matters of opinion we are anything but out-and-outers; taking special care to retain a comfortable knapsack of wholesome prejudices by way of *impedimenta*, just to keep us warm in our bivouac—thus a French baker puts aside a morsel of to-day's dough as a nucleus for to-morrow's fermentation. Of all an Englishman's intellectual wardrobe, these prejudices fit him the best, and adhere the most tenaciously; and it is impossible to do him a worse turn than to point to an open seam, or a button absent without leave in his favourite attire. A respect for prejudices is accordingly elevated amongst us into a cardinal virtue; or, in other words, everything amongst us *hinges* upon the decencies. In this respect society very closely resembles certain other elderly ladies, who, having something to give away, expect to be flattered and *toadied* by their dependents. Whoever should tell her in plain English the plain truth, that she is but an old fool, would be assuredly cut out of her will, and that, too, without the shilling,—too happy if he escaped with whole linen and an unscratched face. The consequence is, that every one lives in dread of his neighbours, and is

afraid of nothing so much as of the *qu'en dira-t-on* of the Mrs. Grundies; and thus it is thât the moral sciences in England have not kept pace with the physical, but have lagged behind those prompter speculations, in which the facts, and not the disputants, are positive.

Notwithstanding, however, all this reluctance "to push on and keep moving," there are sundry disagreeable discoveries which must be admitted by the most reluctant, be they as inconvenient as they may; and there are truths which, albeit abundantly scandalous, must from time to time be told. In such extreme cases, that we may indulge a susceptible conscience, without too openly running counter to our neighbour's ideas of the fitness of things, we have recourse to the decencies; that is to say, we deal honestly with the abstract truth, freely admitting that twice two *are* four, that the whole *is* greater than any of its parts, no matter whose vested rights may be disparaged thereby: but when we come to any special applications that interfere with "anybody who belongs to anything,"—as Figaro happily expresses himself—we adroitly discover, or invent, certain temperaments which change all the bearings of the case, and convert the four into a five or a three, to suit the susceptibility of the parties and the public. In these decent temporisings it is a rule imposed by the necessities of the case, that the more openly the conclusion militates against the premises, the more vehement must be the avowal of respect for the sacro-sanctity of the principle compromised. In like manner, there is a class of females who are proverbially said to compose their conversation and demeanour, when at a christening, to a striking contrast with the general tenor of their daily practices; and so, too, the heir to a fine estate, in the plenitude of his joy at taking possession, is scrupulously exact to convey his respect for the deceased by the endorsement of an undeniable suit of decent mourning.

Some there are who are weak enough to stigmatise such proceedings as hypocrisy; whereas it is nothing on earth but an amiable condescendance to the weakness of our fellow-creatures. By granting the abstract principle, and only violating it in practice, when pressed by a disagreeable necessity, we blind the mass to the real character of the transaction; and affront no one, unless it be some party who happens to be the sufferer, about whom few will take the trouble to fret themselves, or to take act and part.

In drawing this distinction between a humane complaisance and what is more obviously and undeniably hypocrisy, we would not be misunderstood as taking on ourselves to decry that useful habit of the mind. Some one has said of hypocrisy, that it is the tribute which vice pays to virtue; but is not that averment a prejudgment of the whole matter? and is it not moreover a rather cool inuendo, which condemns as vicious nine-tenths of civilised society? Without speaking of the thousands of highly respectable persons whom their several professions force upon hypocritical practices, how many are there who howl with the wolves out of sheer weakness, and who would profess their intimate convictions if they dared? The fact is, that the greater number of hypocrites are so, purely in self-defence. A meets B in the street, and straight falls to canting, because it is his "custom ever of an afternoon:" B, who knows him *intus et in cute*, takes up the same tone with his tongue in his cheek, and with that internal *intramanicate* smile, which Cicero supposed must play round the procordia of an augur, whenever he meets

a brother augur in the world. They understand each other perfectly, and, so far, there is no hypocrisy in the case. But if C comes up, and hears their discourse, he takes it (not being of the Freemasonry) *tout de bon*, for solemn earnest. Oho! quoth he to himself, here are A and B, two most respectable persons, having lands and beeves, householders, freeholders, nay, justices of the peace, "ay, and rotulorum too" it may be, or, at least, members of the society for prosecuting small felons; they are talking sad nonsense to be sure, and, if I did not know them to be too grave for a jest, I should think they were hoaxing. But it would not be decent to contradict them. It would be the most dangerous, and therefore the most indecent thing in the world, to gainsay such very highly considered personages. I should be cut, abused, misreported, and thrown out of the way of all promotion, if I did; and, so saying, (not aloud, like Mr. Gurney's friend, Nubly, but in an aside to himself,) away he goes, swelling the cry, and frightening in his turn all who are one step below him in the world into a similar denial of their own conscientious and inward belief.

Thus the humbug spreads through the entire alphabet; every one of the demure letters giving the others credit for a sincerity which they dare not themselves exert, and joining in a farce in which each thinks himself the only accomplished actor.

If we desire to call an "honourable member" any imaginable series of hard names, reflecting on his honesty or veracity, there are appointed certain decent phrases, *sunt certa piacula*, which shut out all the usual unpleasant consequences. Thus, instead of "lie," decency suggests "mistake," and when you lay it on thick on other breaches of moral propriety, decency slips in, as "your only peace-maker," the word political; it being a part of her code, that a man may be the greatest political scoundrel past, present, or to come, without any derogation to his worth as a private gentleman. This saves Mr. Speaker a deal of trouble, spares a delicate ear the unpleasant jarring click of the pistol, and enables mothers and daughters to sleep in security, while their husbands are detained away from them in debate. Then, again, it is unparliamentary and indecent to apostrophise a member by his name; while you may rail against him, *usque ad delicias votorum*, as "the gallant member for Guzzledown," or "the nubble lud on the cross-benches." The reason is plain; to call a man by his name in a large assembly draws all the blood into his face, and provokes all his latent irascibilities: whereas he can, or ought, to listen to the evil doings charged against his parliamentary nickname, with becoming composure. Observe that nothing is lost by these decencies: a lie conveyed in orderly phrase is as intelligible to all the world, as if it were given in express terms; and a crimination derives no increase of intensity from calling up six members to order, and awakening all the interference of the Speaker and his serjeant-at-arms.

There is a little curiosity about these decencies that we may as well mention while we think of it, and that is the caprice with which they will run down some unfortunate word, which, after having done yeoman's service for ages in civil society, suddenly finds itself voted *mauvais ton*, and banished to boors and rustics, without having committed any crime which can be charged against it. Among the imputations of indecency brought against Beaumarchais' too celebrated comedy was, that he had

assigned the Countess Almaviva a retreat at the Ursulines. Ursulines! cries a dandy; Ursulines! echoes a female exquisite. Was there ever anything so indecent? responds an abbé. Now, as the author remarks, there was nothing peculiar in the Ursuline convent. He might have written Celestines, Augustines, or Visitandines, if it had so occurred to him; but Ursuline caught the public ear at a moment when the public was disposed to be critical, and Ursuline was condemned without pity.

With an equal disregard to the 'truth of nature' society has banished a number of inoffensive vocables that have given great offence. It is not very long ago since we heard Charles Kemble read an act of Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth to a rather select audience of the very best company in London; and we were not a little surprised at finding that he could scarcely get through half a dozen sentences, without being obliged to bolt some of these discarded serving-men of the dictionary, —"words which wise Raleigh," ay, and chaste Elizabeth, freely used; but which are now condemned, from our tender regard to decency, to keep company with the predecessor of inexpressibles, the feminine of varlet, and divers other antiquated, but healthy proprieties too tedious to mention. It is by this species of ostracism that "stomach" has been enabled to usurp the whole domain of the front of the trunk; that "legs" have been raised in the world to *stand* for the entire lower extremity; and that ladies are forced to *bustle* through society, like the painted cherubims of altarpieces and pulpits, without anything to sit on. Thus it happens, too, that though a well-bred female may continually make a shift, she must not wear one; and that, while every chicken may have a breast without loss of caste, a woman is obliged to go about the world with a neck that reaches from her chin to her stomacher. But to return:

As the decencies were invented by civilised society, and men exist in various states of civilisation, it is not strange that decency should be a very local quality, and that things which are decent in one society should not be necessarily so in all others. Hence it becomes no mean point of the *savoir vivre* to suit your decencies to the proper occasion,—a truth proverbially expressed by the direction not to speak of ropes in a house where the master has been hanged. Among thieves and gipsies, for instance, one use of what is called the cant language is to enable the speaker to avoid certain ill-sounding technicalities, which are voted indecent in their associations. To prig and to nim,—"convey, the wise it call,"—arouse not those ill-omened associations excited by the ordinary synonym employed in indictments. On the same principle, in certain high societies, seduction and adultery have been banished to make room for a *liaison*, a flirtation, an *affaire de cœur*, &c. &c. Nice persons, says Swift, have nasty ideas; and the less decency the world observes in its actions, the greater decency it requires in its language. It is not the word itself that is indecent, for one combination of letters is neither better nor worse than another, except as it is more or less easily pronounceable; the decency or indecency applies to the ideas it may represent. Among a simple, virtuous, unsophistical people, the coarsest term may stand for much fewer and less offensive ideas, than the most refined euphonism in the mouth of a corrupt society. But then, when in the latter case a refined phrase is preferred (provided it be not too technical

and already on the decline), the hearer is left at liberty to understand as much or as little as he chooses, which is a great practical convenience, and saves an infinity of blushing.

This susceptibility to nice distinctions is therefore a decisive mark of natural politeness. The Athenians, the most elegant people of antiquity, called their prison by the gentle term of Οἴκημα, "the house." In a like spirit, "cheating" among lawyers is, by well-bred Englishmen, veiled under the gentle denomination of "sharp practice;" while on the race-course and club-house it passeth current for "knowledge of the world," or "being up to a thing or two."

For the decent observance of the decencies, without which no man is qualified for genteel life, the knowledge of a few general rules is of vast service, and is the only sure guide in all cases not provided for by established precedent. The first and most extensively applicable is the Englishman's boasted privilege, his claim to be considered innocent until he is found guilty. Thus, for example, if a man by dint of his pistol prevents the dupe whom he has cheated at cards from making a formal complaint against him, it is decent to treat him as a man of honour: so, with respect to females, it is the divorce and not the fact that tarnishes; and, as long as a husband countenances his wife's "goings on," she is, to all social intents and purposes, an honest woman. Again, if a man has committed forgery, and his friends buy off the prosecution, *non constat* that he has done anything wrong to disqualify him for social relations.

From this principle it follows, "as ready as a borrower's cap," that no action can be imputed against any one that does not come within the cognisance of a court of law; bad fathers and mothers, severe husbands, hard-hearted creditors, or persecuting landlords, may be all very decent people, and highly respectable; and to have ruined half a score of tailors, and half a hundred grisettes, does not black-bean, in the very best company. To the universality of this rule, however, there is one marked and striking exception,—it grants nothing in favour of any practice that is decidedly low. The utmost innocence is no defence for that which is rendered indecent by the circumstances of its *environage*. To beggar a wife and her children at an accredited club is no derogation to the perfect gentleman; but to be seen in a vulgar hell, or to lose money at a thimble-rig, is matter for just censure.

Closely allied in principle with this rule is another, which gives a brevet of respectability to all persons having, as the "Rejected Addresses" finely phrased it, "anything to give." It is but an homely proverb that forbids the looking a gift horse in the mouth; but it contains much wisdom. Charity, also, says a higher authority, covers a multitude of sins; and, though one would not absolutely call Amphitryonism a charity, there is assuredly as much Christian benevolence in a parade of three courses and a dessert, as in contributing to any well-puffed and well-published subscription. Accordingly, if the feed be magnificent and the company good, dinner-giving whitewashes a fraudulent bankrupt morally, as thoroughly as an insolvent court can perform the same feat in a pecuniary sense. In ancient Rome, the Trimalcions were never questioned as to their antecedents. The *criminibus debent hortos* was unthought of, save by some cross-grained, disappointed satirist, who was

probably piqued at not having the *entrée* to those exclusive shades; but with us (and we would have you mark the superiority of our Christian over heathen morals), so lightly do we in such cases "scan the frailties of our brother men," that we not only pardon all sins in the possessor of a fine house and establishment, but we would overlook even the atrocious offence against good taste of an eminent dust-contractor, a *parvenu* vender of blacking, or an *emeritus* pawnbroker, in asking us to *roturier* but well-furnished table.

On the other hand, there is not the slightest decency required in the instance of him with whom the protecting virtue no longer resides. No matter what services you have received, or how many dinners you have eaten with the man who is irrecoverably ruined, you are no longer called upon to overlook his immoralities or to pardon his frailties; on the contrary, it is perfectly decent to censure his generosity as profusion, and to set down his misfortunes to the least creditable causes that your invention can suggest: and this latitude is the more readily granted, because a convenient excuse may not otherwise be at hand to justify a denial of assistance, or a cut direct.

As the greatest virtue in a public man is to be true to his party, there is nothing so little decent as to set up your own private standards of morality, or to profess a thin-skinned tenderness, which is not only injurious to the great end of all political unions, but an indirect censure on those who are less nice than yourself. In politics, as in love, *se piace, e lice;* and lying, back-biting, and trickery of all sorts, are perfectly decent. If, however, you have determined to rat, the case is *toto cælo* different; you are then not only at liberty to abuse the future acts of your former associates, but to denounce even those of their measures *quorum pars magna fuisti.*

One essential branch of decency, whether in public or in private life, is the wearing a decent coat. This is a *sine quâ non* in the morality of a poor man; and even in a peer, or a *millionaire*, is a merit. We never could approve of men in a high station dressing shabbily because they can afford it; and we are as nearly certain (as in such a case is possible) that the Right Reverend Bishops have swerved from the decent splendour of the Establishment in appearing before the public without their wigs.

If a man lives in the country, he should, before all things, be in possession of the broad acres; with that qualification, everything in life nearly is decent: nay, a proprietor might even be a Presbyterian without loss of caste,—but then, by jingo, he must count his acres by thousands. If, however, the chances are against you, and you cannot, *per fas aut nefas*, attain to such a perfection, it is a first point of decency to think on all things with those who on that point are your superiors. You must vote with the landlord, whose estate you would otherwise encumber with your presence. You must be orthodox with the parsons, loyal with the excisemen, *serious* with the lady of the manor, if she be so inclined; but if not, not. You must have a deferential respect for all decisions of the quorum, raise no parish rebellions, nor dispute any parish rates; never interfere with the closing of pathways, and deal only with decent tradesmen. Add to these virtues a decided dislike to all sorts of sporting, except on invitation, play well enough at billiards to be beaten "upon instinct," have no objection to

long whist, ride a good horse, and go regularly to church in all weathers, and you will be welcome at every house, and pass muster in the very best, as being—*almost* a gentleman.

In London, the trade of a decent personage is less laborious; but it perhaps requires a higher degree of tact. Public opinion, there, does not set altogether in so decided a current; and it is not always so easy to discover precisely what *is* decent for the time being. There are circumstances in which it would be as difficult to distinguish between a propriety and a scandal, as between the theology of Dr. Pusey and that of the Cardinals of Rome. A difference no doubt there is; but the thing is to seize upon it. On such occasions the best way is to keep our opinions to ourselves, and say nothing on the subject "till there's a peace." With due discretion on this head, if you belong to the proper clubs, subscribe to the proper charities, avoid all general propositions, and loudly proclaim yourself a practical man,—taking special care to adopt and discard each successive humbug at the proper moment, sticking neither at homœopathy, animal magnetism, the unknown tongues, nor whatever other absurdity may happen for the moment to be voted respectable, and you may then contrive to pass muster. To sum up the whole of this *corps de doctrine* in one compendious maxim,—the man who is emulous of a character for the decencies must strive with might and main to render himself as little conspicuous as possible: mediocrity is his haven of safety, and nothingness a plate armour absolutely bullet proof. He who is distinguished for virtue, for talent, for honesty, public principle, or even for an Herculean edition of the Apollo model in his personal proportions, will meet with enemies enough to denounce him for his breach of conventional proprieties; but the man who dares to think for himself, and, daring to do so, has the hardihood to utter his thoughts, is a lost man, "a d—d black sheep," and an outcast from all decent society.

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THE POET'S HYMN TO SPRING.

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Spring! let thy breezes fan my hectic cheek,
Bid thy soft zephyrs cool my fever'd brow!
To my worn heart of health and gladness speak,
And at thy shrine for ever will I bow!

For, I am weary of the winter's gloom—
My spirit pines for bright unclouded skies;
I sicken for thy breath of sweet perfume,
And my sad lute responds its master's sighs.

My soul 's impatient of imprisoning walls,
From the pent city I would haste away
To dream beside the crystal fountain's falls,
And, amid Nature, wake the minstrel's lay!

Come, genial Spring! sister of Hope and Love!
The poet woos thee from thy green retreat:
Come, deck with smiles the meadow and the grove,
And bid life's pulse once more with gladness beat.

THE GREAT NONSUITED.

"My robe and my integrity."—SHAKSPEARE.

"WHAT, again looking out upon the sea!" was the exclamation of Lord G——, on entering the drawing-room, and perceiving one of his most honoured guests gazing, with evident anxiety, on the turbulent waves that flowed between the Kentish chalk cliffs and the dimly-seen headlands of France. "What, in the name of all that is diplomatic, do you expect from the opposite side? Some secret communications—the last 'Moniteur'—or an overture from Buonaparte, to create you Duke of Normandy?"

"My dear Lord," replied the gentleman questioned, "something much more important than all these—on the arrival of which more depends than I dare breathe, even to you. In the morning I must bid farewell to all the charms of W——, your kind hospitality, your spacious library, and the advantage of your society. If I do not sleep in Downing Street to-morrow I'm a lost man; I will tax your friendship so far as to beg you will take no further notice of my restlessness, and permit me to have private audience with any one who may arrive during the day. Surely I shall not be disappointed; if I am, what an object of ridicule, nay of insult, I shall be to the opposite faction! It blows a tempest, it is true, but boats *have* crossed in worse weather. I'll vex myself no longer."

Saying this, the newly-appointed Secretary of State, for he was no less a personage, drew a chair to the fire, and entered into an animated conversation with his noble and intelligent host, on the aspect of European affairs, and the extraordinary changes likely to ensue from the death of the great man whose hand for so long a time had held the helm of State. We will not be guilty of a breach of confidence and recount the conversation, but hasten to detail facts.

A large party surrounded the dinner-table—diversified topics were discussed: the Boulogne flotilla, and the difficulty of getting genuine Bologna sausages—Napoleon's pillar, and Sheridan's bet as to whether the Monument would fall up or down Fish Street Hill—Talleyrand's policy and Perigord pies—Erskine's elevation to the Wool-sack, and the advantage of the cross of Merinoes with our South-downs.

I know not which of these subjects occupied the party, when a servant entered and whispered to the Minister something which caused him to jump from his seat, and involuntarily exclaim, "She's come, now I am happy." Then, without pausing to apologise for leaving his companions, he hastily quitted the room.

That the arrival was feminine created sundry smirks and jeers on the countenances of some of the elders present, and one young gentleman, who, though in training for a diplomatic situation, was not too deeply read in ancient or modern history, fell into a deep reverie as to what possible influence a woman could exert over affairs of State.

By the way, in after years, his own destiny convinced him that ladies are often important agents even in political preferments, for he married the natural daughter of Earl ——, and got the place for which he had sighed so long.

But to return to our great man as he returned to the dinner-room, a smile of satisfaction lighting up his dark complexion, his massy brows freed from the load of care which appeared to have sent them half-way down the bridge of his nose during the day. No one ventured to ask him if it were a French Grammar or Pronouncing Dictionary which he had thus obtained; though, while in Paris, some years before, he had endeavoured to disabuse the unfortunate Louis of his "prejudices," by the edifying appeal of "Otez toute cela hors de votre tête, dans la premiere place."

The language of France was, at that period, but little understood in England, least so by the party to which this great man was leader: perhaps even his personal peculiarities secured him against that quality and degree of envy which vents itself in deriding trifles. A later statesman's *bad French* was mercilessly quizzed; but then, in every *other* respect he contrasted my present theme; and ladies who had failed to win him as a lover, betrayed their pique by ridiculing him as a linguist. "The slightest speck is seen on snow."

Happily our beetle-browed one resumed his place at the board. Blessed in a valet *au fait* at all the necessary preparations for his sudden journeys and early departures, the master, in the unexplained joy of his heart, uttered a thousand drolleries, and for a Secretary for Foreign Affairs made himself most completely at home. Wine was passing freely, and he did imbibe somewhat. It was evident that with *him* the grapes were not sour, for he caroused till the second cock.

Next morning the travelling chariot was at the door of W—— betimes. The valet of the departing visitor was observed to come stealthily forth, and place an official-looking packet, secured with those true signs of importance, red tape and large seals, in the seat of the carriage. Shortly afterwards its owner appeared, evidently suffering from the effects of the last evening's revelry; his beard, darker even than that by which a noted pirate was recognised, had not been subjected to the usual routine of lather and razor; his cheeks were pale, which gave an almost ogre-like expression to his eyes, peering from beneath those fearfully heavy brows before named; yet unkempt and unshaven as he was, he still bore about him the unmistakable air of a gentleman, ay, and of a man used to command, whose dictum was law.

With the master snugly ensconced inside, and the valet, defended by great coats against the cold sea mist of a February morning, away drove the equipage; reaching the small village of Lydden, it fairly entered the High Dover Road. The slow pace in which it ascended the hill to the Half-way House had produced upon our Secretary that inclination to doze, which some travellers seem so anxious to court, if one may judge by the night-caps in which they envelop their features.

To the lone traveller a nap may be pardoned, but I always hoped that bumped heads and stiff necks might reward *my* fellow-passengers who adopted such unsociable arrangements.

The wheels flew over Barham Downs, the mist had cleared, and the valet, loosening the huge shawl that covered his face and throat, looked round upon the prospect; as he turned back he perceived in the distance a horseman spurring on his steed at a notable rate. "Mr. Brush" thought it advisable to look at his pistols: he did not like to apprise his master of his suspicions, but determined to show fight should occasion demand the expenditure of powder and ball.

Urging the postilions to their utmost speed, he felt superior in prowess to

"Richard who robbed the lion of his heart;"

he towered above the *Dickey*. The pursuer evidently gained ground; and, as he rode upon the green sward of the Downs, instead of the flint and chalk compound on which the vehicle rolled, he soon came abreast of it, though some feet above the road. In a loud voice the horseman exclaimed "Stop!" but ere he could add the expected "Your money or your life," nay, ere he had time to articulate "Deliver" bang! went the pistol of the valorous valet, and horse and man fell headlong on the sward.

"In the name of ——" were the only audible words which the prostrate man uttered—whether it was "Heaven," "Wonder," or "Abershaw," which he would have said—the rapid movement of the carriage did not allow his victor time to ascertain.

The smoke from his weapon had scarcely blown away, when the grim visage of his honoured master peered on him from the window, hastily demanding the cause which had so suddenly aroused him from his slumbers.

"Let me beg you, Sir, to wait till we reach Canterbury, I will explain all there, but pray draw up the glass, and don't expose yourself to the cold."

The Statesman took this acceptable advice, and his faithful servant, gazing back to the spot of his late rencontre, saw the man upon his feet, but the horse still stretched along the grass.

"On foot the rascal can't overtake us! We shall reach Bridge in a few moments, and then I defy his wicked attempt to rob the best master that ever sat to be puffed. Lucky for him I knew something about gunpowder, as well as Mareschal, hair-triggers, as well as hair-dressing. Who knows but that single shot has prevented a change in the Cabinet? I certainly should like to find out what news Master got from France last night, when that old woman came to Lord G——'s, whispering that she had something of the greatest consequence to say; and then that square packet, which master sealed and tied up with his own hands, oddly enough marked it private, and directed to himself. Ah, well, I shall be let into a few state secrets, now *we* are in office; I do flatter myself that I shall have a trifle more attention paid me at the Rockingham Arms, when next I visit our little Society there. Never shall I forget the black looks of the Duke of N——'s coachman, when he was told, as he tried to join us, that gentlemen in livery were not admitted.

"This highwayman affair won't be a bad thing for me, if Master mentions it to any of his colleagues, for they'll tell their wives, the ladies, their maids, and so it will get talked of from the second table to the scullery. Yet, now it's over, I'm glad I didn't kill the fellow; only 'pinked him, 'pon honour,' as I heard somebody say the other night, at the little theatre."

These sweet suggestions of self-love filled the bold heart of the outsider, until the carriage with its more valued inside freight reached the Fountain, in the ancient, picturesque, goodly and godly city of Canterbury.

The Master summoned the man to his presence, learnt what might have befallen him, gracing his proper appreciation of the benefit conferred on himself and his country, by good-humoured eulogies on the skilful and judicious aim of his trusty body-guard and body-servant.

Of course the postilions trumpeted forth the adventure of their "turn," though one, a boy of some fifty-four, with a knowing leer at the hero of the fray, said :—

"Well, Muster, you seems pretty pleased with yourself about that 'ere shooting business; all *I* hope is that you mayn't hear no more on't; but 'tis my belief some how that you will, and in a way not quite to your mind—for I turned my head over my near shoulder and got a sight of the man you killed, and my notion is that 'twas Muster ——"

"Here, Sir," answered the hero of the pistol, to the well-known voice of his Master, who, as he entered the carriage, called to him to take his place.

Not stopping to hear the name of his victim, the faithful follower clambered to his perch, and again the carriage was *en route*. Some splenetic wayfarer has remarked that a broken-kneed white horse formed the arms of "England's favoured county" (to quote the fascinating style of George Robins); now we can, from long experience, declare that independent of the "neat post-chaises and careful drivers," promised and given by the postmasters on the road, finer cattle never ate oats than we have had the happiness of sitting behind in our "young days, when George the Third was King."

Three chestnuts and a bay soon brought our travellers to Sittingbourne. Here breakfast was ordered, and, whilst preparing, the dressing-case was taken from the Imperial, the great man by the nose, leaving the principal personage in our story to the enjoyment of strong coffee, fragrant tea, fresh eggs, country butter, and cream, all doubly agreeable after a late sitting overnight, and a drive of some thirty odd miles in the morning, we will follow our friend Brush into the parlour behind the bar, where the attentive landlady was busily employed in supplying him with a substantial breakfast and lunch in one, an English *déjeûné à la fourchette*, and listening, with great attention, to the details of the attempt made by "the bloody-minded highwayman," when to the utter astonishment of the brave defender of his master's life, he saw the very assailant ride into the yard, leap from a horse covered with foam, and make his way toward the house.

"I vow to gad!" exclaimed the astonished valet, "there is the identical ruffian whom, I thought, I had wounded."

As he uttered these words the door opened, and the just-arrived stranger stood before him. Shaking a heavy whip angrily, he began—

"So I've caught you, have I, you jackanapes! I'll soon let you see what it is to fire at me, and wound my dear old Dolly, a mare that has carried me for seven years, without trip or stumble, and now to be laid up, for the rest of her life, with a hole in her neck as big as that slop basin; but I'll make thee pay for it, and that dearly."

"Why, you infernally impudent ——. Yet, no! I will not condescend to call names, but beg you, my good lady, to ring the bell and send for a constable. This fellow's coolness would make Turpin's ghost blush."

"Hold your stupid tongue, do, Mr. Gentleman's gentleman! Go and tell your master I must see him directly—say that one of the king's riding-officers has a bit of business with him."

This was said with so positive and authoritative an air, than an unfinished breakfast did not prevent the stranger from being ushered into the presence of the person he sought.

The intruder announced his title and his office.

"Well, Mr. Tancred," began the great man, thinking that he repeated the appellation.

But the stranger, unconscious of a Sigismunda, corrected him; and though among my *personæ* of high station, I, like Sir Giles, "name no parties," I cannot forbear, in the case of a word so old English, so promising of all that is festinant, as Tankard; but, alas! if *this* Tankard foamed, it was with "rage and extreme toil," with "spleen of speed."

"No, Sir, Tankard the officer," he said, "I suppose you won't deny that you were visited last night, at Lord G ——'s, by an old woman, and that you received from her a certain packet, brought over the water by her son, the biggest smuggler that ever grinned through the bars at Dover Castle or Horsham Gaol. Well, one of the boat's crew, out of spite to the old beldame, peached. I have received a proper deposition of a counterband transaction, and, therefore, in the king's name I seize the carriage and luggage, making lawful caption agreeable to the Act of Parliament—*Tem.* Will. and Mary, made and provided in such cases aforesaid:—and as, Sir, I'm only doing what's right and reg'lar, you're the last man, I'm sure, to run rusty."

"I," repeated the pillar of the State: "but—but who do you presume to pretend to think *I* am?"

"Oh! your honour," quoth Tankard, "your face has been in all the caricature shops too long for any mistake—common as a sign-board. The *cunningest* knows that I'm no *goose*, whatever you may think me."

This would have been too much for the most phlegmatic Hollander: the Ministerial smuggler taught his brows, Sir Hildebrand's "portentous trick," recorded in "the Heroine."

"Heaven bless you, Sir!" almost laughed the seizer, "I'm not to be put off by your frowns, you was born so; but for all that, everybody knows you are one of the best-tempered, kindest-hearted gentlemen in all England; and so, you see, I must ——"

Our hero had heard him thus far, simply because he could not speak; it was ever remarked that excitement so thickened, hurried and confused his old-court English, that though his speeches read admirably when printed, they were often so slubbardly delivered as to defy all but the most zealous reporters to find or make them intelligible—Maugre the justice of Tankard's late praise, the thwarted Senator was now stammeringly wroth.

"But, fellow," he cried, "I am not *he;* and if—if I were, is it likely that he or I should, after listening to the *scythes* of our own manufacturers, after patronising the *rice* and *prog-ress* of native ingenuity, after suggesting to some of the first personages of St. *Jeemes's*, that they would personally *obleege* me, by bestowing their *gould* on the labouring classes of Great Britain, I mean, that is he, the honourable gentleman you have in your eye, would do this in my position; is it, then, I ask, probable that we ——"

"No, no!" exclaimed the landlady, who had been led by sympathy, or curiosity, to the scene: "a clear botherment of what they calls the high-dentification, that gentleman may, unluckily for he, be like the one you're 'arter; but as he was a going to ask, is it possible, as he was a going to ask, is it *possible* that a honest squire, who can't say three

words without stumbling, should be one of our grandest lawgivers? Lud, help you! why, with his tongue floundering like that, dy'e think they'd ever let him open his mouth in the House?"

This left-handed compliment jarred every fibre of its subject's self-respect; he felt sure, too, that it had not even the redeeming trait of sincerity. The *dashed* good-natured friend knew him all the while, and, what was worse, the would-be saving depreciation imposed not on the dismounted Tankard.

"My good man," continued the Secretary, "this seizure you talk of is quite out of the question. I must proceed on my journey without further delay, having business of the first importance to transact."

"I don't mean to stop you, Sir, only the carriage and contents."

"I tell you that official papers of vital import to the state are with my luggage, and I shall not suffer it to be unpacked till I arrive in town."

"Then, Sir, I must go with you and see them unpacked, and perhaps, your Honour, as I am disposed to do the civil thing by you, you'll not object to give me a lift, for I've had a smartish bout of the saddle this morning, to say nothing of the tumble I got on the Downs, and the next-door to dead loss of my Doll; but that part of the story I shall settle with the chap that caused it; and, as I couldn't feel comfortable alongside of him, may be you'll let me have the honour to sit with you?"

A withering frown was the only reply to this request. The horses were put to, and, as the Minister drove out of the yard, he found that his new acquaintance, the riding officer, trotted by his side; nor did he lose sight of this unwelcome escort for any portion of the time occupied in reaching Rochester.

Alighting there, our Right Honourable contrabandist sent for his persecutor.

"Tankard," he began, "you have proved yourself a vigilant servant; I shall not fail to report your zeal to the Treasury Board; but you need take no farther trouble in this matter. I will be responsible for anything you may think irregular. Here are ten guineas to pay your horse-doctor; so now make the best of your way home."

"Must do my duty, Sir: if you don't choose to let me have quiet possession of my lawful seizure, I shall wait till I can take it without stopping you on the road."

"You will gain nothing by this obstinacy, and may make me your enemy."

"Impossible, your Honour! You are the King's servant as well as myself, and so long as I look after my master's rights and sees his duty paid, why I'm only doing mine, and you can't be my enemy without being his, and an enemy to fair play, which everybody knows you ain't. So, tired as I am, I've only to press another horse, and jog on to London along with you."

"Well, since you won't listen to me, perhaps you may to my man; and so, instead of pressing horses and creating a fuss, get over your prejudice, take a seat by his side, and talk over the matter with him."

To this arrangement even the owner of the wounded Dolly acceded, and we shall pass over the remainder of the journey, briefly saying that by seven o'clock P.M. Downing-street rejoiced in the presence of a

Secretary of State, who, thinking it best to leave matters entirely to his trusty man, entered his official residence, not a little anxious as to how the pertinacious Tankard would be disposed of. After waiting nearly half an hour without sight of his servant, he became somewhat fidgety, and rang to inquire for him; but no one knew of his whereabout. Soon afterwards the missing valet appeared.

"Where have you been, Sir?"

"To the coach-house, Sir, with Mr. Tankard."

"And you have brought away the luggage, particularly the packet I bade you place in the seat?"

"No, Sir, I have been holding a candle to——"

"The devil!" interruptingly exclaimed the master.

"One must sometimes, Sir; 'twas whilst Mr. Tankard put seals upon the trunks and coach-house doors."

"You? traitor!—What induced you to lend *your* assistance to that officious fellow?"

"The fear of being transported for shooting at a King's officer in the execution of his duty, Sir. We talked the matter over on the dickey, and he promised not to prosecute, if I would aid and abet him in making good his lawful caption, according, as he says, to the Act of Parliament. In course, Sir, I would not have done so, if he hadn't told me it couldn't be of any consequence to you, but I had no chance but in making friends with the person that had me in his power."

"Idiot! you know not what you have done! You have prevented my attending the levee and kissing hands on my appointment. That packet contained the materials for a court suit of the richest French velvet and embroidery. 'Tis hopeless to expect that I shall be able to provide myself with anything fit to wear in London. So go this moment, break open the door, and bring me that parcel."

"Botany Bay for life is a fearful thing, Sir. I must decline, for the first time, obeying your orders. Why, Sir, Mr. Tankard says that unlawfully breaking his seal is burglary, felony, and sacrilege, without benefit of clergy."

"He is a knave and you are a fool! Leave me. I must contrive to get those velvets by noon to-morrow, or they cannot be made up by the next morning, which is levee day. However, 'tis too late to take any steps in the business to-night."

Early next morn a letter was despatched to the Chief Commissioners of Excise requesting permission to deliver the important packet from its present durance; the reply, which did not arrive till the afternoon, contained information "that it would be necessary to memorialise the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury," and stating that the next board would sit in three days from the present date. The cool business-like tone of this letter added fuel to the flame which Mr. Tankard had lit and the valet fanned.

Although in possession of the facts, we are not at liberty to mention the particulars relating to the arrival, late in the evening, of an official letter commanding the return of the zealous Tankard to the sea-side; and thus, without giving absolute permission for the breaking of the seals, removing his watchful eye from the coach-house door.

"And now," said the Politician, as he regained and unpacked his treasure, "we have only to get it made up. Send for my tailor."

This *only*, however, threatened to prove insurmountable. The *artiste* in question was not our hero's tailor *only*, but had many days previously received such numerous orders from other august patrons, that both, *nay all* his hands would be busy till within an hour of the levee. He could but recommend two workmen, whom he had discharged for intemperance, directing Mr. Brush where they might be found. The valet, exploring the haunts of Dungs and Flints, discovered Isaacos and Bartolomeus, so lost in gin and tobacco, that it was four in the morning ere they could be set to work in the house of the great man. They found him exclaiming like, though so *un*like Juliet—

> "So tedious is this night,
> As is the night before some festival
> To an impatient child, who hath new robes,
> And may not wear them."

The indefatigable valet persuaded his master to retire to rest, assuring him that he would narrowly watch the cross-legged couple he had introduced to Downing Street, and that he might be sure all should be ready in due time. At early dawn he despatched a special messenger to "the Orange Tree, in White Hart Yard," for extra aid, and two more ninths arrived. The Horse Guard's clock struck twelve, and he saw complete the suit, which, in all probability, would one day fall to him by reversion.

It was with a feeling of triumph that the Secretary next morning attired himself in purple and fine linen, and proceeded to St. James's. A most gracious reception was accorded him by his royal master, who did not hesitate to compliment his newly-created minister upon the splendour of his apparel, unconscious of the breach of law committed by the wearer.

We must hasten to conclude, and it is our pleasing duty to record that, before the breaking up of the levee, our "velvet friend" had procured for the riding officer promotion, and a consequent increase of salary, and that the welcome intelligence was conveyed to him in a letter from the pen of his late (inside) travelling companion, inclosing a bank-note of sufficient amount to compensate him for his journey to London, the wounded Dolly and fall included.

The story, however, soon spread, and it was remarked that Sheridan, when in the presence of the exalted smuggler, would now and then quote in the most pointed manner such lines as—

> "What patriot heart but burns at *duty's* call?"
> "*Custom* enacts, and who denies *her* sway?"

These, or such as these, were "bitter words" that turned the laugh against him; he had found that old customs may nearly disable one from assuming more graceful new habits, and that a public man must not only *do* his duty *to* his country, but also *pay* it. He could not, like De Grammont, talk of his court suit having been swallowed at Calais by *les sables vivant*, but he was obliged to confess that his coat, waistcoat, and ineffables had very nearly been victimised by an *overset* Tankard.

BENSON E. HILL.

THE CONVERSAZIONE,

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Barrister. "The Life of Sir Walter Scott."—This is the seventh and last volume of his biography. The preceding volumes had exhibited this distinguished writer under remarkable varieties of fortune. Commencing his literary career almost by accident, he suddenly became the most popular writer of the age. Without talents, no circumstances could have raised him to his high reputation; but it is palpable that the circumstances of the time acted powerfully in his favour. His first poetic influences were inspired by the ballads of his own country. If Scott had been born in the age of Pope, his romantic poetry would have been thrown into the shade by the polished elegance and compact brilliancy of the great poet of our Augustan age. At a later period the national disgust for poetry—a disgust scarcely relieved by the grace of Goldsmith, the dignity of Johnson, or the caustic vigour of Cowper, might have repelled the simple beauty and picturesque rudeness of the border Minstrel. But within a few years of Scott's appearance, the translations from the German began to revive the national fondness for the dark, the daring, and the profound. Lewis, with his tales of wonder, followed; and it was to a popular taste, thus charged with romance, that Scott presented "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and produced the brilliant spark which he never afterwards suffered to be extinguished.

The Rector. The rapid declension of his poetical fame is a proof of this theory. As it rose with circumstances, with circumstances it went down. He had met the popular taste in a moment of excitement—the excitement was unnatural—was, of course, but temporary; and lays and legends, the rambles of itinerant monarchs, and the achievements of pilgrim knights, spelled the fair and fashionable no more.

The Doctor. This change was fortunate for Scott, for the public, and for literature. His talents were essentially those of the novelist. He had the animation of style, the perpetual variety of idea, the skill in character, and the forcible delineation of external nature, which constitute the romance writer. His picturesque fancy threw round the reality of things a colouring which gave modern life the beauty of ancient portraiture; gave tradition the vividness of actual existence; and existence the mellowed splendours and enchanted lights of tradition. In the poetry of passion he himself admitted that he failed. The drama he scarcely attempted; but there, too, he acknowledged his inadequacy. Its essence is passion, profound, intense, and consuming. To this, the highest work of genius, his lively, rapid, and subtle conception was palpably unsuited. Byron tried the drama on a more extended scale, only to exhibit more unequivocal discomfiture. As Scott despaired of the passion, Byron wanted the truth, of the drama. Scott's Melpomene was a charming figure; but she lived only on canvas. Byron's was a bold figure of sculpture; but she lived only in marble. If the one wanted depth, the other wanted flexibility:—both were the works of genius, but of genius brought from its natural province into an alien and loftier region. Both, minds of vigorous faculty in their proper sphere, neither was equal to the mastery of that higher world of ima-

gination, that soaring and sweep which were made for the wing of Shakspeare, that dwelling among the sublimities of Nature and the springs of intellectual light, which constitute him the wonder of every age since his own, and fix his fame at an elevation which renders him conspicuous to the eyes of all nations, as, perhaps, the loftiest and most imperishable example of the genius of man.

The Rector. This volume contains the final details of the great novelist's life. It is gratifying to know, that though disease and decay pressed upon his frame, and they pressed with strange prematureness, for they came when he was scarcely more than fifty—a period when the human body is often in a state of its fullest vigour—yet there was little of aggravation from pecuniary difficulties. On the contrary, his difficulties, diminishing daily as they were, seem to have supplied the exact species of stimulant most necessary to Scott's mind. He lived in hope. He was buoyed up by a perpetual and honourable fantasy of coming before the world again as a free man, and of having performed an exploit in discharging his immensity of debt, which would place him in even a more distinguished position as a worker of wonders in the cause of honour, than as the most vivid, successful, and exhaustless of all romancers.

The Colonel. The hope was unhappily a delusion—the effort was flung away. No power of the human pen could ever dissolve that iceberg which, in an ill-omened hour, he had heaped upon his fortunes. He heroically died a martyr to his determination to do what was beyond the means of man. He wrote himself to death. He wrote out his fine faculties. He wrote his brain into vertigo, paralysis, and apoplexy. Yet a hundred pounds a piece from the great landholders of the country to which his genius had given a new existence in Europe, would have rescued him from this suicidal toil. A tenth of the sum which he saved to the Scotch bankers by his Letters on the Circulation alone, would have made him not merely free, but affluent. But, with few exceptions, he was left to chance; he died at the oar; and now they are building piles of stone to his memory! But, sixty-two when he died—he might have been kept among us to this moment and for many a long year to come, to enjoy his own fame, give honour to England, and add to the light of mankind.

The Rector. "Temples, Ancient and Modern, by Wm. Bardwell."—This is the work of a man of learning and ability, a work on a most interesting subject, and one which must be read by every man concerned in church architecture. The churches building, and about to be built, require the revival of a knowledge which has almost disappeared from this country since the days of Wren. The crowd of our modern ecclesiastical edifices afford the very reverse of congratulation to either the lovers of architecture, or the lovers of the national honour in matters of taste; and the country will owe no slight debt of gratitude to Mr. Bardwell, if he shall be able to recall the eyes of our artists to the great models of antiquity.

The Barrister. The volume, a noble one, upon a noble subject, is singularly calculated to attract the general reader, as well as to excite the man of science. Ingenious theory, exemplified in the exquisite practice of our ancient builders, a vast variety of materials, illustrations

drawn from every age of history, and every quarter of the globe; happy conception, and animated, and often fervid language, render this volume equally captivating and useful; equally honourable to the writer and serviceable to that grand and lovely art, which gives the crowning glory to a great people.

The Colonel. "The Poetical Works of Robert Southey."—This work is now rapidly approaching its close. Dr. Southey's powers consist in a happy conception of Nature, a considerable insight into the working of the human passions, and an habitual knowledge of rural life. From an early age he exhibited the poetic faculty, and has pursued the Muse with a perseverance which would have won a more inflexible lady. Acquainted with all that is valuable in British literature, and occupied in the perpetual exercise of the pen, he has exhibited his powers in every variety of composition, the drama excepted. He is the only man alive who has written four epics; perhaps, the only man who ever achieved such a feat, and with the singular good fortune of finding his last epic the most popular. He has written a multiplicity of ballads, some of them spirited, some exhibiting curious invention, and all interesting.

The Barrister. It is one of the singular circumstances of this poet's authorship, that it reflects his political changes, step by step, from his boyhood to his maturity. In early life, dazzled by the glare of the French Revolution, he was an advocate of that brilliant experiment on the ferocities of man; but the growth of his common sense at length cleared his political eyesight, and when the film of faction was removed, the poet no longer worshipped what he saw to be an imposture.

The Doctor. It is an odd instance of the versatility of human things, that Canning, who thirty years ago lashed the Doctor for his revolutionary fervors, should himself have deserved the lash in his latter days for being a Whig, and "something more." Thus, no man's character can be drawn until he is dead, and an anticipated epitaph is an absurdity. Southey throws off the imputation, by declaring that the change was not in himself, but in the Revolution; that he worshipped the deity of a free people, not the idol of a populace; that he gave his homage to the spirit, not to the flesh; and that when he saw the altar loaded with human victims, he turned his back upon the shrine. We can meddle with no man's conscience, but the ground is justifiable; where allegiance is guilt, revolt is virtue. The fifth and sixth volumes contain Madoc, and a number of ballads from the old English, Spanish, and German. The work is well printed, and the illustrations are appropriate and pleasing.

The Barrister. "Education in Holland, by Victor Cousin."—This is a translation, by Mr. Leonard Horner, from the volume published as the Researches of the Director of the Normal School of Paris. M. Cousin is known to Europe for a series of works on the great subject of National Education. The systems adopted in Prussia and Holland naturally attracted his attention, and with the purpose of transferring to France whatever was valuable in them, he made a tour through each country. His Report on the Primary Schools of Prussia has already reached England, and been received with great favour. His Report on the Dutch Schools principally forms the material of the present performance.

The Rector. Mr. Horner's name, too, carries no slight authority with it, as that of an intelligent and accomplished man, brother of that well-known friend of Lord Brougham, whose career of honour and usefulness was so early cut off. He is now Inspector of Factories, an office which peculiarly brings the state of general education under his view, and he has wisely and patriotically made it his business to give the benefit of his opinions to the Empire. He could do nothing more meritorious, more necessary, or more productive of important results to human kind.

The Colonel. The public, unquestionably, have still to be informed of the lamentable deficiency of even the lowest rudiments of knowledge among the children of the humbler ranks. Take a single example. For the purpose of bringing the matter to proof, Mr. Horner examined the children of the Manchester factories, to the number of 2000. He took with him no other books than a New Testament and a spelling-book, and expected from them nothing beyond mere reading. The children were the returns of nineteen factories. Out of those 2000 children of thirteen and fourteen years of age—a period chosen as that when whatever education they had got might be viewed as completed, inasmuch as thenceforth they were to work twelve hours a-day—we must be astonished and pained to hear, that 1067 could not read a single sentence, that 322 could read the Testament only with difficulty, and that but 611 could read it with ease. The question of their understanding any part of what they read would have still more limited the number. The number of those who could sign their names, out of the 2000, was but 411.

The Rector. If this was the case in a great town where the necessity for at least the rudiments of education is fully comprehended, and where the people are generally aware of the full advantages of knowledge; what must be the case in the obscure, poor, remote, and stagnant districts of the country? And this, too, with a population swelling by hundreds of thousands; the actual increase of England yearly being now probably more than 300,000 souls. To educate the people to be all mathematicians, or politicians, is folly; but to give every man the faculty of reading his Bible, of enlarging his stock of harmless pleasure by books of intelligent gratification, and of qualifying himself for usefulness by being able at least to write his name, seems a demand which the poorest are entitled to make upon their country. Difficulties will arise; but they must be overcome: doubts will be felt; they must be practically answered: even hazards may arise; they must be balanced against the greatest of all possible hazards—the unlicensed power of a people awakened to their physical force and unrestrained by their moral subordination. True patriotism will take the side of true knowledge at once, and will conquer.

The Barrister. "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," by J. G. Wilkinson.—This work, in three handsome volumes, gives a detail of what the world owes to the Valley of the Nile. How little in human things depends on space, power, and multitude, and how much on intelligence, activity, and opportunity was never more singularly displayed than in the benefits conferred by Egyptian genius.

The Rector. Our modern researches in Egypt are among the most curious additions to our knowledge. While the great Asiatic em-

pires, extending over measureless provinces, and possessing all the wealth of nature, added comparatively nothing to the comforts or the civilization of the human race; we see a fragment of territory, scarcely above a hundred miles in its whole length, and pressed in on all sides by the intractable desert—a country which, in fact, was scarcely more than the two banks of a narrow river, yet collecting within itself every luxury, art, and knowledge, giving laws, lessons in policy, and the knowledge of the arts to all nations; anticipating every contrivance of modern ingenuity, exhibiting the most unrivalled magnificence in its public structures, the most elegant and laboured decorations in its private edifices; finding, on the one hand, nothing too vast, costly, or difficult for its mastery; on the other, nothing too minute, delicate, and brilliant for its dexterity—to this hour astonishing mankind by monuments whose grandeur surpasses all that national pride or imperial profusion has displayed in later ages, and equally perplexing and delighting learned research by the multiplicity, the beauty, the inexhaustible variety, and the profound skill of its inventions; the nation of the Pyramid, the Catacomb, the Temple, the Palace, alike throwing all competitorship into the shade.

The Doctor. One point which gives a singular and pre-eminent interest to Egyptian antiquity is its connexion with the people of Israel. Perpetually engaged with that most memorable of all nations in wars or treaties, sometimes warring on them as invaders, sometimes succouring them in the invasions of the Assyrians or Syrian kings, sometimes receiving their tribute, sometimes supplying their luxuries, and alternately relieving their distresses and plundering them; the civil histories of the two nations go step by step together, till they both fell by the same fall under the same conquerors; both were released from the Roman only to be bound by the Saracen; and both at this hour lie under the same darkness of Mahometanism, stripped, trampled, and the slaves of the stranger.

The Colonel. The marking feature in the civilization of this extraordinary country is, that its date transcends not merely all exact knowledge, but all rational conjecture. From the first moment when we find Egypt recorded in history, we find it in full civilization, in a state of perfect possession of all the arts, policy, knowledge, laws, opulence, and social comfort which it never afterwards exceeded, and which it could never have required to exceed. It, indeed, rather retrograded in the days of those brilliant dynasties which brought the wealth of the East and the pomps of Greece within its borders. Greece was the mistress of taste, but what could she add to the grandeur of conception in a country, the ruins of one of whose temples to this hour exhibit the remnants of three hundred columns, a hundred and thirty feet high! Mr. Wilkinson's volumes form a capital performance, equally essential to the artist and the amateur, to the scholar and the traveller.

The Barrister. "Nourmahal," by M. J. Quin.—The author of this romance, already known to the public by "The Narrative of a Steam Voyage down the Danube," has here looked for interest in the original country of romance; for to India or to Egypt all the celebrated fictions of antiquity are to be traced. Transported to Greece, they were

mingled with the brilliant mythology of that region of imagination. Transfused through the middle ages, they were coloured by the rich hues of chivalry and superstition, until we no longer can trace in them the simple nature of their original state. Later researches, however, have done much to retrieve the character of Indian invention. The translation of the Sanscrit dramas has shown us that the heart in every land is the same, and the romance of "Nourmahal" equally shows that the golden draperies and jewelled turbans of the East are but the more costly covering for passions like our own.

The Doctor. The narrative of this novel contains the adventures of the famous Jehangire, the Emperor of Hindostan, and the still more famous Nourmahal, the proverbial beauty of the East. In fact, the volumes are one succession of adventure from the commencement; displays of desperate intrepidity, escapes from the most imminent peril, the subtleties of the deepest political intrigue, the darkest treacheries of courts, and the wildest tumults of the people, intermingled with the simplicities of pastoral life, and crowned by the triumph of imperial constancy.

The Rector. The description of Kabul shows how faithfully Mr. Quin can adopt the picturesque of India:—

"Kabul was remarkably gay at this time, as it happened that the caravans from Ferghana, Turkestan, Bokhara, Samarcand, and several parts of Hindostan, met together in the market-place, where bazaars were erected for the manufactures and produce of the different nations. Here were seen rows of white slaves from India, piles of cotton cloth, heaps of sugar-candy, common sugar, spices, and drugs; in another bazaar, gold and silver trinkets, beautifully-wrought chains from Ceylon; diamonds, amethysts, emeralds, and precious stones of every description, were displayed for sale in their most tempting forms. Further on, the carpets of Turkey, the sabres of Damascus, the coarse and fine cloths of Irak, and the rich shawls of Persia, met the eye; while in all the open spaces in and near the town, men skilled in the art of displaying the excellencies of the Ferghanese horse in all its points, were seen riding up and down before the dealers from all quarters of Hindostan, Persia, and Turkey, who bargained for the best animals they could find."

The Barrister. A spirited piece of description, and one completely in the style of Indian forest adventure, is the attack of an imperial escort in the woods. A band of Rajah-puts have taken up their abode in the great forest of Narwar, where they lay contributions on all travellers. The imperial minister is looked upon as a great booty, and his capture is determined on accordingly; but the band provide stratagem as well as force. A few days before the unsuspecting minister's falling into the ambush, a merchant prays permission to join his convoy, for security through the forest: in the course of the journey the merchant takes occasion to exhibit a chemical composition for firing off matchlocks, which succeeds so completely, that all the escort solicit leave to dip their matches in the mixture; and these new-made lucifers blaze to admiration. On the next day, the merchant sleeps so heavily, and when roused is so tardy in packing up his baggage, that the troop are forced to move on without him; but they have not advanced far into the forest before they hear the horns of the robbers. A couple of troopers are sent back to bring up the merchant, but he is nowhere to be found.

In the mean time a fire of musketry is poured in upon the escort: they attempt to light their matches, but, to their astonishment, find that they will not burn: the composition has failed.

"In the mean time another volley was poured in upon them with such unerring aim, that more than half the number were slain upon the spot. The survivors, though astounded by the failure of their matches, prevented from rushing on their foes by the impenetrable nature of the underwood, and distracted by the slaughter of their comrades, the neighing of the wounded horses, the piercing cries of the baggage elephants and camels, nevertheless courageously dismounted, and pressing towards Fazeel, the minister, who was already twice wounded, tore away branches of the trees which they used as matches, but the volleys came thick upon them, soon followed by a numerous band of the Rajah-puts, who completed with their scymitars and spears the dreadful work which the musketeers had left undone. The body of the minister was easily distinguished from the lifeless crowd round it, and barbarously hewn into a thousand pieces."

So sweeps on the story through a long course of adventure, hazard, slaughter, and victory, until all is wound up in the triumph of the great Emperor, and the possession of perfect love and beauty in his Nourmahal.

The Colonel. "The Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second."—The second number of this series carries on the biographies with the spirit of the former. The most graceful and finished of those brief memoirs belongs to the celebrated Miss Hamilton la Belle, afterwards Countess de Grammont. Her father, Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the Earl of Abercorn, and a distinguished soldier of the king, had retired to France at the close of the civil wars. At the Restoration he had returned with his family. The lovely Elizabeth Hamilton was his eldest daughter. Gifted by nature with all the advantages of person, cultivated with all the elegance of France, she was destined from the moment of her rising to shine as the star of the Court of England. Few women possessed a nobler descent or more brilliant connexions. Allied to the chief families of England, Scotland, and Ireland, she was niece of the great Duke of Ormond, beyond all comparison the first man of England; and perhaps no woman was ever pursued with such lofty gallantry, or received so many distinguished offers of marriage. The Duke of York, who, however, seems to have been a general lover, first assailed her with his customary and disgusting attentions. Repulsive in his exterior, dull in his understanding, and gross in his habits, this man was fit for nothing but to finish an expiring dynasty. He pursued, but pursued in vain; or, as Grammont says in his dexterous style, she took the trouble to make him ridiculous with all the respect in the world.

The Barrister. It is remarkable, to the honour of this distinguished person, that, even in the court of Charles the Second, and living in a round of admirers, no breath tarnished her fame. Her first suitor was the Duke of Richmond, who, next to the Duke of York, was considered the first match in the kingdom. He was a gamester, like every other man of fashion of his time, and fond of wine. For either or both of those reasons, Miss Hamilton refused to be Duchess of Richmond, though the King pleaded for him. Her next suitor was Jermyn, celebrated as being the most resistless of all human beings, but she resisted him. She next refused the Earl of Arundel, with the reversion of the Dukedom of Norfolk, and thirty thousand a year. She despised his under-

standing. The Lord Russell, one of the richest men in England, next experienced a repulse; he was in his grand climacteric, and fitter to be her grandfather than her husband. She next refused young Russell, his nephew, and closed the list by discountenancing the palpable attentions of the Earl of Falmouth, the especial favourite of the King, and a man of supreme fashion, gallantry, and fortune, who was not refused only because he did not make a distinct proposal, his only reason for which was, as he confessed to St. Evremond, that he had too much pride to subject himself to the refusal which he anticipated.

The Doctor. It is unfortunate after this, to find her bestowing her hand upon a profligate Frenchman, driven into exile in England, and there living by the gaming-table. But he was undoubtedly a man of elegance and wit, with all the animation of his country, and with that perfect confidence in his own captivations, which, with women in fashionable life seems, to be of all spells the most irresistible.

The Colonel. It is sufficiently characteristic of the choice she made, that the Frenchman had scarcely obtained her consent, when on receiving notice from Paris that the King had revoked his exile, this frivolous fellow set off at full speed, leaving his engagement with *la Belle* unfulfilled. But she had two gallant brothers who, determined to bring the Frenchman to a sense of his duty, followed him post-haste. They happened to overtake him at Dover, and one of them said, "Chevalier de Grammont, have you not forgotten something in London?" "Excuse me, gentlemen, I have forgotten to marry your sister." He returned with them, and the engagement was completed. Madame was received with great admiration in France by all the courtiers. Charles himself introduced her by letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans; but she was witty and beautiful, and of course hated by all the women who considered themselves either wits or beauties. Grammont, pleasant and profligate, amusing and worthless, making the best *bons mots* at court, and careless of everything but the reputation of the first of coxcombs, lived to the age of eighty-six. The Countess survived him, leaving two daughters, the elder, afterwards Lady Stafford, a woman of wit, who was the correspondent of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. Lely's picture of this fine woman in the gallery at Windsor, is said to have been the one which pleased himself best, and is probably the finest work of his pencil.

The Rector. Another subject of this series is the Countess of Ossory, still more distinguished from her alliance with the noblest family of the age. Emily de Nassau, was the eldest daughter of the Lord of Beverwert, the illegitimate son of the Prince of Orange. But notwithstanding this blot upon his escutcheon, a man of talent and intrepidity. By her marriage with Lord Ossory, the son of the great Duke of Ormond, she became connected with ten noble families in England. Her sister subsequently married the Earl of Arlington, and her youngest brother was created Earl of Grantham.

The Colonel. Lord Ossory was a brilliant example of the young noblemen of England. Passing through a succession of high commands almost from his youth, he distinguished himself in them all, by ability,

courage, and especially that chivalric spirit, which gives the last loftiness to a public character. He was twice Chief Governor of Ireland, twice Ambassador, conspicuous in every remarkable action by sea or land during the reign. Made for his actions, at once a General in the army and Rear-Admiral of the Red; and finally appointed Commander-in-Chief of the fleet, in the absence of Prince Rupert. Honours and employments naturally followed such zeal and such abilities. He was made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, Knight of the Garter, Privy Councillor, Lord of the King's bedchamber, and Lord Chamberlain to the Queen. His style of living was as magnificent as his spirit was noble. In London, he entertained all foreigners of distinction, with such munificent hospitality, that his fame was spread through the whole continent. Louis the Fourteenth, when he received him as Envoy Extraordinary, in 1667, solicited him to enter into his service, offering him *carte blanche* for his appointments. Ossory refused, and the King, at his departure, presented him with a jewel worth 2000*l*.

The Barrister. Lord Ossory was famous for his rebuffs of the Duke of Buckingham, the most insolent and powerful nobleman at court. The Duke in a debate in the House of Lords on one of the bills for Ireland, had petulantly said, "that whoever opposed that bill, must have an Irish interest, or an Irish understanding." Lord Ossory pronounced this an insult to his country, and demanded of the Duke that he should either retract it, or assert it sword in hand. The Duke took the wiser course, and retracted in the midst of public ridicule.

The Colonel. But Ossory's conduct on a subsequent provocation from the Duke was still more meritorious and memorable. It was universally believed that Blood's atrocious attempt to seize the great Duke of Ormond, and hang him at the gallows at Tyburn, was the plot of Buckingham. Of course, Ossory was indignant. On his first meeting with the Duke of Buckingham, though it was in the King's chamber, he went up to him and said, "My Lord, I well know that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father, and therefore I give you fair warning, that if my father comes to a violent end by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison, I shall not be at a loss to know the first author of it. I shall consider you as the assassin, I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you though you stood beside the King's chair; and I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word." The Duke was so much startled, that he had not presence of mind even to utter a denial. On Lord Ossory's death in 1680, in his 64th year, public panegyric flowed from all quarters on his memory; but the noblest and most feeling panegyric of all, was his illustrious father's, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom!"

The Rector. "The Life and Times of Whitfield." Once or twice in a century, an extraordinary character, for either good or evil, arises in England. The intermediate periods are filled up by mediocrity, the most useful, though the least attractive, generation, the working material of the world. George Whitfield was one of those extraordinary characters; and time enough has now transpired since his death to judge of his effect upon society.

The Barrister. It is remarkable that energy is the one thing needful for making a powerful impression on mankind. Genius, power, position, all are unproductive, without that strong determination to succeed. With it even an humble share of ability is often equal to great enterprises — without it, the finest faculties are thrown away. Whether Whitfield possessed genius is not the question. He himself would have been the first to scoff at the inquiry. That he possessed ardour of temperament, vigour of resolution, and herculean perseverance, would be the praise that he coveted, and to this praise no man of his day was more fully entitled.

The Doctor. The present volume is formed chiefly on Whitfield's narratives of himself, and this is among the merits of the work. His origin was sufficiently remote from greatness. "My father and mother kept the Bell inn," is the simple acknowledgment of his paternal rank. However, his descent was from a higher grade. His great-grandfather, Samuel Whitfield, was a clergyman, and Rector of Rockhampton. His grandfather was a private gentleman, living upon his estate. Even his father had begun life as a wine-merchant, and his mother was related to respectable families in Bristol. George was the youngest of six sons, and was born in Gloucestershire, December, 1714. He was but two years old when he lost his father. His education, of course, devolved upon his mother, who seems to have been possessed of a vigorous mind, and who lived to see her son's popularity, though he regrets that she was not at all zealous of being numbered among his converts.

The Rector. It is evident that the turn of Whitfield's mind, from its earliest period, had a tendency to religious feelings. In the midst of follies, or even of excesses, which were the source of many an after-sorrow, he was sometimes seized with sudden and violent fits of compunction, and used to retire and pray with tears. He had early, too, adopted the idea of direct divine impulses. One of the offences for which he afterwards took himself most severely to task, was his fondness for reading plays. From this propensity he was not weaned by reason, but startled by an impulse. "I was not fully satisfied," says he, "of the sin of reading plays, until *God, upon a fast-day,* was pleased to convince me. Taking a play, to read a passage to a friend, God struck my heart with such power, that I was obliged to lay it down again." It may be observed, that the plays of the early part of the last century, the ribald works of Wycherley and his contemporaries, might have disgusted any decent mind, and this without a miracle.

The Barrister. Whitfield's *determination* first exhibited itself in toiling his way to the University. The celebrated John Wesley and his brother had established the Methodists there five years before. Those Methodists had adopted the habits of the monastic life under the garb of Protestantism. "They interrogate themselves, whether they have been *simple* and recollected; whether they have prayed with fervour Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and on Saturday *noon;* whether they have used a Collect at nine, twelve, and three o'clock; duly meditated on Sunday, from three to four, on Thomas à Kempis; or mused on Wednesday and Friday, from twelve to one, on the Passion." This was the spirit of the cloister and the tenth century, transferred into the eighteenth.

The Doctor. It was Whitfield's energy that carried him through everything. By this he fought his way to College, and through College obtained ordination at an earlier age than usual, and at the commencement of his career produced the most unprecedented effects by his preaching. Officiating at Dummer, a village in Hampshire, he divided his day into three parts—eight hours for sleep and meals—eight for public prayers, catechising, and visiting—eight for study and devotional retirement. His first impulse was to obey the invitation given to him by Charles Wesley to go to Georgia, to preach among the settlers and Indians. But he first went to take leave of his friends in Gloucester and Bristol. At the latter city the Mayor appointed him to preach before the Corporation, and as it is remarked of that most imperturbable of all people, "*even* the Quakers thronged to hear him." In his own simple words of astonishment at the effects of his newly-discovered faculty, "What shall I say? Methinks it would be almost sinful to leave Bristol at this critical juncture. The whole city seems to be alarmed. Churches are as full on week-days as they used to be on Sundays; and on Sundays so full, that very many are obliged to go away because they cannot come in." After this ardour of success, he retired for a while to attend a church at Stonehouse, where he acquired new vigour of frame, probably exhausted by his previous publicity, and gave way to new ardours of his awakened imagination. His language is expressive and undoubtedly sincere:—"Sometimes," says he, "as I have been walking, my soul would make such sallies that I thought it would go out of the body. One night was a time never to be forgotten: it happened to lighten exceedingly: I had been expounding to many people, and some being afraid to go home, I thought it my duty to accompany them and improve the occasion, to stir them up to prepare for the Second Coming. On my return to the parsonage, while others were rising from their beds, and frightened almost to death to see the lightning running upon the ground, I and another, a poor, but pious countryman, were in the field, praising, praying, and exulting," &c.

The Colonel. Nothing is so powerful, as a popular instrument, as enthusiasm. In its more honourable sense, which, with all the extravagances of Whitfield's conduct, I still admit to have been his, no quality of the mind seems to fill it with more sudden capacity in the actor, and more boundless sensibility in the hearer. To this exaltation of the natural feelings armies have owed victory after habitual defeats, individuals have owed the acquisition of influence beyond limit, and nations have owed their recovery from chains, or their elevation from barbarism.

The Rector. Yet this glorious quality is the one which the whole modern school of politics and political economists labour to extinguish. With that school the old burlesque of the poet is the grand principle of society:—

> "What's the value of a thing,
> But so much money as 'twill bring?"

If the proposal is to make some noble effort to extend the name, the feeling, the laws, and the religion of England to other regions of the globe, the pert political economist starts up, and asks what money will it

make, what money will it cost? Some magnificent project is proposed, full of noble consequences to the country for generations to come. The question is raised, what profit is to arise from it within the next twelve months? It was not thus that our ancestors founded empires; large views, contempt of present and trivial gains, generous providence for the future, and that noblest of all courage which thinks no hazard too great for the true honour of England, were the principles which made England what she is. Enthusiasm was the origin of all our public grandeur. What she is to be may depend on the political economists, and the exchange of enthusiasm for "the rule of three."

The Rector. Whitfield died in 1770; he was probably exhausted by his labours, for he died at fifty-six. His chief disorder was an asthma. He died calmly, and in the full expression of the opinions which had distinguished him during life. He died in America, and was buried near Boston, amid great sorrow and veneration, which found a rapid counterpart in the feelings of his numerous disciples in England.

The Barrister. Whitfield could scarcely have dreamed of being panegyrised by the Muses; but some of the most forcible lines of the most forcible and feeling poet of his time were given to his memory. Cowper thus wrote:

"Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
Is hid a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pillory'd on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
* * * * *
Now, Truth, perform thine office; waft aside
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
This more than monster in his proper guise.
He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was—a blameless life!
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
* * * * *
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest Eulogy can spare the room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which, aim'd at him, have pierced the offended skies;
And say, Blot out my sin confess'd, deplored,
Against thine image in thy Saint, O Lord!"